



# MAGAZINE



OCTOBER, 1849.

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*Subscribed to by Charles W. Holden, N.Y. 1849.*

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New York, August 1, 1849.

The Publishers, in their Prospectus, say, "that they are—

"Resolved that no American journal shall exceed the Tribune in the variety, extent, or accuracy of its Intelligence, while to Literature, Poetry, and Art, they devote all the space that can be spared from the topics of the day."

The following extracts from notices of this Paper, published in various parts of the United States, will show how far the Publishers were justified in the foregoing announcement:—

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—This powerful journal, which is a perpetual fountain of thought and opinion upon all moral and political subjects, seems full of its original vigor and freshness. The Tribune is everywhere along the whole line in the thickest of the fight. At one moment its broad shoulder lends conservative support to some cracking arch in our political frame, at another time it is found dealing ponderous blows upon some venerable fortress of human wrongs. Sometimes The Tribune may be wrong, and, in its impulsive zeal, it may sometimes "run things into the ground," but it is always straightforward, honest, fearless—and generally comes out about right.—*Wisconsin Herald.*

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—Without disparaging the merits of any one of the excellent political journals throughout the country, we think we can safely say, that no better periodical of the newspaper kind is issued from any press in the Union, than The Tribune. The greatness and variety of reading matter which it weekly lays before its readers, can not fail to interest all, however much they may differ in their notions of what a newspaper ought to be.—*Greenville Banner.*

NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—Although we differ from this print in several very important matters of political economy, we are none the less willing to acknowledge its unequalled merit as an American press; generally dignified, always talented, and ever marked by a heart-felt desire for the true elevation of the people.

We are content, even democrat as we are, to recommend The Tribune—for we believe that what of Truth it inculcates will be apt to "rise again" in the minds of its readers; while its errors must eventually "die amid their worshippers."—*Brooklyn Freeman.*

The New York Tribune, decidedly one of the very ablest political journals in the Union. \*\* We are aware that Horace Greeley is a Northern man with Northern principles, an open and undisguised Free Soil advocate, and so far as these peculiar sentiments extend we dissent from him; but as a Whig—on all the great national issues which have long been before the country—as a man of vast political knowledge—we admire him. Few men in the nation have a larger stock of practical good sense; he is excelled by none as a political writer. Upon the Tariff question especially he is transcendently able, and has long been known as the champion of American Manufactures.—*Tennessee Packet.*

No American journal exceeds The Tribune in the variety, extent, or accuracy of its general intelligence, both foreign and domestic.—*Ohio Republican (Dem.)*

It is hardly necessary to add encomiums upon a paper so universally known and of so wide-spread influence as The Tribune.—*Essex County Republican.*

Perhaps no paper in the country is more widely circulated, and certainly none is conducted with more ability.—*Old Colony Reporter.*

NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—One of the best of the New York papers for news and commercial matters, as well as politics, is the Tribune.—*Knoxville (Tenn.) Tribune.*

The New York Tribune is strongly commended to the general reader, as an eloquent defender of all those great principles laid down in the charter at Philadelphia beside its strong Whig tendency, it may safely be set down in the list as one of the ablest and fairest party papers in this country. We consider it unnecessary to urge its claims upon the attention of our citizens, for every school district and by-way is conversant with the New York Tribune.—*Cherry Valley Gazette.*

A description of the character of this paper is unnecessary, as it is so widely circulated that almost every one has some acquaintance with its value. As a truthful expounder of Whig doctrines—and as a literary and scientific paper it is far above the generality of newspapers. Its arrangements for the early and correct publication of news, both foreign and domestic, it has no superior, and but few equals.—*Glenn's Falls Clarion.*

To such of our readers as wish to take a city paper we commend the New York Tribune. We need not speak of its political character, or of the fearlessness, honesty, and ability with which The Tribune is conducted. But its foreign correspondence has, in our opinion, no rival.—*Madison County Whig.*

As an advocate of Whig measures, it is perhaps the most efficient journal in the country, while it is unsurpassed as a news medium.—*Nat. (N. J.) Standard.*

The New York Tribune is one of the ablest conducted journals in America.—*Indiana Whig.*

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—This paper is so well established in the public confidence as to need no word from us in commendation of its merits. We do not hesitate to say that the New York Tribune is the best newspaper in the United States. It contains daily more domestic news than any other that now occurs to us, and beside giving as much foreign intelligence as any of its neighbors, the letters of its numerous foreign correspondents enable it to present a better view of general European affairs than can be obtained elsewhere. But what gives The Tribune a peculiar value, in our estimation, is its high moral tone, its deep sympathy with the struggles of mankind everywhere, its clear apprehension of the great law of Progress, and its abounding hope of a better day for the world, built upon a rational view of human nature and a just appreciation of the omnipotent causes now at work to elevate the Race.—*Gem of the Prairie.*

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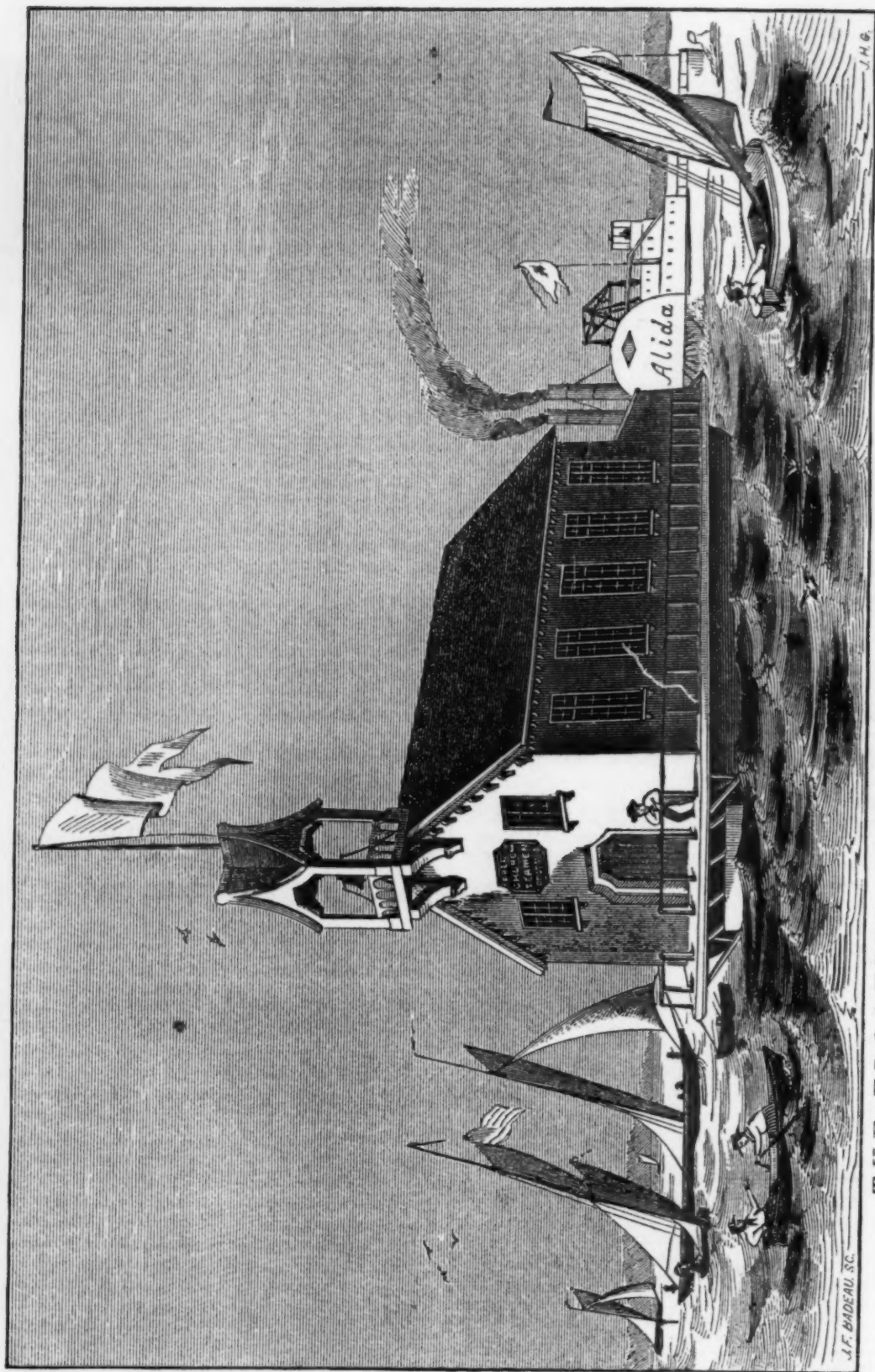
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THE FLOATING CHAPEL OF THE HOLY COMFORTER.

# HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1849.

NO. IV.

## THE FLOATING CHAPEL OF THE HOLY COMFORTER.

It is many years since Floating Churches were first devised for the accommodation of sailors and their families, for it was supposed that seamen love to feel themselves afloat even in their devotions, and that they might be enticed to enter a church that lay at the docks like a ship, while they held back from entering a fast-anchored cathedral or a chapel built of stones and mortar. To make the church appear as much as possible like a ship the first floating chapel was an old hulk, the interior of which was fitted up with galleries, and moored in the Thames off the London docks. Jack might in such a place really feel himself on ship-board. But it remained for the pious churchmen of New York to build a real church of Gothic form, with spires, buttresses, pinnacles, belfry, and all the appurtenances of a cathedral, and set it afloat on a hull built expressly for the purpose.—The first floating church was constructed six or seven years ago, and has been since securely moored at the wharf at the foot of Pike street, East River. The popularity of this floating church stirred up the pious churchmen of the city to place a similar church for seamen at the docks in the North River. Accordingly contributions were taken up at the different Episcopal Churches for this purpose, and the result was the Church of the Holy Comforter, of which our frontispiece presents an accurate view, which was drawn and engraved expressly for Holden's Magazine. The church was finished in the year 1846, and anchored, or moored, rather, at the foot of Dey street in the North River, in October. The pulpit was supplied by the rectors of the city churches until the Spring of 1847, when the present rector, the Rev. D. V. M. Johnson, became the pastor, and has, ever since, performed the duties of the chaplain. The congregation has been steadily increasing, and the services are, generally, well attended. It is a free church, and the expenses are defrayed partly by voluntary contributions and partly by donations from the city churches.

The accommodations afforded for the Sunday worship of seamen afford a pretty good indication of the growth of the maritime interests of New York. There are now two floating chapels for seamen, and two large permanent houses of worship, one in Rosevelt street and one in Cherry street, all of which are well attended.

The architecture of the Church of the Holy Comforter is of a ruder and earlier form of the so-called Gothic than that adopted in the construction of the first floating chapel. It is a singular sight to see a large Gothic church moored at the wharves in the midst of ships of all nations, and vessels of every description. Near the Church of the Holy Comforter is an old hulk used as a place of wor-

ship for the Dutch and Swedish sailors, of whom there are great numbers to be found in that part of the city.

Among the signs of the times which seem to denote that a new order of things is about to displace the old temporalities which have for centuries oppressed and imbruted mankind, there are none from which we have reason to hope for better results than the pains taken to promote the welfare of sailors. Until within the past twenty years seamen appeared to have been regarded as a class of subjects beyond the reach of human sympathies, or the hope of temporal or spiritual improvement. But it has been found that sailors, like all other human beings, are capable of being improved and grateful for the attempts made in their behalf. The first attempt was to furnish them with a church of their own, and a preacher who had made himself acquainted with their wants and character. It was a happy thing, for the cause of reform among seamen, that the services of such a man as the Rev. Henry Chase, who has for nearly a quarter of a century been in the Rosevelt Street Chapel, were secured. Mr. Chase is a Methodist, but in his ministrations at the Seaman's Chapel he has preached no creed, but only the broad principles of Christianity. His peculiarly winning and friendly manners, both in the pulpit and in social life, were well calculated to impress the minds of seamen and gain their confidence, and we believe that he has been eminently successful in reforming many a wanderer whose rugged nature would have repelled a less gentle or persuasive preacher.

After churches had been built for poor Jack at home, chapels were established in Catholic and Pagan countries abroad; greater care was paid to the fore-castle accommodations of sailors on ship-board, and among other means used for their benefit were libraries of suitable books. Among those who distinguished themselves in this good work, we take pleasure in mentioning the name of Captain Ely E. Morgan, of the London line of packets from New York, who, in the many noble ships which he built and commanded, introduced improvements in the part of the vessel appropriated for the use of seamen, which have been generally imitated in other vessels. Captain Morgan, who is famous for his nautical skill and gentlemanly manners, is, at the present time, in command of the superb ship Southampton, and regarding him as having done much to elevate the character of the sailor, by teaching him to respect himself, in showing him that he is respected by his superiors, we cannot omit this opportunity of alluding to his philanthropic exertions in the behalf of thoughtless but generous Jack.

## THE SLUMBERERS.

BY CAROLINE C——.

CONCLUDED.

"Where their works do follow them."

"This is Life!"

ONCE more the Spirit guided me to the stately dwellings of the rich, and we entered the loftiest and most splendid of them all.

My eyes had never before gazed on such magnificence as was in that mansion—pomp and pride were strewed there, and—misery! Through the great halls, and the lonely, but beautifully decorated parlors, a chilling odor of unhappiness seemed to me to have transfused itself. It appeared most like a home that had been suddenly deserted by its owners, for as we moved through the various apartments not a human form was to be seen, not a human voice was heard; and the shrill notes of the many caged birds only served to make the place seem still more solitary.

Guided by the spirit I entered one of the most retired rooms of the palace—for such it seemed to me.

A lady had just risen from a luxurious couch.—She stood leaning as for support against a marble table; her face was partly concealed from my view as we entered, but what of it was visible showed it was of a deathly paleness—and her stately form trembled. It was very evident that a fearful storm was raging in her bosom. Her bright, dark eyes dilated, they were almost fierce in their unnatural expression, and the full, beautiful lip was curled as though the lady's mind were contemplating some thought which awakened her bitter scorn.

A small casket, richly ornamented with jewels, was on the table beside her. Her eyes fell upon it—how astonishing was the instant change that then passed over her. The angry expression vanished from her face, the proud head bent more humbly—and the dark, flashing eyes grew mournful and soft in their expression.

Grasping the casket in her hands, she sunk half fainting on the couch; in a moment the small box was unclasped, and she was gazing earnestly, and her soul seemed in her eyes then, on the single gem it held. It was a gem more precious, in that lady's estimation, than was all her wealth and grandeur—it was the only thing on earth powerful to subdue and humble her proud spirit.

The likeness of an infant child who had lived for a few years a very angel in that dwelling, and then had departed! Ah, there was tribulation, bereavement, and anguish here also, as well as in that dark comfortless cellar where sin was tempting poverty.

Yes, for that little child, despite the sorrow, and pride, and frantic prayers of its mother, had sunk to sleep and there was no power in her to waken him again. When, for the last time she had clasped him to her breast, and kissed his pale cold face, how like a hateful mockery seemed to her

all the glitter and show of her splendid mansion—how often turned she away from the sights and sounds of revelry, sick at heart, as she remembered the change and the dread silence enfolding her boy.

To her sorrow she added sin.

Coldness, estrangement, crept between her and the father of her child. They who should have rejoiced and sorrowed together, recognized only the *form* of the bond that united them—their affection chilled, their union of spirit was dissolved.

Comfortless, unloving, and unforgiving they dwelt together, only not severed by the hand of the law; pride prevented their seeking a remedy so desperate as that.

As the lady looked upon that gem, the likeness of her buried child, the expression of stern, unyielding pride faded from her face, leaving not even its shadow behind; she was a woman again, a woman lonely and sorrowing.

It was not of crime that she had mused (as did the desolate man in his cellar underground) when the strange and sudden change swept over her features; no, for the bloodhounds, Poverty and Temptation, were not set upon her goading her to madness; yet was there as evident a rolling away of the cloud overshadowing her, as there was when the spirit of his child came back to the hardened heart of the bereaved father.

Again the lady arose, and with the little picture clasped to her breast, as though she thus fortified her determination, she moved slowly from the chamber.

In another room, alone, was the stately lord of that stately home. Gloomily he paced through the apartment, that teemed with evidences of wealth and refined taste—there was nothing which riches could buy, to charm or interest the senses or the intellect, wanting there; but as so many gew-gaws, mere childish playthings, did he regard the costly adornments surrounding him.

It was not the outward world, its cares, and vexations, that troubled him; of these he knew not—never had he eaten the bread earned by the sweat of his brow—heir to a boundless fortune, necessity and labor were but mere words to him; and yet this man fancied that of all men he was most miserable—while he lay panting in the heat of the sunbeam, his ungrateful heart recognized only the cloud and the shadow, and he thought, he who had never known what it was to want a moment for any comfort and luxury, for whom an intellectual banquet the kingliest had been spread, that there was never sorrow like unto his sorrow!

The door of his apartment opened on its silver hinges noiselessly—the proud wife of the proud man entered, and, before he was aware of her

presence, she was kneeling at his feet. Her face was pale, white as the marble statues surrounding her, and her lip trembled; but on that brow, where the sceptre of a haughty spirit had so recently been exalted, there was calmness and serenity that told of pride subdued. Her hands clasped on her breast, and the fine eyes were raised imploringly to him who stood before her confounded by the unwonted sight—for never had she appeared in his presence till that day, other than as the calm, self-possessed, unimpressible woman; he was bewildered by her humiliation. It really seemed to him that he must be dreaming when she said, so gently and appealingly:

"My husband, our boy has been with me to-night—while my madness and sinful indignation were at their height, thoughts of him came in on me like a flood. I know that he looked reproachfully upon me, and could an angel weep, I had thought that there were tears in his eyes. His look has subdued me! It has brought me here, even to your feet, to plead that you will lay aside your anger, and estrangement, even as I have done. Oh, listen but one moment—while *he* was with me, the boy we both loved so dearly, he bade me weep no more that our hearth is childless, he pointed to the crowded city, and reminded me of the thousands there in need, yes, *in need of our aid!* And he prayed, or it was my own better nature, that I would forget my selfishness, and cruel dread of the sight of suffering people—that I would strive to make some sad, sinful mortal, happier and better—we, who have wept and sorrowed, should know how to sympathize with the unfortunate. But more than all, my husband, did he beseech me to strive for a reconciliation with you! that I would come here and crave your forgiveness for my estrangement and selfishness.—Oh, I pray you, let us forgive one another! let us henceforth live together in unity, let us so live that our child may welcome us with gladness and joy, when we shall awaken from our last sleep!"

The lady's voice faltered and trembled as she spoke these words—it seemed, in the moment of silence that followed their utterance, as though life, and more than life, depended on his answer.

Stranger even than her confession and unwonted humility, was the change that came over him to whom she appealed. His face grew pale even as her own—his head bent towards her, and returning love and confidence usurped the place of that cold indifference was wont to regard his wife. Even as hers did his voice tremble as he answered her:

"We have both much to forgive. We have occasion to seek forgiveness for much. I take shame to myself, Ellen, that I have been so long neglectful of my duty, but I will learn it of you, who have learned it of *him*. God has stopped us in our miserable career, and even as we have humbled ourselves to one another, should we humble ourselves to Him who hateth pride. You are right, it is not just that we should live to ourselves alone as we have done! The blessings which He has bestowed on us, we will, as his stewards, diffuse among others. Heaven bless you, my wife, for arousing me to duty!"

And so, through the influence of the memory of

that little slumberer, the estranged parents were united again; and, forgiving and forgetful of the past, they embraced in love and a new life opened to them—a life in which *their great wealth was to be no longer a hindrance, but an aid to usefulness!*

Blessed is the rest of the slumbering children! Thrice blessed is their saving memory in the desolated, bereaved homes and souls of humanity! Surely, surely, they are not the least of that great company of ministering angels, who come to cheer, and strengthen, and aid, the sorrowing and weary. Oh, in how many a desolated home, where the loss of their visible presence has been acknowledged with tears of agony—in how many a stately mansion, by how many a hearth-stone, where they were the only hope and light, in how many human hearts do these cherished ones still live.—Thanks be to Him who has given to the multitude of whatever kindred, or name, or tribe, or people, power to say: "Father! like even to our cherished little ones whom thou hast called, even of such is thy glorious kingdom."

Passing by another dwelling, near to that from which we had just departed, the Spirit bade me pause.

Through the deep quiet was distinctly heard the voice of a woman—a moaning sound, as though she were in pain. Noiselessly stood we before her.

She was clad in garments of mourning, an aged woman with hair white as a snow cloud, and her wrinkled face bore witness that the way she had trodden through life had not been of the easiest. Her hands bore undeniable evidence of hard, and long-continued labor—yet it seemed that, so far from having been successful in her exertions, she had all her life time toiled in vain, for now, in the days when the strength of her life was gone, and the courage and brave heart of younger years had fled, Poverty was become her constant friend. From the broken words she uttered, hear what I gathered.

There was one, whom she had served since early womanhood, in whose service she had outworn her bodily energies, one for whose interests in many ways she had untiringly striven; whose first efforts and exertions in the vast city had been strengthened, by the fervent prayers she offered to God for him, and by her encouragement and advice. As a *mother* had she been to him, while she performed in his house an unwearied servant's office. In his early manhood, when fortune began to smile upon him, he wedded a lady young and beautiful, and brought her to his home—and she, this now aged woman, was there to welcome, to love, and to serve her.

Through all their years of increasing prosperity and honor she was with them, rejoicing with them when they rejoiced, and weeping when they wept.

Men deemed the young man a saint well-nigh, so near the standard of perfection did he apparently approach. Successful years passed on, but at length heavy calamities overtook him. One by one the children who had enlivened and gladdened his home sickened and died. The eldest, a girl

exquisitely beautiful, just entering the paths of perfected maidenhood, sunk into the deep sleep when no heart was fearful, and no eye suspected that the silent spirit drew nigh to claim her at their hands! There were two bright boys—the father's pride centred in them—but his love could not save. The crown of manhood which he longed to see upon their brows was never given—a fever destroyed them—they were buried together. And sterner, more afflicting grief than he had yet known awaited him, the bitterest drop was not spared—the beautiful, cherished wife was called away, with the dark guide she went forth to the great garden, and she never returned again!

Through all these heavy, rapidly succeeding calamities, this woman stood with the stricken man, and watched and nursed the sick and dying ones, as never servant did before. It was she who, in the time when agony forbade his utterance, soothed the mortal suffering of his beloved ones, and whispered to them words of hope.

And when at last the bereaved man stood alone, with not one of his cherished household gods left, it was *she* who lifted the cup of resignation, filled with the draught which God giveth, and which whosoever drinketh is comforted. She little knew how lightly his lips touched the brim of that precious cup—and that not one of its reviving drops entered his heart!

Many times when the faithful servitor grew faint and wearied, by the long-continued toil, he would cheer her by becoming in turn her comforter, assuring her that ere long the time for rest would come to her, and that he would fill her home with good things, with plenty and with comfort. And so, fearing that another might not serve him so well and acceptably, she remained with him to the last! Yes, *to the last*, for long before old age had come, bringing him the crown of many years, his face grew pale—his limbs and strength failed him; the hand, which had moved so energetically and so successfully for many years, trembled, and he too laid down smitten with sore disease. And the constant friend was there, to soothe his pain with a tenderness of which no other hand had been capable!

When at last he fell asleep, uttering whispered thanks for all her goodness, then indeed she felt bereaved—for she was alone in the wide world—the son of her heart was gone from her for ever.

They read the disposition he had made of his vast property; and lo! the foreign missionaries were enriched—and plans were laid out, and ample means given for the establishment of churches, and hospitals, and homes for the poor. All he had benefitted were strangers, he knew not, could not know that they were worthy—and *she* was forgotten! Forth from the roof that had been her shelter for so many years went she, a weary, broken-hearted woman!

A paltry sum, the savings of her laborious earnings, was all that she might count on for support in that gloomy future, where only sickness and destitution were reserved for her—for strength, and youth, and energy were gone.

But, though such sad proof of his selfish ingratitude were before her, how desolate felt that woman when her friend was laid to sleep in the garden—

with forgiving tenderness, as the mother regards her erring child, she held him in memory.

But in the luxury of mourning she did not long indulge—not because her sorrow for the dead was evanescent as a dream, but because she knew that as long as life was spared her, the power of doing good remained. In the homes of sickness and distress, she stood to soothe the dying moments of the sufferers. By the hearth-stones of penury she sat down, and taught the heavenliest lessons which were fraught with God's place. Many a broken heart did she, through the mercy of the great physician, bind up. Thus were passing away her few remaining years, in offering consolation to the afflicted surrounding her, and in striving to apply the lessons of wisdom, so easy to teach others, to herself.

And with strivings after contentment, that were not altogether feeble or fruitless, she also was treading towards her rest, and certainly if the prayers of mortal were ever an acceptable sacrifice, hers must have been, for there was faith that never faltered, and hope (in heaven) that flagged not, and humility of spirit, such as angels know, in them.

When I looked on this woman I could but think, when she is of the slumberers *her* couch will not be made in that damp and desolate place where *he* was laid; where the weeds, the thistle, and the worm abounded! but rather in the sweet shade of the nepenthe, where the patient old man lies—and with him, who was a Lazarus on earth, there will be found room and welcome in Heaven for her! *They* surely "shall obtain gladness and joy." I cared not to fancy what *his* portion would be in the hereafter; but it was joy to think of her; though I knew that when she was gone from out the city, the wondrous story of her riches and her charity would not be repeated from mouth to mouth; church dignitaries, foreigners, and her own nation would not have occasion to say of her, "Behold who has departed! how nobly benevolent, how true a Christian!" Yet the words might more truly be spoken of her, than of her rich master!

We turned from the place of refuge the poor woman had sought, and in a moment we stood again in the heart of the great city, before the gates of a strong prison.

There was no bar to our progress even there; we entered within the massive portal, and passed through the narrow, gloomy halls, which were lined on either side with still more gloomy cells.

To the portion of the building occupied by condemned criminals we directed our steps.

One of these dungeons was occupied by a man quite young. His eyes were closed as in sleep, but the body and limbs were motionless as marble—there was no sound of breathing. Surveying the convict more closely I discovered too soon the dreadful cause of his quietude—he had wound his manacled arms in such a way about his neck, that the iron chains had strangled him! And that was the reason the broad breast moved not with the breath of life—that was why a small, dark stream issued slowly from his lips, and stained his beard!

With a shudder of fear I turned with a ques-

tioning glance to my guide—for it seemed very mysterious that the slumberer whom men thought so holy, should have had aught to do in the working out of such a crime!

And the Spirit said:

"Through those neglected masses of hair the fingers of a loving mother strayed once—that brow was hallowed by her kisses. But the parent died; died before her boy was much experienced in the duties of life. Yet did he long remember her, for years her memory was a blessing. Often in his youth the son's thoughts wandered back to the happy time when she was his protector, and friend; a star was she to which, as he wandered through the desert, he often looked—and never were the bright beams quite hid. But, as years passed, other and more brilliant fascinations tempted and lured him on—he forgot, amid the wild excitements of youth, the mother whose memory, if held constant and sacred, had saved him.

"But the young man wearied at last of pleasure. His soul panted for more fitting enjoyment than those sought by wild and riotous youth. Then it was that the desire for knowledge became all-absorbing, amounting to a passion; it grew with his growth—and strengthened with his strength!

"That he might begin a really new life he departed from the scene of his youthful follies, and from his dissipated companions.

"When he went from these friends of his day of delusion, he went with an empty purse; but there was a portion of his once abundant fortune in their hands, which they had unlawfully taken from him—there was sufficient to secure his honorable entrance into, and to maintain him in his progress, through the pleasant paths of learning.

"Therefore he sought out one whom men called upright, and holy, and told him his sad story, and how that he would fain rescue the remainder of his fortune without being further exposed to temptation—he asked for aid, and counsel, even as a son would call upon a father! And the good man promised to help the returning prodigal.

"Months after, worn out by constant and close application to his books, the young man was laid on the sick bed. He had not sought many friends in his new home; for he thought he needed none besides that invaluable adviser he had chosen!—But when this sickness came upon him, then, when he thought naturally that he might look for help to this only friend, even in the hour of delirium, he was borne by his direction to the home which worldly charity provides for the sick pauper! And there, through his long dreary days of severe illness, he lay unattended save by menials!

"When at last the fever left him, and he knew where it was that his foster father had suffered him to be taken in the hour of his helplessness, then the youth arose and went forth from the place of shelter; but he returned not to his books again. Alas! he had attained a knowledge that embittered every stream of wisdom!

"He never sought that counsellor, that friend, that holy man, again! Neither for the paltry lucre which he knew the man's soul so craved—neither for that did he demand reckoning. Disgusted, and forever shorn of his faith in human

virtue, he departed from the quiet home he had chosen, and never was he heard of again where he had sought so hopefully and eagerly for the hid treasure—learning.

"When he left the hospital he was yet very ill, but he went among men the abandoned and dissolute; standing, weak and tottering, on the verge of the grave, he indulged in every excess—his only wish was to end a miserable life. In a moment of intoxication, when passion mastered him, he struck a deadly blow, and his companion in guilt fell.

"They immured the murderer in a prison, he was tried—he was condemned—the scaffold was prepared for him. Abandoned as he had become, the young convict could not endure a death so ignominious—he accomplished his own destruction; and to-morrow," whispered the Spirit, "when they come to lead him to the executioner, his name will be heard through all the city, and men and women will come, or—wonder! But, I tell you, he, that wondrous good man, whom the multitude followed with tears when he was carried to his earth couch, he bears upon his soul a fouler mark than does this misguided sinner. God shall reward them openly!"

\* \* \* \* \*

How shall I dare speak of those foul and dreadful scenes which the Spirit revealed to me next? How shall I lift the veil from memory to-day, to tell you of the loathsome, moral leprosy, that had fastened on myriads of the dwellers of the great city? Of the men yet in their youth—of others in the glory of their prime—and, oh, heaven, that such a thing is possible, of some in their old age? How shall I tell of the women, shorn by their own hands of the purity that was their birthright—of maidens who boldly set at defiance the scorn and derision of the world? How shall be told the lives of them who had been tempted, as Eve of old, by the fell serpents who appeared in the guise of angels? And, worse than this, how shall the pen write of them who in daily life dwelt among the pure and good, as pure and good, differing only from these abandoned ones in that the masks they wore screened them from the suspicion of the innocent?

Let it pass—let it all pass! the vision, if vision it was, so dreadful, need not be recalled. But this much will I say, and with no faltering voice do I proclaim it, (and the reader, man or woman, if possessed of a human heart, which is the shrine of one remaining spark of truth, will not gainsay my words,) there were daughters of fashion, whose ambition had been to shine in the world, who had lived lives of selfish enjoyment and entire uselessness; there were such women slumbering in the garden, whose iniquitous example had indirectly, (perhaps) but really, brought many a youth, whose early years were blameless, to those abodes of shame, distress and guilt! Many a man was there, who had left a name in the great city, whose deeds, whose words, whose influence, had helped to fill with miserable victims the paths that lead to outer darkness—which are shrouded by the gloom of eternal death!

I know it was no fancy of mine, the Spirit certainly said to me: "Wo to the deluded ones who

have weakly submitted to the guidance of the tempters; but a wo more horrible shall be pronounced on those blind guides who enticed the unwary to the precipices of ruin, from whence they fell to the depths of infinite and eternal despair!"

There was a place, scarcely less dreadful than the foul lazar-house from which with eager haste we went; it was a place the like of which in the old world is, with apt and awful significance, called a *hell*.

Oh, to tread within those dangerous courts! to look upon the immortals gathered there, who staked their souls upon the chances of a game—whose hearts were full of bitterness, swearing incessantly by Him who sitteth upon the throne, the Judge of the Universe! When the Spirit led me to this place, I thought, assuredly, I must be dreaming. A dream? terrible even in a night vision had it been to have beheld a sight so dreadful—and yet to the open eyes of what multitudes as such scenes familiar as the pure sky above us, as the sunlight with which God floods the earth—as the sweet flowers he has sent on a holy mission to the world! Would to Heaven that all who enter such scenes might be attended by a Spirit, like the glorious one that guided me! Would that the angel, who stands with drawn sword by those gates, might speak with voice more thrillingly audible: "Depart ye! depart ye! come not in hither!" Would that, beside the fascinations so alluring, might be seen, in as full a light, the wages of that sin—the night that would surely succeed that day!

Oh, shall ever a voice of warning be fraught with power? Did not the people laugh when Noah made his ark of gopher wood? Did they not mock when the prophet from the wilderness came forth, declaring the approach of one mightier? Did not they revile, when the Saviour warned, and entreated? Oh, "God be merciful!"

What shall I tell of that scene of temptation, exultation, misery, despair and sin? Would that I could fancy myself addressing a multitude, respecting a vanished fashion which was known only in the generations long gone. Would that incredulous eyes would read my words—that none might know from the most bitter, dreadful experience, that it is awful truth of which this is written!

In those vast rooms we entered, there were many of the appliances of luxury; temptation had assumed there a most fascinating guise! There were fine carpets, valuable pictures, beautiful statues; great tables, around which human beings gathered, where were aroused all the bad passions that find lodgement in the hearts of men. Who were those men? Not the poor, the outcast, the "Pariahs of society;" these found no access there—they were the prodigal heirs of fortune, the only sons, the only hopes of widowed parents—the genteel misers—the gray-headed men of honorable position in society—judges of the courts of justice—fathers of families—trusted husbands—lovers—brothers—and, oh, monstrous mystery, more than *one* shepherd of the earthly fold of God!

Consider what a congregation! And I thought, as we stood a moment there, what a blot must

such a place as this be on the fair city, in the eyes of the Almighty Watchman! And the Spirit answered my sorrowful reflection, "They are altogether gone out of the way—they do not good, not one! They tread with open eyes to the valley of the Shadow of Death!"

Alas for the many Slumberers, who, in generations gone, have helped to build so smooth a pathway to the regions of everlasting darkness!—Alas for the myriads who dare to disregard the thunder-toned warnings, which bid them beware entering those gates which so rarely open for the returning penitent!

We stood within a hospital.

There was a "hurrying to and fro" of human forms—there were continual moans of suffering, there were numberless beds filled with the victims of the merciless pestilence. With looks of fear the patient watchers stood by one and another of the sick, and with untiring assiduity the physicians went through the endless duties assigned them.

There came in two fair young girls. They were dressed in simple garments of gray color, and they wore rosaries, the beads and the cross laden with the Saviour's image which the pope had blessed. These two were Sisters of Charity; women who had devoted their lives to deeds of mercy, and of love. They had taken "the greatest of these which is Charity," for their motto—it was a word traced in living letters on their hearts—it was *the* sentiment which actuated all their doings.

Speedily were the gray veils laid aside, and, with quiet undisturbed mein, the "Sisters" entered at once on the performance of the heavy duties which they had come expressly to share. One after another of the couches of the sick and the dying did they stand beside—stood, not with the cruel, cold-heartedness betrayed by the hired nurses, but as sympathizing beings, who mourned the sorrows of their brothers and sisters, who would fain do all that human power and skill might do to alleviate their distress.

Beside the dying they knelt with holy hearts and reverent looks to pray, and the departing spirits forget the agony of the dissolving ties of nature, in the hope which rose on triumphant wings bearing them to heaven! To the fever-parched they gave the reviving cup, with a blessing and a kindly word that won the gratitude of the poor sufferer—by their efforts the fainting, pain-exhausted, were rallied again—and tenderly did their fair hands compose the stiffening limbs of the dead!

The plague was raging in the city; and every hour were brought in many of the dead or dying creatures, and every moment, as the cause for exertion increased, were increased the tenderness, and patience, and care, of those two young mortals.

What of those girls? They were children of sorrow, orphans, who had never known a parent's care, though their natural protectors were not of the dead! Dreary was the prospect opened to their youth; bewildered by the voices of good and evil that urged them to enter into widely differing paths, stood they, ignorant of prayer, ignorant of the ways of the world. In that most critical moment, when heaven and hell were contending

in them, came to them one their elder by a few months. She saw the momentous struggle going on within them. She counselled them as one who knew by a sad experience, how destroying are the ways of sin, to choose the right, though they might consequently be compelled to bear all their days a heavy cross. The young girls heeded her words—though they could not know why she wept, as she besought them to lead holy lives of self-denial and confidence in God. That maiden had been tempted once—had not withstood; but now, as she pleaded with them, she was of the redeemed—her garments were made white in the blood of the Lamb! Must it not make her repose sweet, if indeed it is given the slumberers to know how their works do follow them on earth? this blessed thought of the fruit of her persuasion!

\* \* \* \* \*

Borne again through the multitudes of human life to the shores of a vast sea.

Far along that beach, where the waves had rolled, and dashed, and broken, were scattered numberless fragments of stately ships, and gallant crafts that had gone down in pride, dashed in pieces by the furious storms. Did not these wrecks seem as warnings to the crowds who ventured forth upon the deep? Did they not tell of storms, of danger, and of death, to the busy and merry people, who made ready to embark?

It did not appear so; proud were the looks, fearless the bearing of the would-be sailors and passengers. Many were attended to the sea-shore by friends, who spoke the farewell words with tremulous lips—who watched the busy preparations for departure with tearful eyes. But there was no fear, and little sorrow manifested by those about to risk fortune and life on the shining, but stormy sea.

Besides those who came attended by friends, there were some others, no small company either, who, in rags, alone, and on foot, sought those waters in desperate haste; what strength, long privation, and hard labor had left, they were determined to expend in voyaging on the sea before them; to these no parting word, or kiss, or encouragement was given, yet hope beamed in their eyes.

"When shall we see you again? when may we look to hear from you?" were the whispered words of many who strove in vain to conceal their grief, as father, or brother, turned to speak the last words of parting. "Soon, very soon! we shall come back loaded with honor and treasure; then we shall be kings among men! do not fear for us!"

It could not be health that these people sought when they went forth on the "pathless waters," for many of them were in the spring of life glowing with hope, and health, and strength—how could it be then? Did the many pale-faced ones, evidently death-struck, risk their little hold on life for a mad experiment? Some of the frailest of human beings, maidens, wives, mothers, put forth their light canoes on the waters, and I verily thought they were all mad, as I scanned the wide-spread, heaving waters on which they ventured, each one alone, and some without even a compass to guide them!

When I looked on these latter, I said to the Spirit: "If these people have really any proposed journey they mean to accomplish, are they not distraught to put to sea in such skiffs—there is a storm brewing in the heavens, surely the first breath of wind will destroy them?"

And the Spirit answered me: "It is not the arm of flesh that will avail these people—it is not their physical weakness that will insure their destruction. If it were possible for you to wait here until the destiny of all these is accomplished, you would see how many of those, who appear competent and experienced as sea-captains, will be disastrously wrecked, and reach the haven they seek in safety."

There was a boat lying just at my feet; a thought fired my brain; turning to my guide I said: "Dear Spirit of Truth, thou seest this boat that has no owner; let me venture forth—if the weak are often victorious, why may I not go? My arm feels strong, I will come back at thy call!"

"It cannot be—for if thou should'st go forth I would not call thee back—and thou art not of those who will reach the bourne in safety."

Indignantly I replied: "Thou art a false prophet; I will prove it to thy face!"

Just then a youth came by; he entered the little boat, and in a moment had shot far out into the sea; and, must I confess it? I bowed my head and wept with disappointment and vexation.

"If thou would'st lift thine eyes, and follow that boat's progress, perhaps the tears wept by thee then would be tears of shame."

My guide's voice was slightly scornful, and wholly unsympathizing as she spoke thus—happily I knew better than to offend her further, and so stood up once more beside her, and watched the course of the youth who held the position I so coveted. For a time he went on exultingly; the skiff glided lightly over the waves—and with little exertion he made rapid progress—and I could but sigh—I envied him. Suddenly a strong wind sprung up, the sea was stirred, the waves rolled higher in his path—a cloud gathered over his head; but still the boat moved swiftly on, and a smile was on the young sailor's lip. The wind took off his cap—he did not know his loss, and the brown curls of his hair streamed wildly in the air, yet he did not heed that. Faster and faster he plied the oars, nerved with superhuman strength seemed that brave hearted voyager; but soon I saw, with trembling, one of those oars brake in his hand! A moment the boy looked up and around in terror, then he worked desperately to get on, but his efforts were almost vain. There was a flash, a muttering of thunder, the cloud above him broke, the rain fell upon him! Higher and higher rose the waves—but the boat did not ride them so triumphantly as at first; alas! it had sprung a leak! Then to see the youth in fear flinging aside that other oar, and desperately striving to bail out the water with his feeble hands! Oh, heaven, to hear the shriek that echoed wildly over the waves, telling of his despairing, broken heart! to see the little skiff filling with the treacherous waters of the ocean! to see it sinking, sinking into the "deep profound!"

"Well?" said the Spirit.

"Let us go," was all that I could sob in reply, and we turned away from the *Sea of Ambition*, covered with its wrecks, its stately vessels, its gaily adorned ships, its mighty steamers, its frail canoes!

If the wild wish has ever entered thy heart, friend, to whom I have confided this secret; if the desire haunts thee to try thy fortune on that great sea, let me counsel thee to consider at least an hour before thou dost undertake the voyage—if thou *must* go, tarry for the farewells and the parting kisses of those whom thou dost love; for who-so sets forth on *that* journey hath little surety that he shall return!

If the cry of that drowning boy could but pierce to the Garden of the Slumberers—could be borne up on terrific wings of fire to the barren height where, in his loneliness, the mighty man of ambition sleeps, would it waken him? No. But if the destruction of the countless multitude who sought, on the distant shores of that great sea, fame, applause, fortune, or happiness, is to be laid at his door, miserable man! the most obscure bed in that vast enclosure were better for him than

that *such* a millstone should be fastened upon his neck!

From beholding all these wonders the Spirit brought me back in safety to my own home, to the old chair beside the window that looks out on the beautiful elm! Would'st hear the parting words she whispered in my ear before she finally departed?

"Thou did'st moan that thy life was worthless; thou did'st pine for a broader field of labor, and all the while rank weeds were growing about thee, and the soil given thee to work was fallow! Behold, the mustard seed which a chance wind has scattered by the wayside, doth it not take root, and spring up, and grow, and blossom, and bear fruit abundantly? Have a care! watch thy words, guard thy thoughts, for the fruit of the mustard seed beareth feeble comparison to the mighty and varied harvests reaped from the grain of human thoughts, and words, and deeds! Have a care! for *thou* shalt rest from thy labors! in the master's name I charge thee let the works that follow thee be blessed—for they *may*!"

Amen, reader, amen!

## THE HEIGHT OF UGLINESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE MUSÉE DES FAMILLES.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

In France, in the Department of ———, in the midst of the pleasantest neighborhood in the city of ———, Rue ———, No. —, lived, in solitude, a man of a very equivocal age; he might be from twenty to forty. But this peculiarity alone would not have rendered him remarkable. He was called Ephelge ———, and his astonishing ugliness resembled nothing known in the masculine sex, which is not beautiful like the other, its dangerous neighbor. This natural defect was so striking that it amounted to a crime against society.—When, by dint of research, he had found a convenient apartment in a respectable street, the landlord would without delay make him a domiciliary visit, and give him warning to remove at the expiration of the quarter. M. Ephelge would demand the reason for this proceeding; the landlord, raising his eyes towards the ceiling, would reply only by a sigh. M. Ephelge would insist; then the landlord would stammer out some obscure sentences, through which might be distinguished that "*the lodgers had entered complaints!*"

"What complaints?" the unfortunate Ephelge would exclaim.

"Ah!" would reply the landlord, looking at a mirror, and upon this exclamation would take his leave.

In the beautiful summer evenings, the thresholds of the doors of the city of ———, department of ———, Rue ———, were adorned with faces ugly enough! well, when M. Ephelge, taking advantage of his nights as a citizen, displayed himself in his door-way to breathe a little fresh air, common to all, the neighboring visages suddenly veiled themselves behind the closed doors; even the sounds of locks and keys might be heard, as if the inhabitants feared an invasion from the ugliness of their unfortunate neighbor.

Two incidents at length enlightened Ephelge on his novel position, much better than the best Venetian or Parisian mirrors could have done.

One day the Sergeant-major of his company of the National Guard, thoughtlessly sent him a military summons. In 1830, when the citizen militia was organized for the preservation of public order, the staff officer, who was not very handsome himself, decreed that M. Ephelge should be dismissed from the service for his paradoxical ugliness. This decision was submitted to the Colonel who had an immense nose, floating in the midst of a constellation of scars from the small pox, and penning a formidable parenthesis with his chin.—The Colonel requested a description of Ephelge, and a list of his physiognomical atrocities, and was shocked at having in his legion a grenadier so

likely to compromise *public order*, the motto on his banner. Ephelge was therefore dismissed.—Only with that delicacy from which no member of the National Guard, whether officer or soldier, should ever depart, the cause of his disgrace was carefully concealed from the unfortunate grenadier, and even colored with a polite and ingenious pretext. The brevity of dismissal stated that M. Ephelge was released from service, in consideration of his interesting position as an orphan.

To tell the truth Ephelge was anything but an orphan. He was endowed on the contrary with an authentic father and a coquettish mother, aged fifty-two, although she disputed the infallible record of the registry by calling herself fifteen years less. The youth of Ephelge had been marked by an incident rare enough in families.—His father had exiled him from his house for the crime of scandalous ugliness. The young Ephelge retired into the mountains of the Vases, and there lived with the melancholy of an owl, subsisting on wild fruits and tears shed at the injustice of the author of his days. At the instigation of M. de Villele his father pardoned him, and gave him the limits of his natal city for a prison, with an allowance of a hundred francs per month. In 1830, he was allowed to resume his inalienable rights as a citizen, on condition that he would never afflict his parents with a sight of him.—Thence the error of the officer in imagining him an orphan.

We pass to the second incident. Ephelge was a bachelor, a fact which will surprise no one.—Endowed with lively passions and exquisite sensibility, like all ugly people, he had sometimes cast a glance of tenderness on the pretty faces he met in his walks, and, immediately denounced to irascible parents, had been ordered, under pain of a challenge, to bury his tenderness in the depths of his heart and never to display it in public. He had made the most praiseworthy efforts to set up a bachelor's establishment; but his domestic edifice quickly crumbled in the interior, and always for the same cause. His cook invariably sent in her resignation. Then his appetite sought refuge in a boarding house, Rue St. —, where he paid for fifteen tickets in advance. The first dawn of good fortune began to appear. The table of Madame — was well served: soup, three courses, dessert, &c., &c. The boarders dined with that voracious appetite so noticeable in men who have not breakfasted. So, during the first week, the eyes of the guests, more occupied with their plates than with their neighbors, and constantly fearing to lose a good morsel, coveted by their insatiable appetites, did not observe the monumental ugliness of M. Ephelge, and the latter, emboldened by this first success, one day gave his opinion on the Oriental question, then in agitation at all the tables of the citizens.

"The Oriental question is very simple," remarked a gentleman who was severing Gordian knots with his fork.

"I think it complex," said M. Ephelge.

The first speaker, thus contradicted, arrested his fork laden with veal, and gazed fixedly at his opponent. A dozen other eyes followed the same direction. The countenances became over-

shadowed. The clicking of lips and of dishes ceased; the hand of the carver rested on the handle of his knife. A murmur of fear circulated behind the napkins held up as screens. Ephelge was irretrievably ruined.

The next day, on his arrival, Ephelge underwent a humiliation such as the sun had never shone upon since the days of Catiline. It is known that the Roman Senators left their chairs at sight of the illustrious conspirator seated beside them. M. Ephelge was treated like a leper. A yard of unoccupied table-cloth was left on each side of him, and opposite was placed a vase of artificial flowers. Ephelge attributed this incident to chance. Alas! so unsuspecting is the heart of man!

Having used his fifteen tickets, M. Ephelge graciously presented himself at the counter of the mistress of the house, and, playing with his napkin-ring, deposited the price of fifteen more.—Madame — turned away her eyes, and, handing back the money, said:

"I am very sorry, sir, but you are the latest comer, and there is no longer a place for you at my table."

"How, madame," exclaimed the astonished Ephelge, "this must be a mistake; there is room for four more, beside me, and, opposite, a vase of flowers occupies space enough for three."

"It is so! there is no place, sir!" said the lady, with her eyes on the ceiling, and in a sharp accent.

M. Ephelge rolled his napkin into its ring, and timidly stammered:

"I hope, madame, that I have not been deficient in politeness, have not trespassed against the rules of etiquette."

"You have trespassed in nothing," said the lady, with her eyes closed, "but you must dine elsewhere."

And she became convulsively agitated on her mahogany throne.

"If I have involuntarily offended any one," said Ephelge, in a dignified tone, "I am ready—"

"You have offended no one," said the lady, covering her eyes with her handkerchief.

"The other day," added Ephelge, "in discussing the Oriental question I might have perhaps—"

"Oh, sir! you grow tiresome!" said the lady, precipitating herself from the height of her throne; "must you know the reason?"

"Yes, madame," said Ephelge, with an innocent voice, the organ of a pure heart.

"Well! the reason is what the inspector, M. Boisdureau, said."

"And what said the inspector, M. Boisdureau?"

"He said, sir, that you were intolerably, frightfully ugly."

Ephelge was turned into a statue of salt.

Undoubtedly he had had in his life-time lucid moments, in which he had been able to trace to his ugliness the cause of many of his misfortunes: but he had persuaded himself, by the aid of a tarnished mirror, that he had left half of this original vice in the abysses of his adolescence, and that as he advanced in age his countenance was daily becoming more human. The brutal apostrophe of the mistress of the boarding-house dashed his

hopes and left him face to face with his incomparable ugliness.

Ephelge entertained the thought of taking refuge in the country, beneath some modest roof, inhabited by innocence and beauty, according to the prospectuses published by the ariettas of the comic operas. He ventured one day to visit the peaceful villages, sleeping beneath their dark steeples, on the roads adjacent to his natal city; well! the unfortunate man saw only mocking faces, uttering harsh bursts of laughter in the thresholds of their cottages. When he passed a tufted beech, the Tityrus, lying in its shadow, would pursue him with that poignant irony which the malignant Fauns have transmitted to the peasants, their worthy successors. "O ciel!" said he to himself, recoiling with fright, "what if I should fall into some rustic snare! and if the shepherds should not scruple to end my days, under the odious pretext that I do not belong to humanity!"

This last motive induced him to return to town, and he resolved to bury his existence in the protecting bosom of some large city. With what joy did he receive one of those visits which proved that his fellow-citizens still gave him a place among men! with what enthusiasm did he pay his taxes, his doctor's bills, subscriptions to benevolent societies, or for the statues of great men, cast in bronze!

Alas! these gleams of happiness were too rare, and, beyond these coveted opportunities, he saw nothing but solitude, ennui, desolating humiliation. Compelled to pass his life with no other companion than himself, poor Ephelge consulted the sages who have written upon everything and remedied nothing. He learned that study nourishes infancy, amuses riper years, and charms old age. He therefore studied that multitude of wearisome books with which mankind have been overwhelmed since the invention of Gutemberg; and threatened with ophthalmia by the monotonous radiation of the letters of the alphabet; threatened with the spleen by all those sleepy tales which librarians call histories, he double-locked his cabinet, as a necropolis of dead writers. Besides, of what use would education be to him? The man who does not make a profession of science, acquires information only to parade his erudition in the presence of the ignorant. Ephelge had lost all hope of finding his lips in contact with the ear of an auditor. He would have, without any profit, grown pale over his books, and this literary paleness would not have increased his beauty.

Ephelge, brutally repulsed by mankind, resolved to bury his existence in the vast chaos of houses, men and horses, called the city of Paris; that immense depot of moral and physical infirmities, all numbered on each side of the streets, appeared to Ephelge as an asylum of consolation. His moderate fortune not admitting of his hiring a post-chaise, he was obliged to take a seat, with five surly companions, in a lazy diligence. The unfortunate man enclosed in the brassen bull of the tyrant Phalaris never submitted to the tortures which a diligence reserved for Ephelge. The five travellers compelled him to veil his face with a red handkerchief, and it was only by this outrage-

ous concession that he was permitted to continue his journey to the Barriere d'Enfer, the fifty-fourth gate of the capital of the arts and of civilization.

Ephelge alighted at the hotel of La Reine Christine, Rue Christine, Faubourg St. Germain. This hotel rises a dozen stories above the level of the Seine; it is in a solitary street little frequented by horses, the omnibuses avoiding it as vessels avoid the Straits of Magellan. Ephelge pleaded a cold taken on the journey and spoke to the porter of the hotel through the red handkerchief which concealed his ugliness. The intelligent porter of the hotel Christine, suspecting some stratagem beneath this handkerchief, and even believing this might be a rogue whose description had been given to the police, required the removal of the red handkerchief before receiving Ephelge as a lodger and treating with him on the price of the rooms. Ephelge, instead of obeying, drew his red handkerchief more closely over his pyramidal nose.

"Ah! I knew it well!" said the porter, with a malignant laugh, showing the unfortunate traveller to the door.

Ephelge, holding his portmanteau in one hand and in the other his protecting handkerchief, retired in consternation.

He knew no other in Paris but the hotel Christine; his father had lodged there in 1809, and had a thousand times cited it as a model of a furnished hotel.

At the corner of the Rue Dauphine, Ephelge had the grief of hearing a commissioner say these terrible words in his ear:

"There is a republican with a red flag!"

"What imprudence!" exclaimed the traveller, mentally; and he put his handkerchief in his pocket like an ambitious deputy.

The flux and reflux of the Rue Dauphine are composed of busy passengers who do not stop to look at countenances. Ephelge breathed an instant till he reached the sign of the *Deux Magots*, at the corner of the Rue Bussy; but having committed the imprudence of venturing into the neighboring solitudes of the Luxembourg, he saw displayed in the faces of the passengers certain expressions of evil omen, and ever the signs of human anger, sinister precursors of an approaching storm.

Ducray-Duminil, that prince of romancers, on beholding the evils which assail the two orphans Achille and Benedict, exclaims with admirable simplicity: "Children so amiable, so gentle, what had you then done to men?" What would he have exclaimed had he been like myself a spectator of the sufferings of Ephelge in the Rue Vaugirard! Ah! what had he done to mankind, this Ephelge so amiable, so gentle?

You may be a parricide, a forger, a counterfeiter, a disloyal friend, a perjured lover, a skillful poisoner, and if you walk the streets of Paris with a serene face, clear eyes, a well chiselled nose, two rosy lips, and a waistcoat white as snow, Paris will honor you with a benevolent regard; but be Ephelge, having committed but the innocent crime of unpardonable ugliness, and Paris will prepare for you, at every corner, mortal sufferings and nameless tortures. It is true, by way

of apology, that Ephelge abused too much the privilege which mankind have of being ugly.

Driven from the Rue Vaugirard by some young cabinet-makers who were breakfasting in the open air, Ephelge, still holding his portmanteau and veiling himself as well as he could with his large hand, entered the garden of the Luxembourg, and was saluted by a general chorus of laughter from a population of *femmes de chambre* and little children. It was impossible to mistake it, every finger was pointed towards him! Ephelge, at the summit of despair, was about to precipitate himself into the pond of the Luxembourg, but he remarked, immediately, a Newfoundland dog who was waiting with open mouth to save him. The suicide was adjourned.

He retraced his steps, and traversing the court of the Luxembourg, descended rapidly towards the Rue Mazarine, which has the privilege of being obscure at mid-day.

On seeing the river flowing at the extremity of this street, he thought it more enticing than the pond of the Luxembourg, which pond, besides, is only half a foot deep, so that the post of the Newfoundland dog is a sinecure. Ephelge, meanwhile, supported by the feeble hope of a possible transfiguration, let the river flow on without disturbing the repose of its waters, and followed the quay as far as the Pont Royal. The bookworm who has established in these latitudes a public library for the use of those who have to seek a long time for five centimes to cross the Pont du Cawousel suggested to him an idea. He bought a quarto, entitled: "*Defense de la bulle Unigenitus*, and precipitated himself, head first, between the two covers of this book, as do near-sighted people when they read a newspaper. By favor of this mask, bound in leather, he could cross the Pont Royal without incurring too many dangers on the sidewalk away from the horses. Only the people said, (for the people on the bridges always say something, because they no longer stand in fear of the carriages:)

"This gentleman does not intend to lose any time."

"The man has forgotten to leave his book at home."

"Take care, sir, that you do not let it fall on my feet."

"See him brushing his eyelids with a quarto."

Ephelge, happy at being relieved from peril so cheaply, continued his route, and, at the descent of the bridge, almost ran against the Chateau of the Tuileries, which he could not see through the thickness of his quarto. The sentinel of the Pavilion of Flora turned Ephelge back to the public road with a light stroke of his sword, and a gesture still more decisive. He passed along the terrace on the edge of the water, crossed diagonally that immense nine-pin alley called the Place de la Concorde, and lost himself, like a heathen shade, in the labyrinths of the Elysian Fields, which M. Colbert, of mythological memory, planted to amuse the academicians of his age.

The ugly men whom Paris possesses within her walls to relieve the provinces have chosen the Champs Elysees for their noon promenade. One more would not be noticed, although this one

should be, alone, more frightful than all the rest together. Thanks to the concourse of hideous frequenters who change the Champs Elysees into a true Tartarus, Ephelge breathed for a few moments; he surprised here and there constellations of wild eyes which looked at him aslant, as Dido, in the Elysian of Virgil, looked at her perfidious lover; but he immediately eclipsed himself with a tree, and, from eclipse to eclipse, at length arrived at the foot of the triumphal arch of L'Etoile, at the other extremity of Paris. The unfortunate man was coming out at the Barriere d'Enfer!

On the hospitable turf which crowns the neighboring heights, Ephelge perceived some loungers from Chaillot, people renowned for their tricks, and who have beguiled of so many wearisome hours the thirsty pedestrians, wandering on the banks without flowers which the Seine does not water. This asylum was not safe. Even the toll-keepers, grave personages, who lie in wait at the barriers, pointed out Ephelge with their divining wands, with contemptuous remarks, and, suspecting him of being a smuggler, threatened to surprise him in the act on his return. Ephelge did not comprehend this pantomime, and saw in all these men only new and implacable enemies of his gigantic ugliness.

Nature has indeed criminal inconsistencies; there should be a tribunal to revenge a pure man like Ephelge, on this barbarous step-mother, and compel her to do her work over again. Alas! Nature laughs at mankind, and when she laughs at our expense we must submit to her abuse all our life-time.

Ephelge had now entered upon that infinite avenue which commences at the arch of L'Etoile and seems to terminate at the end of the world.—It is hopeless to the foot-passengers. Colbert planted these eternal trees from the top of his gilded carriage. "O great minister!" said M. Buisson, in speaking of him; M. Buisson always travels on horseback.

Our unfortunate pedestrian reached, a little before sunset, the banks of the Seine at Neuilly.—The aspect of this site re-animated him. There was a bridge, whose arches were reflected in the green and tranquil water; groves of poplars, kiosks, smiling alcoves, bouquets of lilies, sporting with the river, children playing on the banks. All this looked much like happiness, and our Ephelge was naturally so amiable, that he felt a joy as if all was his property. This borrowed happiness gave him symptoms of appetite. On his right appeared a white house, which informed the passers-by, on its sign, that, "*Bellon, dit Le Champinois logi a pied et a epeval. A La renommee des matelottes.*"

This sign made Ephelge's mouth water. He entered, his countenance half veiled by the quarto, risking thus only half of his immeasurable ugliness, and depositing his portmanteau on the table, summoned M. Bellon, and called for a dinner. Four courses.

M. Bellon ran with a rapier bristling with duck's feathers, and, looking at Ephelge below the neck, cast a tender smile on a forty franc piece, with which the traveller was drumming on the table as the tocsin of his appetite.

"Monsieur shall be served immediately," said

Bellon, and he went out to get a rapier without any feathers.

Who can understand the mechanism of fatalities! a simple incident was to lead to very singular results! *But let us not anticipate events*, says Ducray-Duminil, our patron.

Ephelge, alone in the *salle a manger*, ornamented with a mirror veiled in green crape in order not to mortify the guests, opened the lattice and bent gracefully over the balcony. From this observatory, his eye rested upon a little garden surrounded with a hedge of hawthorn in flower; this garden exhaled a perfume of calm happiness which moistened the shaggy eyelashes of Ephelge. He perceived at its extremity, beneath a grove of catalpas, a modest mansion with green blinds, a trellis of vines, an aviary and a pigeon-house; before the door a young girl was gathering with one hand, in a vase, some geranium blossoms, and with the other gently repulsing a young spotted kitten, which was playing with the fringe of her satin pelerine. Ephelge's position did not allow of his seeing the face of the young girl; but it was impossible that, in the midst of such a beautiful landscape, she could be otherwise than beautiful. The contemplation was prolonged, notwithstanding the exigencies of an appetite thirty hours old; but M. Bellon entered triumphantly, with a *matelotte* in his hand; the hungry traveller, under the pretext of smelling of the viands, contrived to conceal what he called his face from the glance of M. Bellon, and had in this position a short interview with him.

"This dish," said he, "has an exquisite perfume, and I cannot refrain from inhaling it."

"I may say, monsieur," replied Bellon, "that next to the Mayor of the Isle St. Denis, who is the most celebrated man for a *matelotte*, no one on the banks of the Seine can surpass me in this respect."

"Oh! what a delicious perfume!" said Ephelge.

"Take care, monsieur," remarked Bellon, "the plate is very hot, you will burn your nose."

"Monsieur Bellon," said Ephelge, "you have there, beneath your windows, a very pretty garden."

"It is the garden of my neighbor, Madame Daubinier."

"The wife of M. Daubinier?" asked Ephelge.

"No, sir, a widow."

"Really a widow, Monsieur Bellon? a widow whose husband is dead?"

"Yes, sir, a genuine widow, if ever there was one. I knew M. Daubinier, he died of chagrin at seeing his daughter refused in marriage."

"What do you tell me, Monsieur Bellon?" said Ephelge, displaying only a quarter of his phenomenal ugliness.

"I say the truth, Mlle. Aglae was betrothed in her childhood to a cousin in America. The cousin arrived, and, on the evening of signing the contract, said: 'Bah! I had rather remain a bachelor,' and returned to America without having his passport re-signed."

"What had this cousin learned?"

"Nothing at all; Mlle. Aglae is the most virtuous person in Neuilly; she was *rosiere* last year."

"Then it appears to me, Monsieur Mellon—"

"Oh! sir, we must not talk about our neighbors, in our business; they will make complaints to the commissary; pretend that we sing noisy songs; accuse us of killing their cats, or some stupidity of that kind. Let us talk no more about it—how do you find the *matelotte*, sir? you seem to devour it with your eyes."

"It is true, Monsieur Bellon, and what will you give me after the *matelotte*?"

"Half of a duck a *l'estragon*; and no one can say that it is not fresh, since it was dabbling in the stream below there half an hour ago."

On these words, the *aubergiste* went out.

Nothing can paint the joy of Ephelge, at having at last exchanged a few phrases with a human being! His happiness was that of the shipwrecked mariner, who after living twenty years in a desert, dumb for want of an interlocutor, suddenly meets two open ears under a baptised forehead, and revels in conversation. He rose proudly, and, having no journals to read between the acts of the two courses, returned to the balcony to drink of the economical absynthe of the fields. The young girl was still in the garden; but Ephelge could not see her face. Aglae walked with a melancholy step, as if she had just visited a cemetery; she now and then stopped and gazed at the tall shrubs like a wearied botanist.

The sound of the arrival of the second course summoned Ephelge to his table, and he concealed himself behind the screen of his faithful quarto.

"You will have something to say about this duck," said Bellon, wiping his fingers, cooked more than his dishes.

"You are discreet," said Ephelge to him; "and I am ready to call for a fifth course, if you will tell me the motive which induced the cousin to break off his marriage with your beautiful neighbor."

This tempting proposition threw M. Bellon into a reverie.

Ephelge bent over the duck, with his nose upon its beak.

"Monsieur," said M. Bellon, in a low voice, "if you could see Mlle. Aglae, you would do like the cousin."

"Bah!"

"Yes, sir. Imagine to yourself that this poor lady is uglier than the seven mortal sins."

The nose of Ephelge had nearly swallowed the beak.

"So ugly, monsieur," pursued Bellon, "that she cannot even go to church on Sunday lest the *gamins* should cry out after her."

Ephelge besought heaven to send him a folio, since a quarto was not big enough. His head, to which the blood was rushing, swelled and overflowed the marquis of the protecting book.

"Now," said the *aubergiste*, "you know the reason, and I am going to prepare the other three courses."

He went out.

Appetite expired in the breast of Ephelge, and the sentiment which the confidence of Bellon had awakened in him was of a peculiar character.

He walked towards the window with a strange curiosity, very natural, and this time was permit-

ted to behold the face of the neighbor. Though accustomed for twenty years to the formidable truths of his mirrors, Ephelge immediately acknowledged that the ugliness of Aglae was without a rival in the universe, including the zone of the Hottentots. The face of this young girl produced upon the Ephelge the effect of a mirror which magnifies objects; its most remarkable characteristic was the almost entire absence of the forehead and eyes; it is true the nose compensated for this double absence by a monumental prodigality. The mouth extended towards unknown limits, the chin descended vertically in a bony point on a neck like a bird of prey, and this ensemble of ugliness was painted with a triple coat of ochre which completed the annoyance of the eye which dared to look on it.

Ephelge, nevertheless, who had good reasons for not being difficult in matters of this kind, courageously faced the countenance of Mlle. Aglae as a hero braves an unknown peril. He even found a singular pleasure in dwelling on all the traits of this formidable ugliness, and each new discovery rejoiced his heart. At the end of his examination, Ephelge would have thrown himself at the feet of the young girl, had the balcony been nearer the ground. A soft reverie seized him, and he regained the table, with a brow at once thoughtful and serene. A spectator bold enough to have analyzed at this moment the countenance of Ephelge, would have divined that an entire revolution was taking place in the soul of this unfortunate wanderer.

At the end of the repast, Ephelge, encouraged by the invincible ugliness of the neighbor, dared speak face to face with Bellon, and to demand a furnished room, payable in advance and in gold. The profile of the Emperor Napoleon, in relief on the forty franc piece, made a happy diversion in his favor; the *aubergiste*, absorbed by the image on the metal, looked negligently at the image of flesh which Ephelge presented in full. The room was granted on exhibition of the passport.

Though the signature of the passport of Ephelge was written in an illegible manner, because the clerk at the Mayoralty had been agitated, on writing it, by bursts of convulsive laughter, M. Bellon was satisfied and installed his only boarder.

From this moment the life of Ephelge was a succession of innocent delights. The traveller no longer quitted his chamber; he looked with ineffable joy on the graceful garden, inhabited by a young girl imprisoned there by her despotic ugliness. The soul of Ephelge could alone comprehend the soul of Aglae; every inward thought of the young girl was re-echoed, like a message from an electric telegraph, in the brain of the young man; a mutual sympathy was inevitable. Aglae, who had not seen the human countenance for a long time, was touched, in the midst of her ennui, by the benevolent attention bestowed upon her by her generous neighbor. These two beings, driven from society for a physiological crime, were united by a common interest; each comprehended that, beyond themselves, there was only solitude, ennui, despair.

They had never spoken to each other, and yet had already said all. Ephelge dressed one day

in his visiting costume, and presented himself, more hideous than usual, at the house of Madame Daubinier. A sombre twilight obscured the drawing-room; there were good reasons for using shadowy tints in the dwelling inhabited by the poor girl. Ephelge, on his side, was careful not to ask for more light; the *fiat lux* would have expired on his lips. Madame Daubinier, who had retained something of the atrocious ugliness with which she had so generously endowed her daughter, veiled herself with a fan, notwithstanding the obscurity of the saloon, and pointed her visitor to a fauteuil.

Then Ephelge, with a voice full of melody and fascination, eloquently declared the object of his visit, and demanded the hand of Mlle. Aglae.

The mother stammered an embarrassing response, of which the meaning was this:

"Sir, it seems you do not know my daughter; you have never seen her; should you have the misfortune to see her, you would do like her cousin from America. What are you asking of me, imprudent man?"

Ephelge pretended not to comprehend the meaning of this maternal response; but said with charming delicacy:

"I know Mademoiselle Aglae, I have had the pleasure of seeing her often; I love her as myself, I can have no other wife, and your refusal, madame, will throw me into despair."

Afterwards he gave the necessary information respecting his family and his little fortune, especially expatiating on his taste for solitude and obscurity.

Madame Daubinier, at this first visit, neither accepted nor refused; she asked a week for reflection. It is easy to divine that this delay was no injury to Ephelge. Mlle. Aglae accepted him with downcast eyes and low voice, in a sentiment of graceful and virgin modesty.

One night two hymeneal torches gleamed obscurely at the extremity of the chapel of Neuilly, like two stars in a cloudy sky. The betrothed couple, followed by four witnesses, approached at the mayoralty, knelt before the altar, and took the vows of fidelity, like others. After the ceremony the witnesses refused to sit down at the wedding feast, and insisted that the law required nothing more of them. Ephelge thanked them, and they fled, with hands open over their closed eyes.

Ephelge, having obtained the consent of his mother-in-law, left Neuilly, and went to establish himself with his wife in his natal city which he loved so much. When the inhabitants of the Rue —, of the city of —, learned that Ephelge had re-entered their walls, and this time with a supplement of conjugal ugliness, symptoms of insurrection appeared. The police were alarmed, groups of them gathered before the doors of the *cafes*, and *patroles* wandered at night about the mansion of the newly married. The next day the mayor issued a decree requiring all citizens to keep the peace, under penalty of an enforcement of the laws of September. This decree calmed their minds a little; the public square became habitable, but the interior of households was in revolt, each street being a double row of numbered volcanoes.

Ephelge, strong in the protection of the law,

strong in his innocence, and no longer fearing anything since he had doubled his existence by marriage, became another man, ugliness excepted. On the first Sabbath he boldly marched out with his wife, at the hour for the promenade, and mingled with mankind, on the Course de St. —, the habitual rendezvous of the *beau monde*, after vespers, in the summer season. Madame Ephelge, happy in being beloved, strolled carelessly along hanging on the arm of her husband, and from the height of her triumph seeming to lavish insult on the families who passed, with brows laden with domestic ennui, and countenances expressive of discontentment. Ephelge, radiant with happy love, bent to his wife's ear and poured out waves of conjugal tenderness, which would have delighted the bride of an angel. This unheard of display of nuptial happiness, in the very face of the public, exasperated the promenaders, and, as soon as the storm became imminent, the mayor went from family to family and extinguished the fire, preaching respect to the laws.

Fortunately the public soon became weary of the same thing. Ephelge and his wife, not recoiling before exasperation, the public recoiled before its injustice. Insensibly, *this frightful couple*, (for so were they designated in the Department of —,) by dint of appearing on the promenades, by the aid of the constitutional charter, accustomed the eyes to look upon them. One day the mayor, whose prudence is proverbial in the city of —, accosted in public M. and Madame Ephelge, and did them the honor of a familiar conversation; still more, M. Ephelge having slipped aside a moment to tie the strings of his enormous shoes, the mayor offered his municipal arm to Madame Ephelge, who was almost overcome by such a stroke of unexpected good fortune. This magistrate enjoyed the general affection;

he had obtained from the minister a bridge, a picture, and a fountain, and this triple present overwhelmed the city of — with a perpetual joy which remounted even to the magistrate. So, from this memorable Sunday, the populace pardoned the double ugliness of the Ephelge couple, and two manufacturers even invited them to dinner.

They soon became all the fashion. They were quoted everywhere for their grace, their art, their amiability; such a fortunate household was never seen. A permanent thread of gold and of silk was the symbol of the lives of the two Ephelges. All the mothers wished a like happiness for their children.

An incident at once expected and unexpected completed the popularity of the couple in the city of —. Madame Ephelge became the mother of a child beautiful as the day. At this intelligence the public affection rose to fanaticism. — The ladies of — all demanded a sight of the new-born infant. Being obliged to regulate the order of the spectacle, the mayor placed two *gen d'armes* at the door of the chamber; it seemed like a representation at the opera.

Ephelge supplicated Heaven to retrench his happiness, that the other couples of the city of —, who, we may say *en passant*, were not very happy in their families, especially those who were very handsome, might not be mortified by the contrast. Heaven, which owed Ephelge compensation with interest for his past misfortunes, did not listen; it sent him, at the expiration of another year, a daughter of incomparable beauty. The mayor claimed the honor of standing godfather, and the baptism was truly a civic fete.

Happy couple, may the perusal of this article, written in your honor, add one ray more to your honey-moon, which will last as long as the sun of your days!

TO ———.

BY H. A. E.

Think not, hearts by years united,  
When each pulse hath beat the same,  
On whose altars love hath lighted  
An undying vestal flame.

Think not, hearts can thus be severed,  
'Tis the hope of dark despair;  
All the joys affection's gathered,  
Like a spell are clinging there.

The vain struggle to forget thee  
Would a keener fancy awake,  
And my crushed heart in agony  
Refuse thy memory to forsake.

I have prayed through weary years,  
With the fervent faith of love,  
And all change of woe and tears,  
Hath failed, that holy trust to move.

Think not thou, though fate hath parted  
Souls by sacred vows entwined,  
That those vows will, unregarded,  
Cease my every thought to bind.

Though in pain each moments flying,  
Anguish brings no change o'er me;  
My last murmured words when dying,  
Shall, dearest, be a prayer for thee.



### THE YOUNG SCAMP.

THE Young Scamp of the present day is a much greater nuisance to respectable people, past the hey-day of life, than were the same subjects of the last generation, because they are more knowing. The Young Scamp is the spoiled child of rich parents, as a matter of course, for the children of the poor cannot afford to be impudent to their betters or elders. It would be quite superfluous to give a sketch of the Young Scamp, because he is found everywhere and known by everybody, and because our artist has given his form and presence so admirably in the above engraving, that he only needs to be seen to be known at once, and properly appreciated. The Young Scamp is quizzing an old lady who is asking her way to a certain street, and thinks it first rate sport to send the civil old body a half mile out of her road. The Young Scamp's idea of a first rate joke is not apt to be very delicate, and he rarely succeeds in amusing anybody but himself by his monkey tricks.

If he happens to have any influential political friends he gets an appointment as a cadet at West Point, from which he will probably be expelled, for robbing a hen roost, or he gets into the navy as a midshipman, and fights a duel; but if he is left to grow up like an ill weed in a rich soil, he becomes a good-for-nothing, goes to races, visits bar-rooms, excels in billiards, dresses knowingly, runs in debt, ruins his father by his extravagancies, and kills his mother by his immoralities. At last he dies himself in a premature old age, despised by all who knew him, and speedily forgotten the moment his body ceases to cumber the ground.—Some thoughtless people encourage the Young Scamp by laughing at his senseless pranks, but those, who seeing his beginning can foresee his end, should endeavor to reform the Young Scamp by frowning upon his "monkey shins," and teaching him that the best way to be loved and respected is not to be rogueish and useless.

## SUSY L——'S DIARY.

## WORK AND PLAY.

F——, May 12, 1846.

EX-TREASURER GOULD will come to F—— tomorrow, as he comes every season, latterly several times in a season, to hunt and angle with Hal.— He would not say by which stage; he wrote I should never know from him when it is time to take my hair out of papers, and myself out of the old blue gown. This last is by way of innuendo, signifying that, once on a time, coming unexpectedly, he caught me in a blue morning dress faded and worn, and with my hair in papers. And it was two o'clock, P.M.; when the time had fairly come that every lady should be in tight dress, tight slippers, or, more sedate still, in tight gaiters of the same shade as the dress; when she should not suffer a single lock of hair to go astray, unless she sees to it carefully, that it goes according to rules of classic elegance; when she should be sitting demurely in the parlor, embroidering a collar, or stitching a wristband; and not out throwing stones at Hal, as I was. I wore the old dress as long as he remained with us; and the old slippers that carried about with them sounds as if I were slipshod. I tore the flowers he gave me in pieces, and scattered them on either side, as I walked the room, giving vigorous battle to his stupid conversation. I did these things both to show him plainly the one great fault in my temperament, an indomitable recklessness of all order, my love of play, and to let him see that I disregard him and his gifts. I not only fell into mischief often, but I led him after me when it was practicable; as one day we were out in the pastures, G—— to gather berries, Hal to rest his brain and to see how it went with us two, I in quest of mischances. Suddenly I led the gentlemen into a little grass-overgrown pool, one of the hundreds that there are amongst the green knots of our pastures, where, in the spring and early summer-time, the frogs hold their lively concerts, and where, later in the season, the blueberries ripen in such rank abundance. I knew what was there and went lightly over.

"Bluebird that you are!" said Hal, a moment contemplating the secure footing I had on the little hillock.

G—— laughed with Hal, but less heartily; and at the same time he made wry faces, as he carefully lifted his pants, and took out first one foot and then the other.

"Hear the malicious water-sprites down there," said Hal, with renewed laughter. "Cachulluc! cachulluc! they say. They repine at the loss of your congress boots, G——."

Was not this a pleasant thing, ye, all ye fairies who will come in the moonlit nights to read this diary? Do ye not love disasters—when they come in innocuous forms, I mean—as I do? I hope so, indeed; for I can nowhere find a mortal who does.

The incident was made the more amusing, by

G——'s dancing so crazily, and with such a distorted face, (as if he were spoiled,) to be rid of the water.

"Hal," said he, "what can be done with the girl that the ex-treasurer delighteth to punish?"

"If it please the ex-treasurer," answered Hal, as he industriously used a wisp of grass about G——'s boots, "if it please the ex-treasurer, let her be made, after this day, to stay quietly within the house and to look and behave 'like somebody,' as Mrs. George says."

I laughed with them over this too; but I was near choking with the emotions I had to swallow. I often am near choking, when, in one way and another, it comes to me, that Hal, that G——, that mother, in short, that every body thinks this same thing of me; that I had better be sitting in the close room, with my hair dressed so tight and heavy that my brain seem braided too; that regularly, at one o'clock, I should encase myself in twenty petticoats, which are to be crowded down, pressed to me by the long-waisted, whale-bone framed dress; finishing with gaiters, so trim, so tight, that I am bewildered, sick, with the rush of blood to my brain, where it goes for a freer circulation; and then that I ought to sit, hour after hour, bending over my sewing, my worsted knitting, or my book, until I am ready to sink on the spot and die. They would not willingly have me suffer. No, indeed! no, indeed! but they see other young ladies bring themselves to regular habits of dress and employment; they admire the neatly fitting bodice, the full, well-rounded figure, the glossy hair with every spear in its proper place, the delicate, the wax-like complexion, the white fingers buried with the many-colored Berlin wools, and the staid deportment, the quiet movement, the lady-like air. But when I show them how much of this beautiful employment, this seclusion, this becoming apparel, is at the expense of health and comfort, when I let them see how wretched it would make me in limb and soul if I were to adopt it, they agree with me without reservations, that my way is the best way, since it keeps my temper cheerful and my body sound; that it is a most unfortunate thing, that to many of the fashions, the customs of the female portion of the race, are so at variance with the demands of the physical system; that so few of our habits are calculated to generate if wanting, to preserve if natural, the strength and endurance woman so much needs, as the mother of the race, as the supervisor of such a multiplicity of harassing, monotonous household concerns, as fall into her department. Why will they not remember their concessions? Why, in the next hour it may be, must I see deprecativ eyes, uplifted hands, accompanied by the laughing jest, or the reproving—"O, Susy! don't! don't sit down in that dress!" or "Don't go out in this May wind! you will get so brown!" or "Susy, you really should put on a few

more petticoats; now that every body wears so many, you look singular; and you say yourself, that it is the beauty of a lady's dress, that it be clear of all singularity, so that it be neither noticed nor commented upon." The reproofs, the laughter are always gentle, always in kind tones; but they are indications of disapprobation of my *chosen* ways, and they grieve me all the same that harshness would do. The goldfinch singing its plaintive song as it died, if were here, would know how to plead my cause; for the bird also—what did the *bird* care for his dainty food, for staying quietly within his gilded bars, for keeping himself in order, that his plumage might be seen and admired and wondered over by all who came? What did the bird care for his bright feathers? what were *they* to the bird?

"Loves of his own, and raptures"

he once had in the balmy air, in the boundless sky, in the cool, fresh woods, and, above all, in freedom of wing, in the sublime flight, in "pouring his throat" away where there were no eyes to see, no ears to hear, no voices to applaud and imitate.

Others may dress, speak, act, according to etiquette of the toilet and the drawing-room, "an they like it;" but I love the air; it is the breath of life to me. The birds, the woods, all the free, moving things—I have joy and freedom in them. I love them; and for them, through them, God. I will hold my own way. I will help see to the ways of the household in all necessary things; but when this is over, I will not put my spine out of shape in working collars, or ottomans, or lamp-mats. I will not put my hair into a dozen braids, or put it up tight in any way. I will in all things sacrifice elegance to comfort, when the two are in conflict. But there shall be no assumptions of superior wisdom about it, no obstreperousness.—On the contrary, I will laugh all the while as I go on, and as people scold me, or laugh at me, unless they say those things that *quite* choke me. Then I will weep like a tempest one minute. And when they surround me with their "Whats?" "Hows?" I will fall to laughing over their wonder-filled eyes; or, if I cannot do this, if I must still weep and at last give some reason for weeping, Kirke White shall help me with his—

"Then whence it is I cannot tell;  
But these is some mysterious spell  
That holds me when I'm glad;  
And so the tear-drops fill my eye,  
But yet, in truth, I know not why,  
Or wherefore I am sad."

And then, before the tears are fairly gone out of my eyes, long, long enough before they are gone out of my heart, I will have them all laughing over a hole in my shoe, over my straggling hair, which, by an apparently unconscious movement of my hand, I will fling about my face in a way that shall make me look like an outright gipsy, or an Indian. Or I will pick a flower, or a scrap of paper, in a hundred pieces, and throw over G——, or Hal, or somebody else as tidy, as afraid of the contamination *they* find in a mote even. This is the only way for me. In no other way can I live in the midst of all this laughter and bantering over my fault; this perpetually re-

curring: "Susy! Susy, take care! Susy! you are spoiling that! Oh, Susy! when will you try to be more careful?" and the like. Heavens! when will I *try*? And have I not tried? Have I not been almost drowned times without number, in the tears I have shed over my resolves, and especially over their failures? I *could* be careful and tidy; but the *hows* and the *which ways* would make up the whole study of my whole lifetime. I am sick enough to die at the thought of this—of the dull, heavy, *clammy*, moving corpse I would be. I would stifle. I would feel as if living, moving, and having my being in a tomb. This is not in the least an exaggeration, not in the least a lie. I know it, because I have felt it in trying to dress, speak and act, as a young lady should; especially as that young lady should who would make herself agreeable to the over-systematic, the over-prim, ex-treasurer G——. Do I not remember, although it is two years since, am I not chilled now in the remembrance of the palsy that settled on me as I studied and tried, that settled on brain and limb, and spoilt me for myself, for G——, and for everybody? Can I not think how still and dull it was through the house? Mother said: "Susy was certainly never so careful, never such a help in the house; but—but some way she does not seem like herself; and I would rather have it so that she will seem like herself." Hal caught my hand when I would pass him on my way putting things in order, held me, and, with his good, quiet face turned up to mine, sang:

"Oh there's no such girl as mine  
In all the wide world round;  
With her hair of golden twine,  
And her voice of silver sound.  
Her spirits so sweetly flows,  
Unconscious winner of hearts,  
There's a smile wherever she goes,  
There's a sigh wherever she parts."

He shut his books, also, and begged me to let the "everlasting work" go; to sit down there with him and G——, and take my comfort, and help them to take theirs. But I would not. I would not! For had not they, too, ridiculed what—most politely, it must be conceded to them—they were pleased to call "my deshabille tricks?" I ran from the room, choked almost to death; and they looked after me with kind, inquiring eyes. Of course I shut myself up in my room and cried myself into a violent headache. And when it was known that I could not swallow a mouthful of supper, that I could not walk with G—— and Hal; when, the next morning, it was seen that I was pale and still as a ghost, everybody was so very full of devices for my restoration "to myself," so kind, so serious, that I must do one of two things. I must weep again, or go pelting them all away from me with newspapers and books from the tables. I tried the latter.

"See, Hal!" said G——, "see! light comes into the house now at all the windows and doors."

"Yes!" said Hal quickly, dodging a "Lady's Book" with "eighteen extra pages."

They both ran into corners. They limped, whenever they recollected to do so, through the day; they limp down to this day, Hal when I would send him hunting after a spool of cotton, or

a book; G—, when I would send him away to his room, that I may make pies, or read, or write, in peace and quietness.

Mother and Maria had a good, grateful laugh at seeing that "now Susy was herself again;" and of one thing mother was very certain, and that was, that not another day should I work as I had done for the few days past. There was no need of it. I must let things go. Things were well enough; we all found the home pleasant; we all took comfort in it; and it was no matter if everything was not in perfect order. So I thought; so I had all along thought, that, as we were not able to keep domestics—save the good Maria whom we were "bringing up"—we must be content to let things go on in a simple, careless way, or we must die of the toil, the confinement.

"Well, I worked subsequently, when it was needful; but in an old, wide, full-of-holes apron, that would now and then get caught by a chair, or table-corner, and hold me until *rastch blastch* it went, and I was on my way, and every one in the room laughing heartily at my coolness. This is what I like, that play come in with the work; that the work itself be made play; and then how lightly, how quickly it goes off! Play is the only thing that can make it tolerable to me, the routine of cooking, eating, sleeping; cooking, eating, sleeping. This—the routine I mean—makes me long for the perfectly organized Phalanstery, where the household occupations shall be infinitely varied, light in comparison with those of the isolated home, and made agreeable and healthful by frequent *interludes*, by play of the brain, the heart, the limbs; where the *mind* shall be ministered unto; where the beautiful arts shall be cultivated as here the corn and potatoes are; shall flourish as they do.

It is unpardonable—leaving them there for this long digression, the ex-treasurer shaking the water off his boots, and brother Hal helping with the forlorn wisp of grass!

I was glad that G—'s boots were spoiled, because he could well afford the loss, old bachelor that he was, with a fortune, and a half-dozen sinecures; and because I wished him to understand it fully that I not only ruin my own things by my carelessness and mischievousness, but that I help other people to destroy theirs; that I would be an absolutely ruinous concern as his, or any other man's property. Then he would contentedly keep his heart and hand to himself, I thought, and leave me in unquestioned possession of my own. I had many reasons to fear, that, of his own unenlightened, unassisted judgment, he would do neither of these things.

G— stayed a week then. My birthday was in the time; and I sat in my blue dress, with hair all astray, and braided him a bracelet of my own hair. There was a gray hair—prematurely gray it was, thou horrified fairy—and I wove it in. I would weave it in, because it was my first, my only gray hair, and because I hoped it would disfigure the bracelet and plague G—. But straightway he was in raptures over it, *especially* over the gray hair, "the thread of silver in the dark web."

He remembers that to-morrow will be my birth-

day. He will bring me a gift, he writes;—"unique," "a spirited thing," "meet for his donee," he describes it; but nothing more of it shall I know, or see, until I have blinded my eyes and guessed three times in prose, and three in rhyme. I forsee! there will be much liveliness over this guessing for all in the house; from good old grandfather, who, although so deaf that he does not hear one-half that is said, yet laughs in the freshness of his sympathies when others laugh, down to the "blessed," the little Howy, who is always laughing, always glad, the darling! And when the guessing and frolic is over, when the still twilight comes, and the long ramble for G—, Hal, and myself, then G— will grow poetical over his gift, its sentiment, its suitability; but I will none of it! I—ah, Heaven knows I will enter upon the untrod year with trembling, and yet with a greater faith that shall overcome it. I will weep on my pillow in the morning, and again at night, in fear of that which awaits me in the new year, in sorrow that I make so insignificant use of my days, and yet in gratefulness for friends and home, in joy and gladness that I am living this life, so monotonous outwardly, yet inwardly so full of stir, activity, emotion, so rich, so teeming with beauty. But G— shall know nothing of it. I will never be still while he is here long enough to tell him this.

Our work is done for a whole week, because we want leisure while G— is here, and while Hal is giving himself rest from his books. The arch in the cellar and the pantry above are full. And on the branch board, "the luncheon shelf," are cranberry tarts, rich cheese, the brown loaf, the pickle jar, and the balls of gold-yellow butter stamped, expressly for Hal and G—, with thistle buds and leaves. This is for "the boys" before they go out farming or hunting or fishing.—When they rise softly, take the light lunch and go to the woods before any one is astir, it is that we may have partridges, or trout, or both birds and fish for dinner. When they go later, two hours after breakfast, it is for the next morning's meal that they hunt, or angle; and never in vain; we may always see them coming up across the green pasture with their game swinging in one hand; and Pompey, who goes out bounding to their shoulders, coming back walking demurely at their feet,—we may always see this, if we look out, just when dinner is ready to go on the table. With what noise and stir they come! What strength and freshness they bring to us from the grand old woods! And we who have kept within doors.

"Ah, how cool and good it is within here!" they say as their gratefully-beaming eyes seek ours. "The flowers! fresh flowers! how is it, Susy, that always, at all seasons of the year and the day, you can have flowers for one? And such cold water! how good it is, is it not, Hal?"

They drink; they go like a strengthening breeze through the rooms; they splash a minute in the wash-hand bowls; they draw long breaths; they laugh, say the wittiest things! and then to the dinner; and every succeeding dinner partaken under such circumstances, is the—certainly the best dinner that ever was cooked, ever eaten.

It is late; but when can I sleep again, now that G—— is within the house? It disturbs me his being near. We do not harmonize. He runs against my nerves; but he does not know it. He must have dull perceptions, obtuse nerves. He is very grave and this I do not like. He follows me with his eyes and his feet. He sighs like a furnace when I go away, or answer his wisdom with my folly.

Tell me, fairy, tell me true,  
What can lass or fairy do,

when things go on in this wise? I don't know, for my part, unless she lie down on her pillow, persuade herself that she is the most unlucky of all creatures, and sob herself asleep. This I shall do, I forebode; and then what is to become of the year that was to begin, go on, and end in joy of heart? *Hue me miserum!*

Thursday morning, May 14th.

Hail thou blue morning! thou full of melody, and yet thou still, *still* morning! It has been said by philosophers, that, as two rays of light rightly combined produce darkness, so two rays of sound rightly combined produce perfect stillness. I do not know how this can be. I only know that on such a morning as this, one somehow *hears the stillness*. It is like a glorious anthem afar off, vibrating along the nerves, and yet falling short of the perceptions. I am thankful always for the morning, because almost invariably, as now, it comes with morning to my spirit. I feel now that I can get through the days. I will laugh; I will make G—— laugh. I will send him off hunting. If he brings me flowers, I will tear them to pieces before his eyes,—carelessly, as I slander conservatism; I will go round slipshod, with grease spots on my frock, since it is whole, becoming and tidy in every other respect. I will leave my wide apron on the parlor sofa, where G—— and Hal shall find it when they would lounge after dinner. While I sit and talk with them, I will write my name with my finger-point on the dusty table, making no comments, letting it all go as a matter of course that the rooms in my care be surcharged with dust and all sorts of litter. And in this way the ex-treasurer shall see that I have neither sentiment, nor fitness, nor any such things.

Does my fairy—Thalia, let me call her, she of comedy can have no objections—wish to know what it was that G—— brought as his birth-day gift to me? Does she wish to know what it was that I guessed over it, while yet it lay there, a huge thing, enveloped in brown wrapping papers?

I had not given the work of guessing a moment's thought, for this never serves my purpose at all, making it a study beforehand, what I will do, or how I will do it. I must extemporise in all things, and then I am strong, natural and free; foolish enough sometimes, certainly; but never an automaton, never an iceberg, wearying people with my monotony, or freezing them with my coldness.

My dearest Thalia! do not think that I eschew all self-regulation. No, indeed! no, indeed; for what then would I be shortly? What I would

say, is, that I let my manners and my speech go their own impulsive ways, just taking care that, within me, no uncleanness, no evil thought, no murmurings against Providence, or against man, find a welcome and an abiding place.

It was not until evening that the brown parcel came forth from G——'s trunk. I insisted that all should have part and lot in the guessing.—Father then would guess directly, and his task would be off his hands, that these were good, sensible books in which all in the house would find pleasure. Mother would guess books.

"And what does Buddy Fudge guess that Mr. G—— has brought for Aunt Susy?" I asked of the dimpled, fresh thing that leaned across my lap.

"I guess it's a little white dove," said Howy. His eyes glistened, and he drew himself up erect in excitement over his little white dove. "And if it ain't, Aunt Susy, if it ain't a white dove, and if you feel bad about it"—I had shown myself very joyful over his guess—"if you feel bad about it, I'll be a little white dove and come and light on your shoulder! Won't I? And won't you be glad then?"

"Yes, you blessed! And I too," said I, turning to G——, while I still held upon Howy, "I guess that it must be a little white dove."

"I wish it were!" said G——, excited and sad. "That was a charming guess, Buddy. But no; no, Susy, 'tis not a white dove." He still looked at me.

"Guess it is a turkey, a great black turkey, Aunt Susy," said Howy, now laughing outrageously, and swinging on his heel.

"Guess it must be a turkey, G——," said I, purposely very loud, that grandfather might hear and enjoy the sport. Grandfather laughed, Howy laughed, and a merry time we had of it.

Hal guessed "and hoped" that it was a great book of maxims—enough for a life-time—in which it was expressly set down that ladies should work as well as play; that they should never ride on carts, or meddle in any way with the oxen, or the pigs, or do any unseemly thing. I smiled and yet I sighed. I guessed, the ex-treasurer shaking his head as I went along—

"No dove nor—nor turkey, then friend G—— hath brought;  
Nor book with lines and squares of wisdom fraught.  
It may be that port-folio is its name—  
No?—then Madonna in a frame?  
If not, a cushion then it sure must be,  
For G—— and Hal, and all who bend the knee  
In fealty  
To me."

"And then—tree, Aunt Susy! up a tree, say," shouted Howy, beside himself with the very obvious jingle of my rhymes.

Hal and G—— danced now around the room, taking Howy along with them.

"Now we must hear what grandfather thinks about it," said G——, when it was again still.—He was standing with his hand on the parcel.

"Me?" asked grandfather; and quickly there gathered upon his face the mingled expression of sadness and triumph one always sees, when incidentally the thought comes that he is an old man, close by the grave, close by Heaven.

"I guess—I *hope* it is the book of books. It is large I see; I hope it has the large, clear letters

that she can read and get comfort from, when her eyes are old and dim like mine; and when the time has come that the good book speaks of, when—if she is as happy as any body *can* be here—she will say of nearly all the things in this world, 'I have no pleasure in them.'

We were all affected; and it was very still through the room, until Howy slid gently up to grandfather, put both of his hands into one of grandfather's, looked up in his face, and said in a coving, bird-like voice, "I love you, grandfather. Don't you love me?"

"Yes, you blessed little boy!" answered the old man, with trembling voice. He lay his hand on Howy's head. Howy laughed softly, essaying whether this was "a time to laugh;" and when he saw that grandfather, that we all smiled again, he began skipping around the room.

G—— untied the parcel and there it was, a little writing-desk for my table—glowing in crimson velvet, ivory and gilt—splendid as a jewel.—There was such a gathering around it, so much admiration of its beauty, its tiny proportions, that no one noticed its effects on me. But I felt that it absolutely crushed me. I! in my *deshabille*! slipshod, or the next thing to it, with my straggling, lawless curls! sitting down to write characters that would go below the line, above the line, that would prefigure all sorts of angles, with all sorts of oddities lurking in them—sitting down thus, to write thus, at such a desk as that! It was perfectly annihilating; and I was ready to weep with vexation. I was standing close to G——. He saw the great tears in my eyes; his hand sought mine and pressed it softly, as he half-whispered in my ear: "Let us go now and have our walk."

"Yes," said I aloud, and taking my hand to adjust my hair. "Come, Hal! good Hal! Let us go now and have our walk."

I did not once look at G—— as I busied myself with my bonnet and shawl; but there was little alacrity in his movements; and I felt that he would rather we two had gone out alone. I shall guard carefully against all such duetts. Trios shall everything be. I shall take hold of Hal's button-hole to-day, and he shall not escape me until he cross his fingers and promise to be always in our midst.

The longest of all mornings! At eight we are to have our breakfasts while G—— is here, in deference to his town habits. This is good; for it gives me leisure for my diary; and it makes the day below with G—— shorter. Alas for you, you good (and, by parenthesis, you *dear*) G——; and thrice alas for me! since, were I the quiet, systematic one he should have for a wife, to be happy himself and to be able to make her happy, I should not avoid him, trifle with him thus. As it is, I would have him for my friend, for Hal's friend. I would have him see how things really are between us, and keep silence. It will trouble him; and so it will trouble me. But we can live through it; we can be happy in being merely friends. So say the morning and the birds out there! Maria's bell calls us to breakfast—so says the bell; the bell too has a strengthening, cheerful sound, and says to me that we can live through it and be happy beyond it.

Tuesday, 13th.

Yesterday morning was spent by Hal and G—— in the field and woods. They would help father and Jem; they would also have trout and birds for dinner, because Colonel S—— and his wife would be here to dine and spend the day.

Grandfather and Howy would go out into the pasture and see if the lambs were doing well, if none were missing; and they would take Howy's apron pockets full of oats, to scatter them now and then as they went, and then the doves would go with them, now trotting along with them picking the oats, and then circling about their heads. It was a pleasant sight to see them go, and we watched them until the foot-path they were following led them round the hill out of our sight.

Then—Hi! we must be busy. Maria must put the rooms in excellent order through the house—saving the parlor for me. Mother must see to things. By this time there must be some deficiencies in the pantry. Yes! the sponge cake—there was never such a thing achieved as keeping sponge cake long, where Hal and the ex-treasurer were together. I was already tying on my wide apron; for sponge cake always devolves upon me.

"And," said mother, turning her sleeves back from her wrist, "you had better have the recipe before you, you are so apt to forget something."

Down, down, went my courage and the faith I had been so sedulously nursing for a few hours, in an undeveloped capacity for order, carefulness, and those things so essentially requisite in the—I may as well write it—in the wife of the ex-treasurer, G——. I would try what I could do, I had just determined, as I saw him go away with Hal, after he had lingered by my side saying little, but looking with quiet, friendly eyes in my face, as long as Hal would allow. I would try and see if I could go on without mishaps to my clothes, or dishes, or liquids in my hands; without forgetting, without carelessness. And if mother, instead of that palsy, disheartening—"you are so apt to forget something!" had said encouragingly—"you have such good luck with sponge cake!" which would have been as much a general truth, all would have gone right, at least with the cake. And then, if no one had said for the day and week—"Susy! Susy be careful! how you always—," and so on, thus making me feel an utter incapacity, as if I were a child who could do nothing right, and must hence be watched and scolded, for the day and the week I could have done—not so well as those do whose fundamental law it is that things in the house be straight, if through their labor and watchfulness to this end, their restlessness if their law is disregarded by others, their tempers become ever so oblique; but well enough, every way well enough, even for G——.

As it was, I let fall an egg; and, as not another could be found in the nests, there were not eggs enough by one. This troubled me; and while I was thinking about it, and mother's "Now, that is a pity, you *must* be more careful, Susy!" I poured the butter in with the beaten eggs so hot that it half-cooked them. By this time I had no courage left. My eyes were nearly blinded by the tears in them, so that when I would pour

the batter in pans, I spilt some of it on the table. Mother came to the rescue; but seeing by my lackymore expression that I was already sufficiently aware of my fault, she encouraged me, cheerfully helping me to bring things right. But the encouragement and the cheerfulness came too late. It was all over with me. I went mechanically about what remained for me to do, and then came to my room for the hearty cry that always relieves me so much. It was not long. I dashed off the tears with my wonted spirit; said softly, and with a renewed quiver through my lips: "Now, after this G—— may go! I am not for him; he is not for me. He too would watch my movements lest they should tend to mischief. He too would be shocked often, and say, "Susy! Susy! see what you are doing!" and this would kill me! it would kill me! I should mope round a year or two without life, or spirit, then die of a broken heart, and people would call it consumption." I wept again hysterically a few moments, and then I laughed over all this broken heart and consumption, over all this forestalled misery.—"Wait, at least, till he proposes, Susy!" thought I, again dashing the tears. And, forcing myself to begin, soon I sang right cheerfully, as I busied myself putting my room and myself in order for the visitors that must soon be here.

It was a good time that we had all together. Mr. and Mrs. M——, Mr. and Mrs. L—— came with the colonel and his wife; all of them fast friends of the family these twenty years, some of them since they and my parents were children together; so that it was buz and stir all through the rooms, wherever people found themselves most comfortable. Father's grafts—Mr. M——must see the grafts; he himself had hundreds on the way. Mother's cheese—Mrs. Col. S—— must know whether mother had any new method. She, Mrs. Col. S——, had lately visited the Shakers of Canterbury, purposely for the sake of the useful hints she might get. The Shakers were very kind, showed her all their works, and let her know all that they approved and practiced in cheese-making. And she must tell mother. She wished all farmer's wives might know about it, it was such an improvement!

Politics came on at dinner, when once appetite was a little appeased with the trout and the partridges. Whew! what could father think of the movements that were making at this time through the State? What—what did the ex-treasurer and his friends at the capital think, letting things go on in this unheard-of way?

Hum! father thought that most of the leaders of all the political juntos were either selfish demagogues, or miserably inefficient men, who had much better go about their own affairs, and leave it for honest, vigorous men to take care of the State. The colonel thought the same. For his part, he was heartily sick of all the manœuvring, the falsehood, the uncompromising adherence to a party, without once looking at its measures, the equally uncompromising hostility to political opponents, were they ever so honest, ever so manifestly in the right. Did not the ex-treasurer say the same?

The ex-treasurer? O, the ex-treasurer would

like it certainly that there was more fairness, more steadiness of courtesy and gentlemanly demeanor among the parties, and among the members of the same party. He disliked all such feverishness, such incoherency as was pervading the political life of the State at this time; such tumult, and turning things upside down. He called himself a whig; but in truth he was with the whig party only when their measures and policies were of a quiet, conservative character. He could bide no ultraisms in politics or anything else. (By parenthesis, I never liked G—— so little as at that moment. I can see that he is as afraid of dust and clutter in political life, as in the life of the home. But, G——, that man whom I can look up to and love as I would love my husband, must never mind dust or clutter, fire or water, if he must needs encounter these in his way of doing good to the State, or to individuals. He shall never see these, for the steadiness of his gaze on the great work beyond. I must tell you this.)

I was choking, not so much with the fish bones I was swallowing without heeding them, as with the ex-treasurer's hearse-like conservatism, when Mr. M—— wiped his mouth by drawing his silk handkerchief several times across it, and then came in with his strong, sententious tones. He would go with his party "right or wrong." A man could do nothing with his solitary vote.

"He can speak like a cannon for God and the right, with his solitary vote!" said I, with my eyes full of tears.

Mr. M—— started. It was something as if a cannon had just then been discharged in his ears, I fancy.

"Yes," answered he, after a moment's intense silence at table. "Yes—you are right; so he can, Susy: but it don't amount to much, a man's voting and speaking alone. And if he brings a dozen or two, or even a hundred or two to his one-sided measures, he only weakens his party, and, ten to one, by this means, gives the enemy an advantage."

"But nothing comes of it. One can never see that either party makes any startling use of its advantages, its temporary ascendancy. Both great parties are perfectly innocent of all measures involving any great risks or uncertainties of any kind. But if one speaks for *the truth*, he speaks to some purpose. His own heart is ennobled by this one independent, good act. And what if he must speak alone? He speaks intelligible things, and is heard all the plainer that it is so unlike the ordinary din and clamor. Long time ago one voice was heard alone speaking against slavery. If it could speak now, something besides its echo would be heard I imagine. What multitudes would chime in now with their heart-gushing, 'God speed the right' Don't you see, Mr. M——, that so it must always be? that there must first be the solitary voice, the solitary vote? Don't you see?"

Mr. M—— did not know. But the colonel did! Hal did! They would always know, or at least, believe party measures correct before they closed with them. Still they both deprecated "a split in the party, it made such havoc!"

"Yes; 'tis perfectly horrible!" said G——,

shrugging his shoulders, and with a look as if he saw clouds of dust coming.

For himself, he said, the only comfortable way was to keep his vote and his counsel to himself when divisions came, and run away, as he had just been doing.

"But, Susy," began Mr. M——, musingly and raising his eyes to my face, "what can a man or woman do with such—such out-and-out radicalism? I never heard the like. Tell me! do you mean what you say?—you whose fathers and grandfathers were such straight forward whigs—you who never seem to be, pardon me—" laughing—"to be thinking long at a time of politics or any other one thing?—pardon me—"

"Certainly! Yes I mean what I say. I have thought more about these things than any body knows; and I am always indignant at the thought of all our greatest faults, our greatest wants as a State and a Nation, going on unchecked, uncared for, for want of the solitary voice that dares be the first to speak; while over the merest trifles it is—Here! See! on one side we hear it—'Oh, wise! beautiful and good!' while on the other, over the same measures, it is—'Absurd! hateful and most wicked!'"

They all looked down on their plates and were very thoughtful. If I were a man, a voter, what would I do the colonel asked kindly.

"I don't know," I answered, with choking voice. "Perhaps I would abuse my trust, and by degrees come to act from selfishness or prejudice, as I fear most leading politicians do. I have no doubt that multitudes now are stupid, selfish and grovelling, who started with warm, pure hearts and clear visions. And this is what seems so melancholy. They meet a thousand obstacles that they did not foresee, in the wrong-headedness of their own party. If they remonstrate 'cold shoulders' are turned on them, evil eyes watch their movements. They have cold water thrown on all their warm philanthropy; and often it will happen that they see the very men, the very class they had determined to help, to raise, the most assiduous of all in filling the buckets and passing them along the ranks. One can see what comes next. They either sink under it, as they sink moaning like good king David—'If an enemy had done it I could have borne it; but it was my friend who had broken my bread,' and so on; or, ten thousand times worse for them and for truth than this, they lift their heads high, and go with lofty, swaggering steps, shouting and swinging their hats in the air with the rest."

"They almost unavoidably do one of these things," with a heart-sick look said Colonel S——. "They must have strong hearts and purses in no need of 'the spoils of office,' to escape the temptation."

"Yes, and so from my heart I pity almost all professed politicians. If they are corrupt, they were corrupted by 'the strong circumstances.' If they are pure—"

"Why then, as we must do if we are men and christians, in a thousand conditions of life, they must pray and struggle," said Col. S——.

"Yes. They should brave everything, even the persecution of their own party, the hardest of

all. They must lay their hands on their throbbing hearts, lift their eyes to the God of right, and stand courteously yet firmly by their convictions of duty. This is what John Quincy Adams has done—"

"Yes!" exclaimed they all, looking up with animated eyes.

"And what will be said of him when he is gone and party rancor over?" I asked.

"He will be loved and honored as if he were our father and we his children," answered the Colonel.

"That he will!" exclaimed Hal, paler it seemed to me than his wont. "A sob will go through the whole nation when he dies."

"And how will it be," I asked, "when Clay, Calhoun and Webster die? They are all greater men than John Quincy Adams, in the popular sense." I will confess that I rolled two or three crumbs of bread into little pellets, in my trepidation over the audacity of putting such a question to those gentlemen—two Clay whigs, two Webster whigs, and two democrats.

"The nation will stand aghast, I am thinking," replied G——. "But no doubt it will shed less tears than for Adams."

"I was thinking the same," said I; and some how our agreement in this one thing brought us near each other again.

"I come down ter see 'f I could borrow yer little keeler tub, Miss L——, jist for this arternoon. Mine's give out."

We looked round quickly at the first sound of the drawling voice; and there stood our neighbor, Mrs. George, in the outer door with her bare, brown arms stretched at full length, her hands braced on the sides of the door, with her head, half covered with a handkerchief, half bare, thrust away forward so that she might command a view of us at table.

"Yes, Mrs. George, walk in," answered mother; and, as we were ready to do before she came, we all rose and left the table.

The colonel knew where to go, he is here so often. He went with his pipe into the yard. The rest of the gentlemen followed him; and there in the shade of the woodbine, some sitting on the door-steps, some leaning against the trees, they digested their dinner and their politics. Ah, I would tell our public officers, our political leaders, they would look better to their ways if they knew, or *thought* oftener, how all their actions, those "done in a corner," as well as those "proclaimed upon the house top," are brought forward into the light, turned round and round and examined on all sides, by such strong, upright men as those; how, if found wanting in honesty, or any of the essential requisites, they are despised, spurned as it were with the heel like a worm.

Mrs. George had the greatest difficulty in getting through the hall, past the gentlemen.—She was half beside herself with her nervousness; as they dodged so she dodged; and thus she, the awful-looking, and the ex-treasurer, the very pink prim bachelors, went through the most awkward, shuffling and desperate of all *chasses* there in the hall. He shot forward like a bird out of a cage when once he was clear of her.

I could not smile, well as I love such ludicrous bits, for sympathy in Mrs. George's distress. She was ready to sink. She took short steps straight forward, and long ones away off on one side.—She looked upward, and downward, and sidewise. But it was only for a minute. I provided her a seat, helped her untie her handkerchief which seemed to be choking her, and *incidentally* put some of her wiry locks back in place. Meantime—

"You are in just the right time, Mrs. George," said mother, speaking loud and cheerfully to her, at the same time dishing out a delicate little trout and a partridge's breast. "You must sit down here with me and taste some of our good dinner."

"You're very good," replied Mrs. George, making her way to the table with my assistance.

Immediately upon our visitors retiring to the parlor, she began opening her heart to us; and then she was no longer the awkward, the *supremely* awkward woman that she is when strange, indifferent eyes are upon her movements.

Our visitors spent the evening—it would be so cool and beautiful riding home by the moonlight! so that G—— and I did not once fairly come together until it was time to say good-night.

"What—what a radical you are, Susy!" exclaimed he, softly, opening his eyes wide on me. "You made me feel to-day as if I were just waking out of a life-long sleep; as if I had not yet begun to act a part in life. It seemed to lay

all open before me for the first time, the life of the whole world, and it was a battle-field—"

"A battle-field?" interrupted I, quietly.

"Yes; in which the needful arms were pure-rightedness, consistency, firmness, honesty unto the death. Good Heavens! I tremble now at the thought of what is before one, if one does one's duty in the strife."

"At any rate, it is glorious doing it, let what will come!" said I, attempting to withdraw my hand. "But good-night now, my friend."

He parted with me reluctantly. He begged me to sit there awhile where it was so still and beautiful; he wanted to talk; he wanted to hear me talk. But no; I must come then to my room. I must say good-night that moment. He let me come; but he looked disappointed about it; and when I made him my bow at the door, he still was standing in the same spot, in the same position, and looking after me with his small, gray, but, after all, good, friendly eyes

Wednesday, 20th.

Adieu, my Thalia, for to-day, it may be for two days; since this morning we ride to the Seminary, since we dine with Prof. S——, sup with Col. C——, and, in the evening, attend a tea-party given by the two societies for the establishment of a library, returning home late at night. Tomorrow we shall have a house full of company from the three villages that lie within three miles of us. Heigh-ho—heigh-ho!

## A TALE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

(STRICTLY TRUE.)

BY ANNE E. APPLETON.

"You may go now, Mary," said Mrs. Percival to her servant, a pretty and intelligent daughter of the Emerald Isle; "you have heard my direction and will be careful to do as I have desired."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mary, turning to leave the room, but lingering as if to hear more.

"Is there anything you do not understand?" inquired her mistress. "If so, tell me what it is."

"No, ma'am;" but still Mary seemed unwilling to go.

"Have you anything to tell me, then? any question you would like to ask?" said Mrs. Percival, kindly; for the girl's modest, unassuming manner, and her frequent sadness had interested her much.

"Oh, madam, if you would be so good!" exclaimed Mary, earnestly, as the tears fell from her eyes. "And surely you would know—is it a sin to break a vow that the heart never made? that is forced from us against the will?"

Mrs. Percival was touched by Mary's earnestness, and she answered kindly: "Some promises are better broken than kept; but why do you ask, Mary? Has any one forced you to make a promise to which your heart would not consent? Tell me your trouble, and I will try to help you."

And encouraged by the kind tone of her mistress, and unable, as she herself said, to keep her trouble any longer hid in her heart, she told her simple story. If it should interest any one heart as it did my own, I shall be well repaid for transcribing it.

Patrick O'Neill lived on the borders of the beautiful sheet of water, called Lough Earne. He owned the cottage in which he lived, and considerable land adjoining; kept poultry, pigs and cattle, and was, as we say, "well to do" in the world. Not rich, or even far from poor, would he be considered in this land; but among his

humble neighbors, O'Neill was a thriving and prosperous man, and was looked up to and respected as a rich man is apt to be by the poor.—He was no better educated than any others of his rank; nor had his family more advantages in this respect than those around them; for the fair heroine of our tale could neither write a letter, or read one when written; scarce could she spell out the prayers she piously read each night. But Mary O'Neill grew up, more happy, perhaps, than if she had enjoyed a fashionable education; and she had completed her eighteenth year before any shadow fell upon her sunny path.

It is not to be supposed that a pretty and amiable girl, a daughter, too, of the richest man in her native hamlet, would have reached even this age without having lovers; but the young men were not quite certain how their addresses would be received by the fair heiress or by her father, who was well known to be somewhat proud of his wealth. For this cause few of them had been particular in their addresses, and these few had not found favor in Mary's eyes. Her sister Kathleen, a few years younger, often jested with her about her lovers, but all her raillery fell harmlessly on Mary's ear. No name that the merry Kate could mention could bring a blush to her sister's cheek, or cause any impatient answer.

One lovely evening the pretty Mary was wandering by the side of the lake, watching the reflection of the setting sun in the clear waters, and murmuring to herself a simple song. As she raised her eyes, she noticed a young man gazing earnestly at her, and the admiration clearly expressed in his look caused a timid blush to overspread her countenance. He was not absolutely a stranger, for he lived at the edge of the hamlet, and she had often seen him with other young men; she had even a slight acquaintance with him, enough to allow the common greetings of the day to be exchanged between them. Mary O'Neill knew, from the reports of other, that Gerald Gillespie was the best wrestler, and the best dancer, and the most active and industrious farmer in the village; and her own observations told her that he was well-looking and not ungraceful. So when the young man joined her, and begged permission to accompany her in her ramble, she quietly consented, and they strolled along the shore for some time in pleasant conversation. Gerald possessed more knowledge of books than Mary herself, for being a bright intelligent lad, and of an amiable, obliging disposition, he had been from his childhood a favorite of the old priest, who had taken much pains to instruct him.

After this evening, Mary seldom went to walk by the lake-side without encountering Gerald; and though she took care always to be accompanied by Kathleen, the presence of the latter was no restraint upon her companion. Indeed, she could scarcely be called the companion of their rambles; for she was continually leaving her sister's side, now to gather a flower, now to pick up some bright pebble, or search for the nests of the birds. Gerald had also become quite a frequent visitor at O'Neill's house, and the latter, never imagining that one so beneath him in fortune, would dare to love his daughter, always greeted

the young man kindly, and seemed glad to see him.

And so matters proceeded for some months, when a sudden blow destroyed our poor Mary's happiness. A young man, himself a pretender to Mary's hand, had watched her evening walks, noticed Gerald's gifts of flowers, &c., and, impelled by jealousy of his successful rival, waited only for an opportunity of injuring him. It soon came. Calling in at Mr. O'Neill's one evening he noticed the absence of Mary.

"And where would Miss Mary be the eve?" he inquired of O'Neill.

"Out by the water side, yonder, Mike," was the answer; "sure, it's Mary likes to walk better nor I would."

"'Tis a pleasant companion Miss Mary'd be having, then," suggested Mike.

"Troth, ye may say so," returned the old man; "there's no merrier girl near than Kathleen, and 'tis she that's with Mary the night."

"Yes, and another to that," replied Mike; "for sure my own eyes see Gerald Gillespie with her more times than one or two. And 't is myself that's thinking Gerald knows his own business, too; it would be a fine thing for him to make Miss Mary his wife."

O'Neill started from his seat, and stared at his companion. "And 't is wild ye are to say so, Mike," he said, at length. "Sure Gerald would never be thinking of evening himself to the like of her; 't is only as neighbors they talk together."

"May be," rejoined Mike; "but there's not one of us all can get a kind look from Miss Mary when he's near her; and I'm thinking little Kathleen could tell, if she'd a mind. But I'll bid ye good evening, Mr. O'Neill; may be I'll meet Mary as I go home."

Mike had done his work well; O'Neill was proud and passionate, and the idea that a daughter of his could think of marrying so much beneath her, put him into a rage. He waited impatiently for Mary's return, and at length set out to find her. He had not gone far before he met the lovers, as they might well be called, and his eyes being opened by Mike's suggestions, he perceived signs of affection which had not before attracted his attention.

"Sure you'd far better be at home, Mary, than straying here," was his salutation. "And where's Kathleen the night? But ye've found some one to take her place, I'm thinking; good even to ye, Mr. Gillespie."

Timid by nature, and trembling at her father's look and tone, which, more than his words, expressed his anger, Mary released the hand that had rested in Gerald's, and looked round for her sister. Kathleen was at no great distance, and approached sufficiently near to hear the ensuing conversation.

"I've no ill will to yourself, Gerald," pursued O'Neill, "but 't is my desire that you'll not be talking nonsense to Mary. Sure, she'd never be wife to the like of ye, and if she would, I'd not own her for a child of mine."

Gerald was silent from astonishment, Mary from fear and grief; but the former soon recovered himself, and boldly avowed his love for Mary,

eloquently pleading his cause. "And 'tis yourself, Mr. O'Neill," he concluded, "that never said a word against it till this minute; and it seems to me hard to part us now."

O'Neill was enraged at the young man's audacity, and pouring upon him a flood of invective, he ended by forbidding him the house, and warning Mary not to have any conversation with him until he gave her permission. Weeping and trembling, Mary followed her father home, while Kathleen in vain endeavored to console her.

Weeks passed on, and the lovers did not meet; for Gerald came not to the house, and Mary dared not anger her father, by resorting to the lake-side. All the intercourse they had was by means of Kathleen, through whom affectionate messages were sometimes interchanged. But Mary, though she did not complain, grew pale and sad, and her father, who really loved her, became anxious on her account. There was to be a fair in a neighboring town, and O'Neill proposed to his daughter to accompany him there, hoping the excitement of the scene might do her some good. Mary cared little for such scenes now, but Kathleen's whisper, "Go, Mary dear; it will do you a power of good," accompanied by a peculiar look and smile, decided her to accept her father's invitation, though she scarcely knew with what hope.

The day was pleasant, the ride delightful, the scene amusing; and O'Neill, as he saw his daughter's cheek glow, and noticed the smile on her lip, congratulated himself on the good effect of his indulgence. "But you'll be weary, Mary," said he; "come now and rest in the inn, while I go and settle with John Ryan. I'll be back in an hour at most."

After her father left her, Mary stood by the window, watching the different parties who passed, and thinking of Gerald, when a light touch on her shoulder roused her from her reverie. "You're back sooner than you said, father," she began, turning from the window. But it was not O'Neill—it was Gerald who was by her side! All too short was the time, for what they had to say, though O'Neill's hour was lengthened to more than two; and it was not till Gerald saw the father entering the inn yard, that he took leave of Mary. O'Neill found his daughter not at all tired by her long stay in the inn, her eyes sparkled with pleasure, a smile was on her lip, and her cheek glowed with something of its former color.

"Troth, I think you're much better, Mary," said her father; "the ride or something has made you seem like yourself again."

"Oh, yes, I am better," said Mary, the blush deepening as she spoke; "but you'll be waiting for me, father. I'm ready to go home."

"Then I'm glad of it, *alanna*; so come with me, and we'll soon see your mother and Kathleen."

They entered the vehicle and started for home; but had not proceeded far, before they overtook a pedestrian, who seemed to be travelling in the same direction. He was a young man of middle height, well formed and active, and, as he strode along, he whistled loud and clear.

"Who's that yonder, Mary?" inquired O'Neill, with a sly look. Mary did not raise her eyes or

answer. "Sure ye've forgotten your friends quick, then, if ye don't know Gerald Gillespie," pursued the old man, who was in high good humor. "Good day to ye, Gerald, how are ye?" and as he spoke, he stopped the active little pony.

"I'm well, many thanks to ye," returned Gerald; "but no need of stopping, Mr. O'Neill; I'll walk fast enough to keep up wid ye. And how was the sale to-day?"

O'Neill glanced at his daughter. "'Tis as nisy riding as walking, Gerald," said he; "in wid ye, and I'll give ye a lift."

"I thank ye kindly, Mr. O'Neill, but I'll walk as well. I hope Miss Mary is well, and all at home," said Gerald, trying to steal a glance at the fair one's face.

"Come, in wid ye," repeated O'Neill; "I've a power of questions to ask ye and can't stay all day here. Mary *mavourneen*, tell Gerald he's kindly welcome, can't ye?"

Thus urged, Gerald entered the vehicle; and, during the ride, made himself vastly agreeable to the old man; inasmuch that when they reached the turning which led to Gillespie's house, O'Neill said:

"'Tis ill to be unfriends, Gerald; and sure I wish ye'd come to the house as usual; ye'll always find a welcome, so long as ye'll say nothing to Mary about love. I'll not have that at all, at all, but we'll be glad of your company."

Gerald gladly accepted this invitation, for he longed to see Mary and be with her, even though forbidden to speak on the subject nearest his heart; and for some time, his visits were regular and well-received. But alas! upon several occasions it chanced that he and Mary were left without spectators; and then he could not resist the temptation of repeating his vows of constancy, and receiving hers in return. Mike Reilly, his rival, was vexed at seeing Gerald again in favor, and, having discovered the conditions upon which his visits were received, intimated to O'Neill that Gerald was deceiving him. One evening, when Mary and her lover had strolled out for a few minutes, the old man followed them, and listening to their conversation, heard enough to convince him that his suspicions was correct. He returned home, however, and waited for their re-appearance; and in a tone whose forced calmness testified his passion, forbade Gerald ever to speak to his daughter again, or come near the house.

As soon as the young man departed, O'Neill turned upon Mary with bitter reproaches; and Mrs. O'Neill, a weak minded woman, who usually sided with the last speaker, and who had tacitly encouraged Gerald's addresses, now followed her husband's example, and blamed Mary's folly and disobedience. Heartsick, and almost ill, Mary retired to her little chamber, whither the affectionate Kathleen soon followed to cheer and console her, if possible. But new trials were coming.—The next evening, as Mary lay upon her bed, weary and attempting in vain to sleep, the door was rudely thrown open, and her father entered.

"Come with me," said he, in a low, determined voice, and mind what I've to say to you."

Mary rose, and trembling followed him into the larger room that served for kitchen, parlor and

work-room. As she raised her eyes, they rested upon an unexpected scene. Upon a table, in the centre of the room, were placed an open Bible and a vessel of holy water, and the parish priest (a harsh, severe man, who had been in his station but a few months, succeeding on the death of Gerald's old friend and instructor,) stood by its side. Her mother sat by the fireside, and her little brother Maurice, a boy of nine years old, was a little behind her, clasping Kathleen's hand, as if for protection. A few relatives, uncles and aunts, were seated around the room.

Little time was allowed the poor girl to recover her self-possession; her father seized her arm, and led her before the priest, then turned away and left her, the centre of observation. The priest, who well knew his errand, and upon whom the culprit's beauty and evident distress made no impression, now began a long homily upon the duties of children to parents, among which implicit obedience held the highest rank, the penalties attached to any transgression of these duties, &c.; and after bringing all to bear upon poor Mary's affection for Gerald, concluded with exhorting from her, under pain of her father's curse and his own, a vow never to be Gerald Gillespie's wife. Terrified by his words, almost panting with grief and emotion, Mary glanced around her for sympathy, but met with no sign of commiseration, except in the tearful eyes of Kathleen, and the blended expression of pity and resentment which was visible in the flushed face of little Maurice. Again the priest's voice thundered in her ear, and utterly incapable of resistance, she repeated the words prescribed to her.

"See you, they'll kill her," murmured the indignant boy, whose hand Kathleen clasped tightly, lest he should express his emotion more audibly.

"Whisht, darling," answered Kathleen, gently; "'tis over now." And as she spoke, she released the hand she held, and sprang forward just in time to receive her fainting sister in her arms. O'Neill, who was not hard-hearted, except when his will was thwarted, readily permitted Kathleen's affectionate cares, and himself, carried the insensible girl to her little pallet. For some days she rose not from her bed, but was waited on with unwearied kindness by Kathleen, whenever she could steal a few minutes to be with her.

It was the fourth evening after this scene that Mary lay, listening to Kathleen's song in the next room, and her mother's occasional complaints, when a light tap at the window startled her.—Glancing round, her eyes rested on the smiling face of little Maurice.

"I've that for ye, will do your heart good, Mary, mavourneen," whispered he, holding out a little note; "I met Gerald out by the mill, and he gave it to me. I couldn't come through the house, lest mother should think something; but Kathleen knows."

Mary could not read the precious epistle she held in her hand, but she pressed it to her lips and her heart, and wept for joy. As soon as Kathleen's work was finished, she entered the chamber and with a smile that her sister well understood, held out her hand. Mary gave her the note, and

listened eagerly while Kathleen read. It was but a request that Mary would meet him at a specified hour that night, by the lake-side, or send word by Kathleen, when she would see him.

"Oh, I cannot," Mary began, but her sister stopped her.

"Yes, Mary darling, ye can—slip out to-night unbeknownst, and I'll keep the chamber, lest they'd come in and find ye gone. Go, as he asks ye; never stop for my father—sure ye've done all he asked ye, and more than ye ought."

With some trouble, Kathleen persuaded her timid sister to do the very thing she most wished, and then sought to despatch Maurice with an affirmative answer. But here some caution was necessary.

"Will ye be down to the green the night, Maurice?" she asked, carelessly.

"'Tis there I'm going, Kate," answered the boy, stealing a glance at his sister's face. "Can I do anything for ye?"

"No," answered Kathleen; and she followed him to the door, as if to look out. "Mary says yes," she whispered quickly, stooping to take up her pet kitten. Maurice replied only by a look of intelligence and ran off, speedily finding an opportunity to deliver the message to Gerald.

The night was dark and gloomy, the moon tried in vain to pierce through the thick clouds, and the stars had withdrawn their light; but Mary O'Neill cared little for darkness—she would have cared little for a storm—when she softly crept through her little window, and took the path to the lake. All were sleeping in the house save Kathleen, who was to await her return. Wrapping her shawl closely around her, and fearful lest her absence should be discovered, she hastened on, and soon reached the spot endeared by so many fond remembrances. Gerald was not there!

She waited—it seemed to her for near an hour—but no sound was heard, save the rippling waters, and the wind, sighing among the trees. She turned at last to retrace her steps, but an arm encircled her, and a well-known voice whispered, Mary, mavourneen! Just then the moon broke through the clouds, and permitted the lovers to gaze upon each other's countenance. The interview lasted long, for it was not until the dawn began to appear that Mary again laid herself on the bed by Kathleen's side. But Gerald had much to say, and, before he quitted her, he had persuaded her that the vow she had made was not binding, extorted, as it was, by force, and he had won from her a promise to go with him to another town, and there be made his wife.

A few days elapsed before Mary regained sufficient strength for the long walk she was to take; but on one bright, sunny morning, Kathleen suddenly proposed to her sister to accompany her to some of the neighbor's houses. "It will do ye good to go out the day," assented her mother, and Mary, who well understood her sister's meaning, went to prepare herself. Kathleen accompanied her for some distance and then returned, and Mary, with a trembling heart, kept on until she reached the appointed place of meeting.—Gerald was there, and mindful of Mary's recent illness, had procured a light wagon, in which they

rode comfortably to an adjacent town. Here they found a priest, an acquaintance of Gerald, who willingly consented to unite them, and then the newly wedded pair returned to Gillespie's house. Here Mary was welcomed by Gerald's parents and sisters, who vied with each other in rendering attentions to their fair guest; and Mary trusted that her trials were over.

When O'Neill returned in the evening, he missed his daughter, and inquired for her.

"Sure I can't tell," replied his wife; "Mary's been away all day among the neighbors—she'll soon be home now." And Mrs. O'Neill resumed her spinning and her monotonous song.

"Maurice, where's your sister?" but Maurice neither knew nor suspected.

"Kathleen, where's Mary? Sure ye'll be the one to know." But Kathleen, too, pleaded ignorance, until her father's threats and increasing anger alarmed her, and she faltered out the admission that "perhaps Mary would be at the Gillespies."

"The Gillespies!" Not another word said O'Neill, but he seized his hat, took up a knotted stick, and left the house. Not long after, the peaceful household of the Gillespies were startled by the apparition of the wrathful old man in their midst.

"I've come for my daughter, Mistriss Gillespie," was his first salutation.

"Sure she's my son's wife, and ye cannot part them now," retorted the good dame.

O'Neill stormed and swore, and advanced toward Mary, who, with her husband, was in the most remote part of the room. The sisters of Gerald gathered around the old man, and begged him to forbear; his mother pleaded strongly; Gerald himself produced the certificate of their marriage. O'Neill paid not the slightest attention to their words, tossed the certificate into the fire without looking at it, and seizing Mary by the arm, bade her prepare to return home. Gerald endeavored to defend his wife, but O'Neill raised his stick and struck him so severe a blow that he fell to the floor, stunned and senseless. The weeping girls ran to the assistance of their brother, and the old man, throwing Mary's shawl over her shoulders, dragged her from the house, and forced her to accompany him home. She dared not resist, and obeyed in silent grief.

Some time passed, and all Gerald's attempts to recover his bride were in vain. At last Mary's patient endurance was at an end, and finding that her father remained inflexible, and that there seemed no hope of a speedy re-union with her husband, she resolved to take a course which should, at least, free her from the daily torture she was now undergoing, and which might, perhaps, end in their mutual happiness. To this she was no doubt encouraged, if not at first incited, by Kathleen, who felt for all her sister's trials as if they were her own, and whose high spirit and hopeful disposition often cheered poor Mary in her hours of gloom.

"Did not my Aunt Rosy lave us money in her will?" asked Mary, one evening.

"She did," was O'Neill's brief answer.

"How much?" pursued Mary, with an earn-

estness and determination which attracted her father's attention.

He looked at her for a minute, and replied, "A hundred pound or so. You'll be wanting it for a wedding portion, 't is like?"

"Not I," answered Mary, resolutely. "Ye'll niver let me be happy here, and I'm going far away. I'd only be wearing my life out wid ye, and if ye will let me have enough of the money that's rightly mine, to take me to America, I'll niver trouble ye for the rest."

"Are ye sure of what ye are saying, Mary?" asked O'Neill, after a pause of some minutes.

"Sure? And as true as the heaven above us, 't is my only wish," answered Mary, falteringly, her courage rapidly giving way beneath her father's sternness.

"Then go ye shall," said O'Neill, angrily, "and I'll see to your passage by the next ship.—Sure 'tis little of a blessing a disobedient child will ever bring to her father's house, and ye shall have your will, and lose it."

"And ye might spake for both as well, father," said Kathleen, who had not before spoken. "'Tis no better than a brute I'd be, to let Mary go alone among strangers, and she my only sister. If she goes to America, she'll not go widout me."

Kathleen's decisive tone surprised and displeased her father, and Mrs. O'Neill in vain tried the effect of pleading, coaxing and scolding. Her mother's entreaties, her father's harsh words, were alike powerless to change her resolution; accompany Mary she would, and accustomed as she had always been to having her will, even O'Neill's stubbornness gave way. He promised to secure passage for both in the next vessel which sailed, and made many little arrangements for their comfort. Moreover, urged by Kathleen, he engaged to let Gerald know the time of their departure, that, if he chose, he might accompany them; and this concession, more than anything else, excited Mary's hopes and gratitude. The time passed quickly by; the passages were secured—the day of their arrival at Sligo appointed, and all their preparations made; but Gerald had not been seen. Mary was, however, consoled for this, by her father's assurance that he had informed Gerald of the date of their departure, and that the latter intended to join them at Sligo. The day came, and O'Neill, with his daughters, left the home in which they had enjoyed, and in which Mary had lately suffered so much, the home which they perhaps could never again see. Arrived at the town, Mary looked for Gerald, but he came not. O'Neill saw his daughters safely on board and left them, with hurried good wishes and many kind words; but the vessel left the harbor, and Gerald Gillespie was not among the passengers.

And now let us inquire the reason of his absence. O'Neill had, as he promised, told the young man of Mary's intended departure, with the remark that if Gerald chose to follow his wife to a foreign land, he should not interfere, nor make the slightest objection; but, with the deliberate purpose of annoying and punishing both Mary and her lover, he spoke of the time of departure as full a week later than it really was. Unconscious of

the deceit, and overjoyed at the prospect of joining his beloved, Gerald prepared to meet her on the day appointed; and, until within a very short time of the departure of the vessel, remained ignorant of the real date. A young man, who had chanced to meet O'Neill on his way to Sligo, encountered Gerald, and expressed surprise at meeting him, adding that he thought he was to have accompanied Mary. A few questions were rapidly asked and answered, and, scarcely waiting to bid adieu to his parents and sisters, Gerald hastened to Sligo.

"Is it the Speedwell ye are axing for?" said a man to whom his breathless inquiries were directed, the instant he left the wharf. "Ye can see her beyant the harbor; if ye have good eyes?"

Gerald gazed in the direction specified, and saw in the distance the outline of a large ship, evidently moving from the harbor. There was no alternative; so, after inquiring the time when the next vessel would sail, he slowly and sadly retraced his steps, and returned to his home. But there was the hope that in a few weeks, or months, at most, he might rejoin his Mary; and inspired by this, the young man tried to wait patiently and cheerfully. Before the time came, however, to which he had so eagerly looked forward, the elder Gillespie was seized with a dangerous fever, and Gerald, whose mother and sisters were now dependent on his exertions, saw himself compelled to remain at home. Months elapsed before the elder Gillespie entirely recovered; but, during the interval, Gerald wrote to his lost Mary and was made happy by receiving an answer. She had arrived safely in Boston, and had been so fortunate as to obtain a situation in a kind and pleasant family; and now she was expecting her husband by each vessel. Joyfully did Gerald proceed to Sligo, to ascertain how soon he might hope to join Mary; but it was now the winter season, and he found he must wait some weeks.

"Come in wid me, and take a drap, Gerald," said the companion who accompanied him; and Gerald, although far from fond of liquor, consented. In the *shebeen* or dram shop which they entered, they encountered a recruiting sergeant, with a portion of his company, and among them one or

two young fellows who were acquaintances. In the course of the conversation which ensued, the sergeant contrived to discover the cause of Gerald's disappointment, and immediately used it as a means of inducing him to enlist. He assured the young man that the regiment for which he was recruiting was to be sent to Canada as soon as its ranks were full, which would now be very shortly, that by enlisting he would save the expense of his passage, and this money would be of service to him after his arrival, that, as soon as he reached Halifax, he could send for his wife to join him, &c.; and Gerald, listening, and perhaps excited by the unusual quantity of liquor he had taken, allowed himself to be persuaded, and enrolled among the soldiers of the —th regiment, trusting, by this means, sooner to rejoin his Mary.

But we must hasten to a conclusion, for our story has already extended to twice the length we anticipated. The company which Gerald had joined, soon embarked for Liverpool, but on arriving there, instead of immediately sailing for Canada, was detained for some time there, waiting for orders from London. At length the orders arrived, the regiment was sent on board, and the vessels departed; but what was Gerald's surprise and disappointment when he discovered that the place of their destination was not Canada, but India! He was, at first, overwhelmed with grief; but youth is sanguine, and he endeavored to look forward to the time when he should be discharged.

Our story is done,—fain would we have united these humble lovers, but the truth, which we have faithfully followed, would not permit it. A short time since, we encountered the fair heroine of our tale, and inquired for her husband.

"He is still alive, miss," she replied; "he *was*, I would say, when I heard from him last, and he hopes to be discharged and come to America yet."

"And do you think he will come soon, Mary?"

"Troth, miss, 't is hard to tell; but if he's not killed in these many battles, and sure I pray for him both morning and night, I'm hoping he may."

Most fervently did we join in her hopes; for truly the faith and constancy displayed by this poor and uninstructed pair, deserves at last to be rewarded by a happy union.

## ARTHUR CAMPBELL.

A TALE.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

THE chief incidents of the following tale occurred in the beginning of the year 1805. Arthur Campbell, a dear friend, whose name is associated alike with the happiest and the most melancholy passages of my life, was the second son of Sir Richard and Lady Campbell, who boasted themselves lineal descendants from the founder of that glorious name. The family had come into England with the Scottish James, when he became possessor of the British throne, and had settled on the coast of E——, where their mansion still stands, though now scarce anything but a heap of ruins. We build habitations for bats and owls, and even our narrow home in the chilly earth is shared and eventually usurped by the noisome earth-worm! O the vanity of human life! O the fallacy of earthly pride! We deck our bodies with the richest and rarest produce of the earth—silks and satins hang gracefully upon us—nature is forced to produce dainties for our fastidious palates, and yet are we the frailest and the quickest fading of them all. We hold our lives upon a tenure so slight, that an air, a scratch, the movement of a finger but an inch beyond a certain line, and what are we!

Arthur was sent to H—— school; there I met him, and an intimacy sprung up which ripened into the tenderest and most affectionate friendship. We were inseparable. Our studies and our sports alike were shared together. With arms twined round each other we would wander over the bright green fields, through shaded lanes, fragrant with blossoming May or twining honeysuckle: or lying on some sloping bank we would muse upon the histories of olden days—Rome, Athens, Carthage, each had its chronicle of glory to wrap our young and ardent imaginations in a maze of wonder.

Thus passed our earliest youth. During vacation I prevailed upon him to visit my poor home. We were not many. My father and a gentle sister formed the whole of our family circle. How narrowed that circle in a few short years! Not many summers since it boasted of a happy mother's smile; two noble brothers and gentle sisters three swelled out its magic round. Of all those loved ones, my father and that fond girl alone remained. The church-yard near our lonely home has all the rest. Sad willows wave above their resting-place; each season's fairest flowers bloom on their tombs' green turf; tears of undying affection fall on those flowerets' leaves and spread continual verdure round the spot so hallowed to our mourning hearts.

I have not unfrequently heard the ornamenting of graves condemned as a foolish thing, as an affectation of sentiment that little becomes the state of those who sleep beneath. Why come with a vain parade of grief to strew upon the grave of withering mortality, things which are frailer still than it? Shall these beautiful but fragile flowers, whose life is but as a thought even to the narrowest space of time allotted man—shall these quick-

dying offspring of nature's bounteous hand be left as emblems of undying love for the departed? It is a quiet mockery of the sleepers to strew their sepulchres with fading objects! It is heaping ashes upon ashes—casting the dying upon the dead, and robbing the grave of its repose, of its deep and lifeless quiet! But to me there is such a beautiful simplicity, such a pure and holy feeling in the custom of bringing as offerings to the dead those things which have gladdened the eye, and which, by making the earth appear—by their beauty—as one vast garden, peopled with lovely forms breathing out perfume, have gladdened the heart when living, that I look upon those hours which I have spent, when wandering through Wales, in watching the performance of this office of love, as the most tranquil and improving of my life. Young children, with rosy, healthful cheeks, their hair smooth parted, dresses clean put on, with little baskets in their tiny hands, with solemn gait and a subdued meekness in their eyes, wind slowly midst the tomb-stones. They pause before some lowly mound—a stranger would have passed it by unnoticed—they kneel beside it—it is their mother's grave! they remove the weeds and the rank grass, the withering and the withered flower—and, mingled with their tears, drop their small offering to her memory. There rest the modest violet, the pale primrose, the gentle daisy, and placing midst these fading ones a piece of evergreen, as emblem of their unforgetting love and her undying peace in heaven, they weep together. O! who shall say this is a foolish custom, a mocking of the dead? Come these young children with a mocking thoughts or with a deep and holy love to hold communion with, and to renew the memory of, the dead? I have watched these cherub-offerings for hours, and when the shades of night have driven these children from the lonely grave, I have knelt and prayed there too. A short distance from Bath, in the little village of B——, remote and almost hidden by the lofty trees which surround it, stands the village church. A canal, with green and pleasant banks, divides the village in half, and the communication is effected by the medium of a handsome stone bridge which years and the action of the elements have rendered grey and time-honored, subduing, as it were, its tone to the poetical simplicity of the scene. Solemnly and darkly rest the waters in the shadow of its arch. On the left bank of the canal when you have passed the little row of picturesque cottages which terminates with the George Inn—ah! many a time and oft, after a hard day's fishing, have I sat in that little parlor which fronts the canal and communicates with the bank by means of a wooden bridge, and enjoyed a crust of bread and cheese and a glass of the George's noted sparkling creamy ale, with all the keen relish of a sportsman—but I talk of many, many years since!—as you pass that pleasant inn, and ere you arrive at the foot

of the bridge, stands, at a short distance from the banks, the dear old church. Two roads form an angle at the George, the one shadowed by tall luxuriant trees, passes the church in front, and leads to a picturesque mill and water-fall upon the beautiful Avon; the other passes the church on the south side and branches in two directions, one over the bridge, the other continuing along and eventually joining the banks of the canal. On the right, the lofty Hampton cliffs bound the prospect. Their craggy sides are clothed in parts with a rich mossy carpeting. Here and there a waving grove of trees, under whose cooling shade a trickling spring tracks its quaint obvious course midst numberless wild flowers, which draw their chiefest nourishment from its clear waters. There is a peaceful serenity, a charming retiredness about the scenes such as I have rarely seen equalled. It was in the last days of October, 18—, that I first visited this spot. The rich brown tints of autumn were yielding to the sere and yellow tints of an early winter. The wind moaned mournfully through the branches of the tall trees, seeming, as it scattered the leaves on the earth, to wail over the devastations it committed. I gazed upon the ancient church, with its square turretted tower, round which the parasitical ivy clings like a graceful and flowing robe; I stepped thoughtfully between the crowded earth mounds, until I arrived at the further end of the church, when my eye was attracted by a tomb so beautiful, that I involuntarily proceeded to examine it. The spot beneath which the coffin rested was denoted by a raised stone which portrayed the form, and enclosed sweet briar and many flowers natural and cultivated. A willow grew on either side, from which the yellow leaves dropped rustlingly around. At the head was a marble slab, and a neat iron rail enclosed the whole. On the slab were traced the following words—"Sacred to the memory of Alaxina Duncan, who died in the sixteenth year of her age."

"Bring ye flow'rs, pale flow'rs, o'er the grave to shed  
A wreath for the brow of the early dead;  
Though they bloom in vain for what once was ours—  
They are loves' last gift—bring ye flow'rs, pale flow'rs."

I do not blush to say that this unassuming and beautiful memento affected me most deeply, and often have I made a pilgrimage to that gentle tomb to throw my small offering of Spring's earliest blossoms or Summer's ripest flowers within its sacred enclosure.

But I have wandered from my tale, and must crave pardon for a digression which I could not resist, albeit somewhat foreign to the subject.

Arthur saw my sister, and he loved and was beloved. Theirs was no common passion, growing from acquaintance to friendship, from friendship to love—it was a simultaneous movement of the heart, a meeting of two spirits predestined from their birth for each other. They plunged at once into the deepest luxury of love; they only lived in each other's presence. The present absorbed their whole existence. No thought of the future darkened the horizon of their happiness, or stayed the course of blissful feeling which revelled unconstrained in their trusting hearts. They had no thought from me. I was the depository of all

their hopes and wishes, and if my colder mind suggested some doubt as to the perfect happiness of future prospects, the forcible and ardent reasonings of my friend, and the gentle but not less enthusiastic arguments of my beloved sister, silenced me at once.

This state of things could not last for ever! The vacation ended and they parted, my friend, in the determination at the expiration of the term, to seek his father and gain his consent to marry; my sister, to weep and smile, the one at *his* absence, the other at the consciousness of reciprocated love.

Arthur's elder brother was deformed and of a constitution so weak and so ailing that from year to year it seemed a miracle how he lived. Sir Richard's proud heart grieved incessantly that his titles and possessions should have in their heir one so little qualified by nature to maintain them with dignity and renown. Arthur was his next and dearest, the pride of the family, and on him every hope was centred of continuing the honored line unsullied. The meeting of Arthur with his family was tender in the extreme, and all that doating parents could bestow he might have commanded.

Notwithstanding his noble and frank nature, Arthur dreaded to mention the subject of marriage to his father, for he had a latent fear that some opposition would be offered to it. Day after day passed by and found him still wavering, nor until the day of his departure did he find courage to speak upon the subject nearest to his heart. Sir Richard called him into his library that morning, and, embracing him, said—"My son! you are the only hope of our house, for your poor brother's affliction must in a few years wear nature out.—In a year or two you will have finished your studies, and it is my most ardent wish that you should form an alliance with the daughter of our friend and near neighbor Lord E—. She is young, beautiful and accomplished, and I trust that your early friendship for her may ripen into as warm a love."

"My dear father," said Arthur, with emotion, "there is a subject on which I have longed to speak, ever since my arrival, but I have been detained by a foolish fear, the simple truth is that I have pledged my love to a young and gentle girl of—"

"Tut, tut, boy, let me not hear of such childish folly! You have but lent your eyes to some rustic beauty—talk not about love and hearts! Young men will be young men, and pretty faces gain admiration, but nothing further. Nay, I'll hear no more about it;—and remember that your hand is pledged away and out of your gift; that your early playmate already looks upon you as her future husband. Here," said he, thrusting at the same time a pocket-book into his son's hands, "here is something to make your hours of relaxation pass agreeably. A larger sum than heretofore is lodged with your banker, to be renewed quarterly. Take my blessing, my child, and do not forget my parting words. To their fulfilment I have pledged my honor, and it would be hard for a father to be dishonored through his son."

Arthur left his home in great grief; he felt that his father never would consent to his marriage with my sister, and he felt the utter impossibility of overcoming his love, even had he not plighted his word to her; but he had plighted his honor,

and would not shrink from his engagement. Thus father and son had bound themselves to engagements, which, kept on either side, must cause disunion and misery. In vain did my gentle sister urge him to obey his father's injunction; all her arguments were overthrown. In vain did she by shunning him endeavor to wean him from her; this but increased the ardor of his pursuit. Arthur's mind was in a wild whirl of contending emotions; duty to his father urged him one way, love for Constance another. Duty and love were born enemies; the triumph of one is rarely achieved but by the sacrifice of the other. I know not what arguments he used to gain my sister's consent, but they were married. It was an inauspicious day for our family, for though many years have rolled over since that period, and time has streaked my hair with grey, and drawn deep furrows on my then unruffled brow, the events which followed the action of that day have never, for one hour, been effaced from my memory.

Arthur wrote to his father telling him of his marriage, and asking forgiveness, using those arguments which his case demanded, but which, alas! were like to have but little weight against the indignant passion of his father. He received, for answer, a letter full of bitterness, denying him the supplies which were formerly allowed him; refusing to see him, or from that time to feel for or acknowledge him as his son. This letter caused us all great grief, but to none so much as to Constance, who upbraided herself with being the author of all this misery, and this thought preying upon a mind naturally but too susceptible, undermined her health and spirits, and made her short life one scene of nervous anxiety. Arthur was now reduced from the possession of an unlimited income to an annuity of one hundred pounds, raised upon a small property left him by a maternal aunt. We could do little or nothing to effectually assist them. Arthur would have willingly denied himself any thing not actually needful, but to one who has had the control of unlimited means it is a strange feeling to know want. And thus it was that he launched into expenses which his income would not allow, forgetting what a change had come over his circumstances. At my suggestion he applied to many of his powerful friends for some government situation, but month after month rolled by without success attending his efforts.

The situation was at length offered him—an alternative was presented to him, which could only be compared to the mercy of the murderer, who gives his victim the choice of death by steel or poison. Starvation or a prison stared him in the face at home, but at Sierra Leone what but death and an unknown grave could be his lot? And then that being for whom he suffered all this agony of mind!—he could not take her with him, yet how could he leave her behind. He felt that he could willingly die near her, but to perish in a foreign land where her sweet smile of consolation could not reach him—there was madness in the thought. He, however, determined to mention the subject to her before he gave a decisive answer, that he might be guided by her counsel and solaced by her hopeful mind.

It was on one sunny afternoon; we had wan-

dered farther into the country than usual, and had arrived at a spot where the slopes of two or three hills formed a charming valley. It was luxuriantly wooded, and odorous with the breath of wild flowers. Fatigued by our walk we seated ourselves upon a rising bank, on which the sunbeams, breaking through the trees, threw a chequered light, half sun half shade. We sat sometime, absorbed, seemingly, in contemplating the quiet beauty of the scene. But other thoughts were in our minds and hearts, which harmonized but little with the calm and sunny joyousness of that spot. Arthur had twined his arm round Constance and drawn her to him—the poor girl was weeping.

"Why Constance, love," he said, "what are these tears for? Surely in such a spot as this, tears are out of place."

"I do not know why it is, Arthur," she said, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "but I am never happy now when I come into the pleasant country. When I see the tall trees laughing and wantoning in the air, the birds singing the while among their leaves; the flowers, of a thousand different dyes and fragrant odors, springing up beneath my feet—even yon little brooklet, which, with unceasing toil, has worked itself a way among the tangled grass and creeping roots, seems singing merrily as it bubbles and sparkles in the glowing sunbeam. When I see all these harmonizing so perfectly, forming but one complete whole, fulfilling their existence in a way so sweet and so endearing, a feeling of despondency creeps over my heart, which even the thoughts of your dear love can scarcely dispel. What has thus changed me, Arthur? But a few months since, and I should have been the blithest of them all! I am but a poor philosopher, dear Arthur, but I would fain have you explain the cause of this revulsion of feeling."

"Come nestle to my heart, my timid dove, and we will analyze those feelings which bathe with tears those pretty eyes, and make your gentle heart throb so convulsively."

"When first you wandered in these scenes, the world was all unknown to you. You had endured much and heavy domestic sorrow, but there was neither anger nor remorse connected with it. You knew that the hand of God was there—that He had but resumed his own, and though you mourned, it was with a gentle and a holy grief. And what is there in nature that could jar upon such a state of mind? You loved. It was here that words of our first passion were breathed.—The pleasant fields were then our confidants, in all those wild dreams and bright imaginings which first love always weaves in the minds of its votaries. We were then all anticipation, the present all bliss, and the future all hope! What aspect could nature wear to hearts like ours but one of joy? Since then, my Constance, the world has opened to you in sorrow and reality. You have seen disunion, hatred and malice usurp the place of love and peace; remorse and repentance have by turns agitated your heart; your dearest hopes blighted—here a gentle pressure from a small hand, and a thrilling look from the loveliest eyes in the world proved that her dearest hope was not ungratified. You have seen a life of sorrow in a few short months, and nature, which harmonizes

with unsophisticated feeling of whatever expression, has no sympathy for earthly passions. We wonder that the scenes have changed, when, indeed, it is our hearts that have lost their spring-tide freshness, and youth's *couleur de rose* has faded from our eyes for ever."

He ceased, and all was silent save the laughter of the brook, and her tearful sobs—for Constance wept afresh.

"Constance, in this spot was breathed our first vow; I have now words of other import to whisper in your ear. The world has not been so kind to us of late; fortune has not worn the sunny smile which greeted us of old; friends, too, more variable than even fortune in her most fickle moods, now turn a cold eye upon us. Not that I regret it, for it has taught me how the deep love of woman can render even misfortune happiness. I could be contented with our present state—happy, oh! happy, were there not charms which render exertion on my part necessary, nay, imperative. I find my field of action crippled here in England, by the ever present recollection of what I was. I am offered a place abroad, and only wait for your approval to give my answer. My little income would enable you (here his voice faltered with emotion) to live in comparative comfort here, and a few years would enable me to return to you in affluence, and all sorrow over, our days would fly by in uninterrupted happiness; we should renew the dreamings of our youth, and—"

"Arthur! you cannot say this to try me? You cannot believe that anything but death can separate me from you? What would be affluence, or happiness, however exquisite, if purchased by years of agony? The future can offer no terror like that which separation presents to my mind. I could die cheerfully *with* you, but absent, each living hour would be a lingering death. I will go with you, Arthur, whatever be your destination; your home shall be mine. If sorrow is your lot, what heart could so willingly share it as the one you have chosen against the world? When friends look cold upon you, what eye should ever wear a smile, if not that of your hearts' chosen? You have grown selfish, Arthur! Your joys and your pleasures you would share with me, but your griefs you keep to yourself. We women look upon those as closely connected with our dearest privileges. In joy, one smile or one gentle word is all we look for as our right, but one sorrow kept unshared by us, and we grow jealous and grieved. Then, Arthur, cast me not from you; break not a heart which is all your own; but take me with you, and, hand in hand, and heart to heart, we will meet all misfortunes, and firm in our true love, it shall lighten the sorrows it cannot avert."

She wound her arms round him, and spoke in that gentle tone of beseechment, which, aided by the quivering lip, flushed cheek and glistening eye, but seldom fails of gaining that for which it pleads.

Two years passed, and all seemed prosperous, the company for which Arthur was agent and superintendent thrived well, and as it prospered so did Arthur's fortune. But the chiefest source of happiness to Arthur and his wife was their young infant, which grew round their hearts, as those young things are wont to grow, we know not how

nor why—making their happy home echo with its joyous crowing, and drawing closer hearts already firmly knit, by its gentle and winning endearments. The leaves burst forth in the spring, and their beauty makes us forget that the autumn winds will sweep them all away. But the death of the leaf is the birth of the blossom! Could we school our hearts to *feel* that the death of those frail beings who are all in all to us, is but the birth of a new and glorious life, much of the bitterness which accompanies the bereavement of them would be removed.

Their child died! It was a bitter beginning to the change that the future was working for them. The speculation on which Arthur's means of existence depended, after a most prosperous beginning, failed, involving in its ruin the fortunes of many, and filling the pockets of a certain class who always thrive upon the destitution of their fellow men.

A lone and penniless wanderer, without a friend, thousands of miles from the land of his birth, was Arthur now. The world was all before him where to choose!—a sentence which glides glibly from the tongue—but what an intensity of desolation does its sense convey! The world was all before him, but turn which way he would, there was no friendly face to greet him; no hand outstretched to raise him from his fallen state; no kind voice to whisper words of comfort and wean him from despair! No voice? Ah! yes there was one gentle tongue that spoke but to bless; whose every, every word withdrew a shade from the surrounding gloom, and lightened, though it could not dissipate, their heavy sorrow. How beautiful is woman's love! how holy and disinterested! In prosperity and joy she sits by our hearth a happy, unobtrusive being; our comforts and our home-delights are ministered to as though by magic; her influence is felt, but all unseen; she is the presiding spirit who graces while she sanctifies our earthly home. But in the hour of sorrow she starts at once from her unseenness, and stands our equal, nay, our superior! All thoughts of self are merged in the anxiety to sustain and comfort us. Her ear is ever open to our confidence; if it be happy, she smiles, if sad, like healing manna, her words of consolation fall upon the soul. And if she weep it is alone, and the more for our sufferings than her own. No man has known love who has not loved in sorrow.

A short time after the bankruptcy of the firm, they left their once happy home for a humbler one—their last habitation among the living. When once on a downward path the descent halts not until the destiny is accomplished. It was thus with them.

With all the evils of poverty and destitution, Arthur sat by the bed of his sick wife, and wept in the bitterness of his heart. Thin and emaciated—a hectic bloom upon her cheeks, a mere shadow of her former self—upon a wretched pallet lay my sister. She had clasped one of her husband's hands upon her heart, and had, in that position, fallen into a feverish slumber. From that hour her malady grew worse. Day followed day, and the deep midnight intervened, and still the fever increased.

A change had come over Arthur—his faculties were stunned—he moved about as one dreaming. His energies were paralyzed, his feelings prostrated beneath the magnitude of his misfortunes. Sleep visited not his eyes for days, but he would sit for hours with a fixed but vacant gaze upon his suffering wife. In the wanderings of her delirium, she would talk of home and the happy days of her early love—then she would shrink and shudder as though some horrid thought swept over her memory, and in a hoarse voice, she would murmur: "He will never consent—he is a proud old man, and pride will harden his heart even against his favorite son—I dare not marry, for he will curse us, and a father's curse clings like the ivy, and withers the heart where it clings." Anon she would exclaim—"Our child Arthur, our dear child! see how it smiles on you—it has your eyes, dearest, and its laugh, too, has your tone, only it is more joyous." Then she would shriek out—"Dead! dead!—who says it is dead! give it here—give it here—it sleeps—but how cold it is!—I will warm it in my bosom—ah! its pulse is still—its lips are pale and rigid—oh, God! my babe is dead—my heart will break!" After such paroxysms she would sink back utterly exhausted.

Arthur sat by, and as she talked of home, his hand wandered to his brow and a smile wreathed itself around his lips, but when his father's name was mentioned his brow contracted, and he muttered words, low, between his teeth, clenched his hands, and started up as in defiance. Then he would smile as upon his child, and weep upon its death, and act all that his wife raved forth, and finally he would sink again into that apathy from which nothing could arouse him to thought. This is, of all states of being, the most awful, for it tells of a broken heart, and of a mind that dares not recall the past, that dreads the future, and sinks under the weight of the present. This prostration continued until the crisis of the fever was past, and Constance, waking as from a trance, spoke to him in the old familiar tone. As the bursting forth of the sun upon a landscape, over which dark clouds cast a gloomy shade, her voice dispelled the darkness which shadowed his mind. He rushed to her side, and falling upon his knees, seized her hand, which he kissed with passionate eagerness—then bursting into tears, he poured out his soul in thanks to God for this all-crowning mercy. But short and delusive was this gleam of joy and hope, for the fever had left a weakness and debility which hourly increased.

Constance felt that she was dying, and, fond to the last, endeavored by every means to soften the announcement of it to her beloved husband.—Arthur saw it too, but he bore up against the bitter truth without a murmur, for she could talk to him and reason with him in her own unanswerable way.

It was deep midnight. All the day Constance had been sinking slowly. She could but whisper—and smile. The solitary lamp sent out a flickering and uncertain light, throwing the extremities of the room into dark shadow. The beams fell upon the features of the dying girl, who, with a calm but meaning smile of deep devotion, gazed upon the only being she had ever loved. He

knelt by her side with his face buried in his hands, striving to stifle the feelings which swelled his heart to bursting. The stillness became awfully apparent, and a cold dread crept through their frames, when hasty footsteps were heard approaching, and a heavy knock at the door announced a visitor. With a vague sensation of contending hopes and fears, Arthur rushed to the door, and, with a cry of joy, fell forward into my outstretched arms. I feared to enter—I could not speak, but placed the packet of which I was the bearer into his hands. He tottered to the light, broke the seal, and ere he had read half the contents flew to his wife, who looked on in wonder, which exhaustion forbade her to express.

"Constance! dear Constance, stay awhile! you must not die yet—here is your brother come with glad tidings of joy and hope. My father has relented, forgiven, and recalled me, and here is money to take us to our own land! We will dwell in your quiet home, and roam over our favorite haunts, and talk of our early love, and quite forget the trials which have tested our love so far. You shall sing the old songs and gladden your father's heart by the sight of our happiness. Henry, come! speak to her—entreat, on your knees beg of her not to crush my heart, now that fortune has so elated it."

I approached the bed; my sister's eyes were lighted up with an ethereal brightness, and a smile of such angelic beauty played upon her countenance, that, even at the dim distance of far off years, it calms the emotions of my saddened soul, and purifies and softens a heart which misfortune has rendered callous.

"Thank God, you are come," she murmured out, "for Arthur has now a friend, and I die contented."

She begged to be raised, and we supported her as well as we could by means of the scanty pillows; giving each a hand she sunk back, and Arthur, as he kissed her pale, thin lips, caught her last sigh—her gentle soul had fled to Heaven.

We brought her body and that of her young child to England, for I could not bear that they should sleep in a strange land, and they rest in that small church yard. From that dreadful night poor Arthur had lost his senses. He was gentle as a lamb. He would sit for hours in that quiet dale, where they last sat, humming an old air, while the silent tears coursed each other down his cheeks. But his favorite spot was the little church-yard—there would he sit the live-long day, and at night we were obliged to use a gentle compulsion to force him from the spot.

One night—it was the anniversary of her death—we waited until midnight for him, but he came not. We sought his room—he was not there.—In feverish haste we hurried to the church-yard. As we left the house the village clock struck one, and the midnight air, in melancholy cadence, bore the sound past us. We gained the church-yard, and hastily approached the well known grave. My foot tripped over some dark substance—it was Arthur's corse! It was still warm, but upon her grave, and at the hour on which she died, he breathed his last. And now he sleeps there too.

## AIX LA CHAPELLE.—CHARLEMAGNE.

## A FOREIGN SKETCH.

Upon arriving within the walls of Aix, one is hardly aware that he is in the ancient capital of the Western Empire. Indeed the superficial traveller (and there are many such) is able to trace few vestiges of its former importance. The best general idea of the town is to be had from the Sonaberg, from which eminence Aix and its environs lie spread before you as on a map. It appears to be situated in a kind of basin, formed by an amphitheatre of gently sloping hills, whose undulations extend on all sides and far away, till they are lost in the distance. The circuit of the old wall is still complete, but too vast for the modern city, and much meadow land is described within its circle. From the chaos of edifices arises the Cathedral and the Town Hall, (Stadthaus,) which are almost the only ones remaining that can lay claim to any distinguished antiquity. The repeated conflagrations, to which the town has been a prey, have annihilated its historical monuments in succession, till but few remain to attest the grandeur of their origin.

Aix la Chapelle is supposed to have been founded about the time of Nero, and many Roman monuments—among which was a complete Roman bath, discovered in 1756—served to show that these masters of the world knew and valued its hot sulphur springs. But there is one name, one *prestige*, which hangs over this town, and sheds a splendor over the scanty relics of its decayed greatness. It is a name with which that of the city has become identified, and through that identification rendered immortal, and from whose time its history alone is the history of the Empire. The name and epoch to which we allude is the name and epoch of Charlemagne.

The son of Pepin is supposed to have been born here; but it is beyond a supposition that here was the capital of his Empire, and here his favorite residence, after the loss of his Fastrada. A palace of vast magnitude and a chapel, which became the cognomen of the town, were among the many works with which he adorned his capital. These were all destroyed by the Normans, A. D. 882 and 888, who burned and ravaged the place, and turned the palace of the emperors into a stable.—And they were not the only ravages to which this home of one of the greatest of monarchs was subjected. In 1248 it was besieged by William of Holland, and it was afterwards devastated by frequent fires; among which the most destructive were those of 1366 and 1656. From the last of these, which consumed nearly five thousand houses, Aix never recovered.

The principal church is an object of considerable grandeur—but it produces very different effects, according to the manner in which it is approached, whether at the front or on the side of the choir. The façade is a non-descript Grecian portico, which it would be difficult to refer to any of the received orders of architecture. Above this there

is a window in *agive*, surmounted in its time by—nobody can conjecture what—and the whole is so incomplete and imperfect that the spectator involuntarily looks for the crane, pulleys, and other implements of building. On the side of the choir you are forcibly struck with the immense height of the *lancet* windows, as they are designated from their resemblance to the blade of that instrument. These windows are separate from one another only by the width of the buttresses.

This choir and one or two chapels are all that the church contains of Gothic. The remainder is a heterogeneous discord of proportions and styles.

This church replaces the celebrated chapel, founded and consecrated by Charlemagne, at which consecration Pope Leo III. was present.—The legend runs that to give due solemnity to so august a ceremony, and to make the number of bishops assisting three hundred and sixty-five, according to the days in the year, two reverend fathers of the church, who had long been buried at Maesteck, came out of their tombs and attended his Holiness in full canonicals.

The first sentiment which one feels on entering this vast edifice is one of disapprobation at the chapel that forms the body of the church. It is built in the style called *rococo*, rather fitted, with its absurd superabundance of tasteless ornament and simpering cherubs, to the boudoir of a fine court lady than a temple of sacred worship. It forms a most painful contrast with the sombre style of the choir. In the very centre of the church, on a plain slab of dark marble, are these two words:

## CAROLO MAGNO.

And beneath, seated on a marble throne, the imperial triple crown upon his head, the imperial mantle on his shoulders, holding the globe in one hand and the sceptre in the other, wearing the cross about his neck, with his feet on an ancient Roman sarcophagus, and the Germanic sword by his side, was interred the great son of Pepin; and in that state was he found by the Emperor Otho III., who caused the tomb to be opened, that he might take the imperial crown, chair and sword. Thirty-six emperors, from Frederick Barbarossa to Charles the Fifth and his brother Ferdinand, were consecrated on this chair in the gallery of the church. Of the three crowns, worn by Charlemagne, one as Emperor of the West, another as King of France, and a third as King of the Lombards, the first is at Vienna, the second at Rheims, and the third (the iron crown) in the church at Monza. The first and last of these are still used at the coronations of the Emperors of Austria.

The body of Charlemagne no longer remains within this tomb, but it is preserved among the relics of the church in the treasury with others of great pretensions. These we took pains to see. On the unfolding of the old painted doors, one is

dazzled by the glitter of gems and enamel which suddenly breaks forth. Here is an *ostensio*, containing in its centre a bit of sponge which you are told is that which the Saviour was given to drink while on the cross; also, a bit of the true cross, the hair of Zacharias, two teeth of St. Stephen Protomartyr, a magnificent cup blazing with gems, a small coffer containing the arm of Zacharias, the girdle of the Virgin Mary and that of Jesus, as well as the cord by which he was tied to the column when scourged. The latter has upon it the seal of Constantine, which we saw. It was presented to Charlemagne by the Caliph Haroun al Raschid; though how it came into the caliph's possession is somewhat difficult of conjecture. We also saw in the treasury the skull of Chalemagne enclosed in a gold bust, by Frederick Barbarossa, the radius of his arm enclosed in a gold arm, by Louis XI. of France, and his tibia set superbly in a case of gold, studded with gems, by the Emperor Charles the Fifth. What astonishes every one is the colossal size of these bones. It is a matter of history that Charlemagne's height was seven times the length of his foot—and thus, according to the French measurement used from his day up to the present, makes him seven feet and a half high!

We examined all these objects with breathless interest, and experienced an emotion of awe as we laid our hands on the head of him who spread his conquests from beyond the Ebro to the confines of the Eastern Empire, and from Beneventura to the Baltic. The marble seat is still in the same place where the emperors sat in it at their coronations, and the sarcophagus, whereon were the feet of the great emperor, is shown in a chapel. This is said to have held the ashes of Augustus Cæsar. There is no historical authority whatsoever to support the assertion, and we will, on our own responsibility, give it a downright and positive denial. The style of the bas-relief is that of a period almost as late as Septimus Severus.

We do not know whether Charlemagne is in the Roman catalogue of saints, but the inscription on his relics is "*Sanctus Carolus Magnus*." His claims to this title seem to us rather apocryphal. The history of Charlemagne forms too prominent a period to be discussed within narrow limits, but the death of his brother Carlomare and the usurpation of his crown by Charles to the prejudice of his orphan children; the fact of their mother's flying with these children to the Court of Desiderius, King of the Lombards, the death of the elder and the cloistering of the younger after they fell into his power; the massacre of four thousand Saxons in cold blood, for no other cause than because they had bravely seconded their King Witikind in his efforts to re-establish Saxon independence; the sanguine decrees with which he propagated the

Christian religion among the Saxons, condemning to death all who were unbaptized or who falsely gave themselves out for baptized, with several acts of a similar nature—however they may strike the unprejudiced with horror—seem as dust in the balance to the minds of the Papal clergy when weighed against the fact that the doer of all these enormities was the founder of the temporal powers of the Bishops of Rome.

The legends of Charlemagne and his Paladius rival those of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Their history is one of most vivid interest, and has been the theme of the troubadors and romancers of all succeeding times. It has been sung in all the continental languages—Latin, Italian, Provencal, French, Spanish, German, Flemish, and immortalized by the genius of Ariosto,\* Bojaidot and Pulci.†

The most celebrated of the histories is that of the famous Turpin. It is entitled, "*Johannes Turpinus de vita Caroli Magni et Rolandi*." This Turpin is a fabulous Archbishop of Rheims, who pretends to have been at the battle of Roncevalles. It is composed of the legends and oral traditions current in France, and appeared in the year 1122, during the crusades. It seems to represent the end of all Charles's endeavors to have been the conquest of the Saracens. The discrepancy between history and popular tradition, where both exist, may show historians how much reliance is to be placed upon the latter in times purely traditional. Here certainly is a case where the "*Populi Vox*" is not the "*Vox Dei*." This work, composed in the spirit and according to the taste of those times, gained extensive celebrity, and it may be considered as the germ and original of all following works, whether in prose or poetry, on this subject. It abounds with inexhaustible matter for romance, and verily the romancers, both of ancient and modern days, have not suffered it to rust unused. What stories are there more widely celebrated than the battle of Roncevalles and the heroic deeds of Roland? In modern times the most distinguished authors, such as Scott,‡ Southey,|| and Manzoni,¶ have drawn materials from these legends; \*\* not to mention two epic poems, published in the commencement of this century, entitled, "*Charlemagne ou l'Eglise delivree, poeme epique en 24 chants par Monsieur le Prince de Canino* (Lucien Buonaparte,)" and "*Charlemagne, ou le Caroleide par Monsieur le Vicomte d'Arincourt*."

\* Orlando Furioso. † Orlando Innamorato. ‡ Morgante Maggiore, the first canto of which was translated by Lord Byron. § Vision of Don Roderick. || Don Roderick. ¶ Adelchi. \*\* Among other modern works are Orlando in Roncevalles—a poem by S. H. Merivale—Romanzen von Thale Roncevalon, by Fouque—Roland, by Frederic Von Schlegel.

# THE BURIAL.

BY R. H. BROWN.

THE measured time  
Of the Abby chime,  
Fell softly on my ear,  
A mourning train  
Moved o'er the plain,  
Preceded by a bier.

A silence fell  
O'er rock and dell,  
As that sad train moved on,  
In garb of woe,  
With footsteps slow,  
And faces pale and wan.

Until at last  
The porch they past,  
A triple arch of stone,  
Onward stealing,  
Organ pealing,  
With low and solemn tone.

The tomb is deep  
Where he must sleep,  
Beneath the fretted dome,  
That chilly grave,  
Within the nave,  
Embosomed in the stone.

The tears that fell  
To the organs swell,  
Sweet incense burning there,  
Funereal lights  
Flash on the sight,  
And upward goes a prayer.

They laid him down  
In the evening brown,  
In that dim aisle to sleep,  
Where the moon beams bright,  
Through the lonely night,  
Their silent vigils keep.

They turn about  
And winding out,  
Adown the aisle so dim,  
Returning night  
Hides from the sight  
The tomb they reared for him.

Thus sleep the great  
In chilly state  
Cemented down with stone,  
I'd rather lie  
'Neath the veiled sky  
Beside some brook alone.

Let the zephyrs sigh  
As they swiftly fly  
Above my silent tomb,  
A grassy mound  
Where all around  
The flowers of summer bloom.

Where the evening star  
That beams afar,  
From out nights spangled dome,  
May shed its light  
So meek, so bright,  
Down on my long, long home.

## LINES.

BY H. A. E.

"AND love is still an emptier sound,  
On earth unseen, or only found  
To warm the turtle's nest."

THERE was a time, in the old worlds prime,  
When love was fresh and pure ;  
And eyes shone bright with love's own light  
That would for aye endure.

The hue of the cheek did eloquently speak,  
Whate'er love's promptings were,  
Lips did uncloze like the bud of the rose  
To show love's sweetness there.

O'er the glad earth round, were the traces found  
Where his light foot had trod,

And flow'rets sweet beneath his feet,  
Sprang up to bless the sod.

The Angels too, came down to view  
The beauties of primal birth,  
Quaffed love's bright wine with lips divine  
Then bartered heaven for earth.

Alas ! the days are gone, when with dance and song,  
Love ruled o'er land and sea ;  
Now Gold doth reign, and so broad his domain,  
Few faithful vassals hath he.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MONOMANIAC;  
OR THE  
VERITABLE HISTORY AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF JAMES TODDLEBAR.

COMPRISING THE WHOLE OF HIS EXTENSIVE CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE LITERATI OF THE NEW AND  
OLD WORLD, WITH REMARKS UPON AUTOGRAPHICAL DECIMATION OF PERSONAL CHARACTER.  
FROM ORIGINAL MSS. NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE TODDLEBAR FAMILY.

EDITED BY JOE BOTTOM, ESQ.

CHAPTER XV.

BETWEEN present enjoyment and future bliss my whole soul was agitated in a cauldron of boiling water. Tossed on an ocean of disruptive waves, broken and tumultuous as a dismantled vessel in the arms of the merciless waves, I stood lingering and gazing at my inamirato as she moved gloriously in her own beauty along the streets of Tallahassee—and in my imagination clasped in my arms my own beloved Susan Wilson of New Orleans. I had not power to resist either the charms of the one or the other. I loved both. But alas! to my shame be it spoken, I loved Ulama—the divinity of my last passion, far more than I did the intellectual Susan Wilson. This one I had seen, and she was surpassing beautiful, and the other one I had never looked upon. It is no wonder, then, that a poor changeable creature like myself should in his arms clasp that that was before him, instead of waiting, and, perhaps, for a long time, to enjoy that that he had never seen.

The first time that I had the pleasure of speaking to this charming and voluptuous woman, Ulama de Leon, was after nightfall, under the orange trees of her own garden. It was one of those lovely nights that so often come upon the South in the tranquil shadows of the declining day, that I met her plucking from the orange tree the palest blossoms that grew upon the overhanging boughs. I stood before her speechless—for her beauty had made me dumb. Her bosom was quite bare—for she was *en dishabille*—and, as the swell of the ocean, her bosom, with her own respiration, rose and fell. Surpassing beautiful was the form before me. One solitary curl, as the long hair streamed from her head, smothered itself in the fold of her breast. It was a sweet place to rest—and oh! how I envied it, the blissful place of its slumbers. I had not power to approach her—for her beauty had overwhelmed me in her charms. Seeing my situation she approached me, took me by the hand and led me to a seat beneath a little alcove that stood in the garden. The touch of her soft hand inspired a new creation in my being—and I felt that there was no heaven so blissful as this. As I sat down, and she, too, by my side, with my hand still in hers, she looked up into my eyes—bewitching eyes!—and asked with a *naivete* quite unexpected, “Where I had been for so long a time.”

“Been!” I exclaimed, scarcely knowing what I said.

“Yes! where have you been?—and I see nothing in the question to surprise you,” replied the

maiden, in a manner and voice as natural as if she was addressing one with whom she had been acquainted for long years.

“For the last two days I have been in Tallahassee, and—” But, before I had completed the sentence, she cut me short, by asking, “Why I had not been to see her before.”

“See you before!”

“Yes, me! for every body comes to see me, and I know of no good reason why you should not do the same.”

“Then I am here now—and if I ever leave your side again it will not be from choice.”

“But I do not wish you to be with me always, for I should certainly *then* get tired of you in a week’s time.”

“Get tired of me!” I exclaimed.

“Yes, of you! I see nothing wonderful in getting tired of a man, even in a day, or a single hour. The truth is, I have had as many lovers as six in a day, and have loved them all, and before the next day have looked upon them all with disgust.”

“Oh! don’t speak that word, my sweet Ulama, for I will love you always and for ever, and for a long time beyond,” I replied, as I clasped her in my arms, with a feeling never before felt.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was sunrise in the morning before we separated. It was a delicious night to me, but what passed amid the silent hours of its vigils is too exquisite to be delineated, too rapturous to be spoken. Like the first dream of love, its joys are unnumbered and its pleasures are too holy for utterance. Would you have me, gentle reader, to tell my feelings as my heart pressed against hers, and her beating pulsations quickened life into mine? Would you have me speak of the nectar which her lips distilled, as mine pressed against the luscious lobes? Memory may treasure up those hours—and ever will they glow as a sunshine on the heart, but there is no pen that will ever depict them!

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—I am of the opinion that Mr. Toddlebar was somewhat mistaken in the character of the divine Ulama de Leon—and what he mistook for a Penelope was nothing more than an Aspasia. Appearances are often deceptions—and never more so, than when the mind is in the mood to receive impressions from inclination or prepossession. His confiding nature was a fit subject for every artful deception—and everything, no matter how monstrous they might seem in the eyes of others, were never too large in dimensions for him to swallow.)

I made an engagement on leaving her to meet her again at night. Oh! how I longed for the tardy footsteps of day to hasten the hour of our

meeting. But it seemed that the hours were more slow in moving than usual, and that the day lingered longer than was its wont on the verge of the horizon's depth. At last, and it seemed almost an age to me, the sun went down. Never before had the glorious orb of day descended to his couch of rest so tardily as I did on that never to be forgotten day. The shadows came deepening upon the earth, and forms seemed less palpable to my vision, as I gazed out of my window on the broad streets of the city.

As soon as it was quite dark I hastened to the place of assignation with more of joy in my heart than I had felt for many a long day. Never was mortal so infatuated with woman as I was with Ulama de Leon. Beautiful—but it was a poor compliment to her many charms to call one of her divine mould beautiful. I had seen many women of exquisite charms, and had basked in the sunshine of their smiles, but never before, not even the divine graces of Sulma Willoughby had made such an impression on my heart. She in my estimation had become the first of her sex—more lovely than woman had ever been before.

As I approached the alcove—the place where, on the previous night, I had spent the most delicious hours of my whole life—I thought that I heard whispering voices. As I approached nearer, the sounds became more distinct, but yet not fully enough to be understood. Had any one usurped my rights? the very thought was death to my hopes. Was she unfaithful? the incomparable Ulama de Leon unfaithful? No! I could not believe it, yet there was something in me that said that she was. That something whispered to my heart that I was cheated and ruined. I approached nearer, stealthily as the thief, listening and gazing intensely through the deep gloom that enveloped the thick cluster of vines that overhung the place. I heard my name mentioned, but beyond that I could make out nothing. Noiselessly I lifted one of the vines up, and peeped through the opening, and, good heavens! what did I see? a man encircling with his arms the beloved form of my divine Ulama de Leon. Madness seized upon my heart, and a thick giddiness passed as a shadow across my brain. I leaned against an orange tree for support; for I was too much overcome by the painful vision to support myself alone. A moment and the giddiness had passed away, and like a madman, as I was, I rushed through the matted vines, tearing them apart, and stood a furious madman before the unabashed maiden.

"How is this?" I spoke; "how deceive me when I have been all trustfulness?"

"I pray you be composed, Mr. Toddlebar," replied the maiden, "and take a seat, and I will tell you all about it."

"Tell me, then," I replied, as I took a seat beside her, wishing in my heart that her explanation might be satisfactory.

"Did I not tell you, last night, that the probability was that I would soon become tired of you?"

"Yes, you did—I must admit that."

"Then you will not be surprised, I hope, when I inform you that since that time I have found another with whom I am better pleased than it is

possible for me to be with you. Are you now satisfied?"

"Yes, perfectly," I answered, as a strange feeling of disgust in my bosom took the place of my former admiration for the maiden.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Mr. Toddlebar, to use a Western provincialism, had enough *gumption* to discover that he had come across a second Ninon d'Enclos—and in all of his simplicity and truthfulness of nature, he yielded at once to a virtuous indignation, with perhaps as much of grace as any one could, under the same circumstances, have done.)

I left the place and hurried to my room, perfectly cured of my love for Ulama de Leon. That she was beautiful, and beautiful beyond any thing I had before witnessed, I could not deny—but that she was endowed with any of those moral attributes that secure one's admiration, is very, very doubtful. I went to bed, fully determined on leaving the place in the morning for New Orleans. Many conflicting emotions for a long time kept me awake; but sleep at last pressed down my eyelids, and I arose the next morning refreshed by my slumbers.

Immediately after breakfast I went to the post office to see if any letters had come for me within the last two days, determined in my own mind to be on my way to the Crescent City at the earliest moment afterwards. I received several letters, and among them was one post-marked "New Orleans." It was from Susan Wilson; and what was my surprise may be guessed rather than told when I opened it and read the following words:

NEW ORLEANS, —.

DEAR SIR,—You need not be surprised when I inform you that I have just received from a Miss Laura Todhunter, of Philadelphia, a letter, with one from you to her enclosed. Those protestations of love, which, in that hateful letter you avow to her, I had so long deemed so exclusively mine, that, for a long time after receiving it, I could not believe you guilty of the gross delinquency. How dare you to trifle so with a woman's love? It is too sacred a thing for man's impiety! Tremble when I tell you that you are treading on an *alsirat's* bridge, with a yawning gulf below. Heaven be my witness when I tell you that I hate you with a woman's hate, and curse you with a woman's curse.

Should you visit the city of New Orleans, as you, in your last letter, promised to do soon, most sincerely do I hope that you will put yourself to no unnecessary trouble in finding out my residence, for it would give me no pleasure in having you ejected from the premises. Hoping that this *hint* will be a sufficient guidance to your future action, I have no more to say than farewell for ever.

SUSAN WILSON.

JAMES TODDLEBAR, ESQ.

Terrible was the revelation this letter brought to my feelings. How Miss Todhunter had found out any thing in relation to Miss Wilson was a mystery to me yet unsolved. Surely the devil himself must have had something to do in the matter. The thing was inexplicable, and with a

terrible woe at my heart I felt as if nothing more could come to add to my affliction.

I opened another letter, and, to my surprise, I found that it was in answer to one I had written more than a year ago. This letter was dated nine months back, but where it had been all this time I had no means of ascertaining:

ABINGDON, VIRGINIA, November, 184—.

DEAR SIR,—Your beautiful letter of April 2nd, 1846, has just reached me. Really, sir, the sentiments which you profess is something so novel and romantic in my rather dull and prosaic life, that there is little wonder that I cannot give it full and perfect faith—at once. I should like very much to take all you say as the "words of truth and soberness"—but it is so strange! Yet I do not think you intend to deceive me—I but fear you deceive yourself—that you are "seeing visions and dreaming dreams." Think of this—will you?

I cannot help liking you for your very frankness, and boldness, and Southern ardor. There is something fresh and natural in all this. Yours is certainly not the "faint heart that never wins fair lady."

A love as you describe is the only one which could ever satisfy a true woman, and administer to her nature's highest need. But you must know me better before you pour it about so lavishly.—You may be wasting "sweet waters."

Should you ever meet me, you would find that I am many women in one, and you may not happen to fancy all of the worthy dames that go to make up my strange being. So bide *awee*.

I am pleased that you like my portrait. I think it quite a good likeness. Harry Peterson, of the Saturday Evening Post, writes me, "It is a pretty fair average likeness—better looking than when you are out of humor, but not as good looking as when you look your best."

I should like well to see your own miniature, if you could send it. I would like to see what sort of a person you are, for I don't imagine we two shall ever be any thing less than good friends.

You seem to possess a genius for criticism. I like your dashing comments on the writers of the day. Your estimate of the character of W. Gilmore Simms is very correct, and most judiciously drawn. He is a great favorite of mine, as well as your friend, Edgar A. Poe. But I do not like altogether all of the thousand and one poets that are figuring so extensively now in our country.—Amelia B. Welby is a charming writer—and I like her personally for she is a very dear friend of mine. The "Lays of Ancient Rome" I have just read—and I know of no work for many a day that has given me the same satisfaction. The strains are certainly Homeric; and the author I hope will reap from his labor a rich reward.

I wish I were free from literary labor. I would like to write as a pleasure—not as a task. I am very busy just now preparing some tales for publication and have not a moment of leisure. Have

you seen mention made of the prize awarded me by the "Literary Messenger" for a poem?

Adios.

ADELA MORETON.

J. TODDLERBAR, Esq.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It was certainly fortunate for Mr. Toddlerbar that, as a last resource, he had always a second love to fall back upon. He was a strange being—not only strange in his prepossessions, but madly so in his proclivities. Every thing he did was unlike any thing else, any body else had ever done—and his madness too, was the result more of habit, than from any malconfirmation or disease of the brain. It is my humble opinion that his mania was in a great measure superinduced by his repugnance and antipathy to sanity. Had every body beside himself been deranged, I have but little doubt but what Mr. Toddlerbar would have been perfectly safe, on all and every subject.)

It had been such a long time since I had heard a word from Adela Moreton, that I had quite forgotten her. I had never addressed her altogether on the subject of love—and in truth had looked upon her more in the light of a literary correspondent than as a sweetheart. To lose Susan Wilson, and at a time I so much needed consolation, was a mishap that I could ill brook. At any other time I would not have deemed it a great misfortune—but now, at the very time when all of my sweethearts had either become cold toward me, or jealous, was a something I could not bear calmly.

In this dilemma there was one consolation, however, left to me—and it was this: Many years ago I had become acquainted with Mary Toulmine, a most beautiful woman, and one that I had loved. She married and went to New Orleans to live, and I had just heard of the death of her husband. In the event, then, I thought, on my arrival in that city, of a failure to compromise the matter with Susan Wilson, I had but little doubt of making an arrangement with Mary Toulmine to be my wife. With these thoughts in my mind I became more composed—for nothing had the power long at a time to keep my spirits down—for they were too elastic to be broken, and, like the mettled steed beneath his rider, from a load of care the young heart would spring, and all would be joy again.

Having arranged my business—and but once more seeing Ulama de Leon—and as I saw her again she seemed exceeding beautiful as an Hourii on the threshold of heaven—I bade adieu to the lovely Tallahassee, and with my staff in hand, as a pilgrim of many troubles, I wended my way through the everglades of Florida to the city of New Orleans.

## CHAPTER XVI.

AMONG the letters received was one from Alfred Tennyson, the first of living poets. There is a keen intensity of vision looking into the deepest recesses of the mind, and analysing its most subtle thought. Since the days of Shelley, a truer poet has not made his advent on the earth. There is no passion in any thing he does—no intensity of feeling—nothing of the kind pervades his wri-

tings—all is cold and passionless and refined as the dew drop suspended from the leaflet. In the alembic, thought every thing is purified, but from the heart's passions nothing is evolved. Shadowless as the film which floats in the atmosphere, the bodiless forms in his own mind arise to assume, by some painful process of his own intellect, artistical shape. Through the mystical elements of his own being, his imagination hovers and broods with the cold but fierce intensity of the Northern blast. The sheet-lightning that flashes from the horizon is not more cold than the images which pervade his intellectual vision. By labor, intense intellectual labor, the vague shadows of thought are shaped and condensed into living forms. His suggestive imagination converts the merest abstraction into a breathing picture. His ear is most delicate to every sound, and his eye microscopic in his sight, which enables him in detecting the most evanescent melody, and giving to the minutest forms a marvellous relation to the things around him.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—There is but one kind of poetry to which the sympathies of the people can ever be drawn. It is the poetry of the passions. It is that heart-felt poetry, that breathing out of the soul, which speaks the language of nature most common to our sympathies. Out of this the people can have no ties to bind them, no sympathies to arouse them. The chords of one's spirit are not attuned to abstractions, nor will they vibrate to the echoless sympathies of song. Like music, poetry is the food of the heart, and if it fails to touch upon its strings, and warm it up in a glow of feeling, it does not accomplish the object of its mission. This is its design, and this its end. When it fails to do this, it is of no more avail than the gossamer which floats on the atmosphere, or the sheet-lightning which flashes from the sky.)

Many have thought that the melody of Alfred Tennyson is empiricism. No position is more incorrect than this. It is certainly no fault of the poet that other's minds are not attuned to his divine song. He is certainly not responsible for the defects of others. With a higher being, and an aim god-like and transcendent, and an intellect forcing impalpable films and earless melodies into breathing forms and wakeful symphonies, he penetrates these subtle essences with a keen analysis to arouse them from their slumbers to living life and speaking forms. His every form is elaborated finely and with consummate skill. His epithets are all happily blended with the images of the mind. The first is always felicitous, as the other is ever correct. His "Godiva," although short, is one of the most beautiful poems in our language. Flushed with hopes, the finest hues of language pervade it, and the mind dwells upon every image as a perfect reality.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It is certainly true, as Mr. Toddlebar hints at, that the poet is not bound to write good poetry, and then to give every one brains to understand it. This position is correct—but then if the poet does not appeal directly to the people, and in that channel through which their sympathies run, he must not expect to have hearers.—The whole world is the poet's audience, and if they do not understand the song that is sung to them—where is the use of singing it? Why is it, that the poetry of Byron is so popular, while that of Shelley's is scarcely read? It is because one appeals directly to our common sympathies, and the other does not. They were both poets, and both of high order of intellect—but the first addressed his song to the hearts of his audience and the other to their intellects. The consequence is, that one has hearers and the other has not.)

BOKLEY HALL, MEIDSTONE, KENT.

MY DEAR SIR,—It gave me much pleasure to receive a token of approbation from a stranger in so remote a region of the world. It is one of the privileges of this age that men's words can in a short time fly far and touch distant hearts. I would have answered you sooner had I sooner received your friendly letter: but you directed it to me "London," and London having two millions of people, it was not all at once that the post office found me out. I should like very well to shake hands with you on the banks of the Mississippi, that great river which I have often read and heard of and visited in imagination. In the meantime, since the Atlantic rolls between us, receive my good wishes—given as warmly as if I shook you by the real fleshy hand—and my thanks for your kindness in writing.

Yours, faithfully,

*Alfred Tennyson*

The chirography of Mr. Tennyson is at once classic and chaste. Nothing can be neater than his MS. The very impress of his mental *idiosyncratic* peculiarities are stamped legibly on his hand-writing. There is in his MS. the same pains and the same *elaborate* finish which one finds in his poetry. The same mental process which directs his mind in the selection of an image controls his hand-writing. It is small, but not *petite*, or so much so as to be effeminate.—Every letter is formed distinctly, and of the right breadth, with hair-lines admirably drawn, and, in the detail, every letter in the highest finish of the art. There is no straining after an effect—but all is simple, plain and neat. The man that writes as he does cannot be an ordinary individual, for nature has impressed on his MS. the genius of the mind.

The next letter which I opened was from Charles Lever, the celebrated Irish novelist. This individual has won for himself, as a delineator of Irish character, a high reputation in the literary world. His characters, however, to my mind, are all *caricatures*—and if they are not, the Irish people must be the most graceless set of *scamps* that ever lived upon the earth,—and the countryman of theirs that would give publicity to their naked deformity cannot be a true patriot. The truth is, that Lever is not a creator—and he has no plastic touch, for none of his characters are *fac similes* of life, but they are all old editions of painters retouched and *bedaubed* to suit the vitiated tastes of the people. He is nothing more than a compiler—a collector of old anecdotes—a *re-furnisher* in embodiment of what was already furnished disjointedly. As a compiler, he is certainly entitled to some credit—but beyond this no mortal man can go. Having figured extensively in the Peninsular wars of Europe, and being an officer on half pay, with a great deal of leisure, he was enabled from observation, in the bustling scenes through which he had passed in his *rollick-*

ing fits, to collect together enough materials for the half a dozen *bantlings* he has sent into the world, deformed and naked. As editor of the "Dublin University Magazine," started ostensibly to put down "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine," he left the editorial chair without impressing on its pages any character of individuality, or leaving on its name the human sympathies of the nation, he retired to the country to re-write the stale fictions of the nation.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It is not often that Mr. Toddlebar suffers any one to agree with him in his peculiar estimate of personal or mental character. In this instance, however, he has my most cordial support. His estimate of the character of Charles Lever is correct to the letter. The Irishman that could get his own consent to personate his own countryman by such reckless and half witted fellows as he has drawn, must have but little respect for his own people. Among all the characters of Lever, it is in vain to search for one well bred man—for the character is not there. Is it possible that there can be no well raised man in the whole country? If Mr. Lever is to be believed, there is not a single one in the kingdom.)

There is nothing more evident to the American reader than that the quality of an English work has to be indicated by the foreign critic *imprimatur*, before it will be touched by an American publisher. This *dictum* is wholly unnecessary—and is one great cause why so much that is trifling in its nature has been palmed upon us. The works of Charles Lever are of this character—its chief merit consisting in its broad and often offensive humor. The want of an international copy-

right law operates to the prejudice of our literature—so much so indeed that it is a wonder that any author of respectable talents would even expend the *labor limæ* necessary to the completion of a book. Mr. Cornelius Mathews has done the republic of letters good service in bringing this subject prominently before the people. Whether or not the seed sown by him will produce a good harvest to the American author, time alone will determine. He is entitled, however, to much praise for his efforts, whether or not any thing is ever accomplished. The idea is quite too common in the world that an author, like the chameleon, can live on air.

There is nothing peculiar or *idiosyncratic* of the mental temperament of Mr. Lever discoverable in his hand-writing. Nothing of strength, vigor, or comprehensiveness, either in the detail or mass, for all is vague and undetermined. The sudden *twirl* of the tail of some of his letters shows some affectation, but not enough to impregnate his mental temperament in its vanity:

TEMPLE SUE HOUSE, CO. DUBLIN.

DEAR SIR,—I beg, in reply to your letter of Oct. 30th, to state that if you forward to me your MSS. of a tour to the Rocky Mountains I shall feel great pleasure in giving it my earliest and best attention with regard to its future publication in the Dublin University Magazine, and beg to remain, ever faithfully, yours,

The chirography is ordinarily good, without any distinctive features from the MSS. which one constantly sees. The signature gives a good idea of the MS., and what is said about it would as well apply to another individual as to him, for he is in no way different in mental temperament to every other individual which one meets in his way.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—I beg leave to differ with Mr. Toddlebar in his notions about the chirography of Mr. Lever. His MS. is certainly a noble and good one with much of breadth in the detail and *picturesqueness* in the mass. An ordinary man could not write his hand—no more than could Charles Lever write the hand of an ordinary man. Lever is not a common man—neither is he a great one; but he is too far removed by education and the pursuits of life, from the common mass around him, to be placed in that category.)

In the batch of letters was one from Mr. John Tomlin, of Tennessee. To the magazines of the day this gentleman has been for the last eight or ten years a regular and constant contributor. He has published, I believe, one or two books—but from the way in which they have been brought forward they have attracted but little of public attention. He is an *amateur* author and not a professional one—writing in his leisure hours for

the very love of the thing, and without any hope of a future reward.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—If this is the case, it is almost impossible for Mr. Tomlin to ever arise to the highest pinnacle of renown, in the Republic of Letters. To great success in the paths of literature it requires labor—constant, assiduous and untiring labor. The mind has no time to be idle. Intense application to success in letters, is as necessary as in any other pursuit.)

JACKSON, TENNESSEE, June 2nd, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—On yesterday I had the pleasure of receiving your courteous and polite letter of the 20th ultimo.

I am very sure that I am indebted more to your kindly feelings towards me as a man, for your good opinion of my literary labors, than to any great merit which you have found in my published works. Your partiality in this respect, I fear, has made you blind to my defects. To whatever cause, however, that opinion has had its birth, I am not the less thankful. It is so seldom that the literary man meets with any opinion expressed of him, honestly and frankly, that, when it does come, it is the more grateful. The toil and the vexation of such a life as mine—sinking half of its

time beneath a load of care to any expression of good feeling naturally turns to it with a smile.

That your life may be a long one, and that you

may be blessed as I know you are deserving, I am, dear sir, with every consideration of respect.

Yours, faithfully,



The signature of Mr. Tomlin is a noble one, and evinces in a very strong degree the vigor of his mind. The man that writes as he does will never go very far wrong—for he has too much of the *stamina* of moral unrightness for him to stray away far from the paths of rectitude. The MSS being written equally as well throughout show the indefatigable disposition of his mind.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—I do not entirely agree with Mr. Toddlebar in his estimate of the character of Mr. Tomlin, as drawn from his *autograph*. I don't see the connection between the moral nature and the intellectual one in relation to the subject under consideration. I can very well perceive how the mind can give force and vigor to the *hand-writing*, but how the moral qualities of the nature has any thing to do with the matter, is more than I can discover—When that paragraph was penned Mr. Toddlebar must have been in one of his fits of *Monomaniaism*.)

The Hon. Frederick P. Stanton represents, in the Congress of the United States, the Memphis Congressional District of Tennessee. Mr. Stanton is a true poet, and had he written nothing beside the song of the "Alleghany," another name would have been added to the list of American poets. The music composed for this song being so poorly adapted to its noble strains, that the words have never had that popularity they are so much deserving.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The best thing Mr. Stanton has ever written is his ode to the "Mississippi." This is truly a national poem—and in feeling, deep as the river which gave it birth. Should a literature ever arise among us, representing our peculiar institutions, the mind that gives it birth will be born on this noble river. It is there that the bard will arise, with the intellect of a giant—in the broad prairies of the West, with a *spell* on his heart, as deep as the *inspiration* on his mind. His vision will be as large as the Savannah around him, penetrating as the sun, and deep

as the solitudes of her forests. From the two oceans he will look, as he stands on the broad prairie, with a vision that mistakes not its object, and with consciousness that glows with the noble theme of his song.)

In selecting the stormy arena of politics for his station, Mr. Stanton has robbed his country of a poet. He had no right to do this—for any common man can become respectable in the halls of legislation. He owed his country something, and to that country he should have given the best fruits of his mind. His inspiration will now die on his heart, and the burning words it would have brought forth must now die in the echoless throes of his own bosom. It is not a common loss to lose a poet—for they are God's chosen instruments in the accomplishment of his most glorious works. Ten thousand men might die, and among them lawyers, doctors and divines, and who is the loser? but let a poet die, and the whole world sustains a loss.

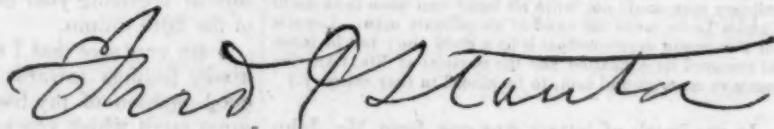
(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The opinion of Mr. Toddlebar is, if I understand him rightly, that the inspiration of the poet in its tendencies are universal in its application, while that of others are partial, or only local in its effects. For this, and for no other reason, can I perceive that the loss of a poet is of any greater consequence than that of another man.)

MEMPHIS, 8th Octo., 1847.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am under obligations for your flattering favor of the 6th inst. You appreciate my little production too highly—though no man can judge better than yourself, who have long had the reputation of a poet.

I enclose a later production, in which you will probably find a falling off.

Your friend,



The chirography of Mr. Stanton is a very excellent one, and denotes in a very eminent degree a vigorous mind with a strong motive power. As a lawyer, with an extensive practice, I have but

little doubt but what it has been greatly modified, but not enough to efface altogether those peculiar traits that bear such a close analogy to the mind. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## ONE OF MY DISAPPOINTMENTS.

(A FRIEND'S REMINISCENCE.)

BY ELLA RODMAN.

"I heard thy voice—I spoke again—  
 I gazed upon thy face,  
 And never scene of breathing life  
 Could leave a deeper trace,  
 Than all that fancy conjured up,  
 And made thee look and say,  
 Till I have loathed reality,  
 That chased such dream away."—[MISS LANDON.

I NEVER, on going to a place for the first time, formed an idea of it beforehand, but that it was sure to be totally different; never pictured to myself any much praised individual, who did not prove extremely disagreeable; and never imagined the probable appearance of any expected present, but it invariably turned out to be the very thing I did not want, or had plenty of already. And yet I was always dreaming and imagining; I could not help it, my imagination *would* run away with me, and it was too much trouble always to run after it and bring it back. There was, from early childhood, concealed in the inmost depths and recesses of my heart, an ardent, longing wish, cherished and hopeless, yet beloved, and dwelt upon as some bright fairy vision. It appeared to me that my happiness would be complete, my cup of bliss filled to overflowing, could I but behold an *authoress*—a real, live *authoress*! But hear her speak—see her breathing before me—and actually behaving like other people!—but no, she never could behave like other people; that was utterly impossible. Preposterous idea! An ethereal, refined, fairy-like creature—a personation of one of her own exquisite ideals—to take her three meals a day, go to bed and get up, and be governed by the silly rules of society like any one else? Absurd!

I absolutely devoured every book that came in my way, and raised my pet authors up to such an eminence that it fairly dazzled me to look upon them. Scott was like the glorious sun, flashing radiantly around in his majestic splendor—Moore seemed more like the silvery moon, sweet, plaintive, and fascinating, surrounded by starry gems—Byron was a sort of demi-god—and Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon were objects of my greatest powers of adoration. Oh, how earnestly did I long for the power of expressing my thoughts in verse! Had I been a poetess, I felt that I should have cared for nothing else. The world might be a perfect blank, hurricanes, sweep around, storms descend and drench me—I should possess a talisman against it all. Often have I sat for hours in a little bower, wreathed with honeysuckle and roses, abundantly provided with pencil and paper, in order to seize upon the inspiration in case I should have "a call." I would sometimes put three lines together without being able to find a fourth, and after ransacking the whole rhyming dictionary, give it up in despair. The nearest attempt I ever made to poetizing was in contrib-

uting my mite to a curious medley which we all produced together on the occasion of leaving boarding-school, where the usual diet consisted of flour boiled with water, and dignified by the name of pudding—being further improved with a sauce of molasses.

This was the extent of my literary efforts; and being debarred from admiring my own productions, I revelled in those of others. Every little gem of poetry found in magazines or newspapers was carefully treasured up; those which particularly struck my fancy I committed to memory, and my dreams were always filled with the various Estelles, Cynthias, and Florences who had thus distinguished themselves. Scott, of course, would look down upon me, Moore would be surprised, and Byron might turn up his aristocratic nose, should I send a petition for a friendly intimacy; therefore it was clear, even with the limited stock of sense which my poetical mania had left me, that I must confine such favors exclusively to those who resided at least on the same side of the Atlantic. I did, to be sure, in the midst of this frenzy, obtain a glimpse of an authoress who cooled down my ardor for sometime.

Not far from us there was a pleasant, old-fashioned farm-house, quite celebrated for its strawberries and cream. Its inmates were very good-hearted, plain kind of people, and as the distance was a pleasant walk, we often went there to regale ourselves on the before-mentioned luxuries. One season there was quite an excitement about a lady who was said to have taken board there for the summer. Various queer stories were soon afloat of her manners and ways; but those whose curiosity was thus raised seldom found an opportunity of gratifying it, for the strange lady kept herself very secluded, and seldom ventured out. Some said that she was a countess in disguise, some that she was a patient escaped from the lunatic asylum, and some that she was an *authoress*. I seized upon the latter idea, and as soon as possible paid a visit to the farm-house. All appeared as usual; no stranger was to be seen; and cheerful, good-humored Mrs. Trolger received me with the same open smile, as she produced a tempting dish of strawberries.

At last, perceiving that she was not disposed to be at all communicative on the subject, I ventured to question her respecting her new inmate. She evidently evaded my inquiries, but I persevered, and found to my great delight that there was really

a lady-authoress under the self-same roof. I desired to see her immediately, but Mrs. Trolger replied in great consternation that this could not be thought of, as the lady kept her room door locked, and was always very angry at being disturbed; adding, that she had particularly enjoined upon her not to let people know she was there—as she was composing some great work, and must have uninterrupted quiet to arrange her ideas.—My imagination, formed of rather combustible materials, was in a blaze immediately, (I was quite a young fool—only sixteen,) and I felt that I must see that lady, if I made a forcible entrance through the window of her apartment.

Mrs. Trolger, perceiving my disappointment, told me that if I walked in the garden, I might chance to see the authoress at her window, as she often raised it to call her servant. The good woman smiled as she saw my eagerness, for the words were scarcely spoken, ere I had turned down the shaded walks in all the joy of anticipation. That window was to me a charmed spot; I fixed my eyes upon it with an intense, longing gaze, I walked back and forth, up and down the walks, still keeping the window in sight, but nothing could I see except those tantalizing white curtains. I began to get impatient, pulled some roses to pieces, and meditated an attack on the strawberry bed. At length—can it be reality! yes! the curtain really moves, a figure relieves the dreary surface of dull white—I bend eagerly forward, screening myself from sight behind a large sringo bush—my heart beats almost audibly—my ears are strained to catch the softest note, when a voice calls out loudly:

"Sairy! Sairy! Are them things dry yet?"

I felt rather bewildered, and placed my hand before my eyes. The mist was rapidly clearing away, and with an enlightened vision I beheld the figure of a stout woman, dressed in a linen short gown, (it was a warm day,) skirt of some undistinguishable color, and a soiled cap with yellow ribbons. I staid no longer to look; I rushed hastily into the house, seized my bonnet, and turned my steps homeward. My dream was rudely broken, and in vain I tried to chase away that figure. It would keep dancing before my eyes, and seemed to laugh at me for all the visions I had cherished. Poor Mrs. Trolger afterwards discovered that her boarder, far from being one of the literati, was afflicted with a species of mild insanity, in which she fancied herself an authoress; and having been placed at the quiet farm-house, was provided with plenty of paper, and allowed to scribble to her heart's content.

It was not a great while ere I quite recovered from the effects of this blow, and again returned to my favorite poets and poetesses. Sometime after, I discovered in the "Metropolitan Journal," a sweet little piece of poetry with the simple signature, "Virginia." The lay was a melancholy one, but every sentiment was so high and pure, every word so graceful and well-chosen—yet the whole was a fresh burst of melody that had gushed right up from the heart; the lines bore no trace of stiffness or affectation—it was like the sweet strains of an Eolian harp. I read it over and over, I found myself repeating portions of it, and in my

sleep I murmured the name, "Virginia." The Journal again made its appearance; I hastily cut the leaves, and there was another piece of poetry, more beautiful, if possible, than the former, and bearing the same sweet signature. I thought of Paul and Virginia; I called to mind the description of the young girl on the lonely island, and felt sure that my Virginia must answer to it. Again and again I hung fascinated over the strains of this unknown songstress; every succeeding number brought forth deeper, sweeter notes, and often would the tear start to my eye and the color leave my cheek involuntarily as I pondered over words of mournful tenderness, and read of griefs and yearnings breathed in lines of touching pathos.—She was young too; she spoke of "wasting bloom," and the trampled love of a "young, warm heart"—she was unhappy, for was not her song ever of sorrow? She was lonely, isolated, and I pined to bestow on her my sympathy and companionship; but with a reverential feeling, a sense of my great inferiority and littleness in comparison; but I could, at least, understand the beautiful sentiments that seemed to flow spontaneously from her heart—I could appreciate her, and to be appreciated is seldom the lot of poetesses.

I dreamed, one night, that "Virginia" stood beside me with long, unbound hair of wavy gold, violet eyes, and cheek tinged with the soft hue of the ocean shell, that slumbers in its melody on the shores of Ind; there she stood, the bright ideal of my creation, and she smiled upon me and beckoned me to follow her. "I cannot come to you," said the vision, "for I know you not in my mortal form—you must come to me." Like a mist it faded away, and I awoke to morning and reality. I pondered over my dream, I read those glowing passages over and over, and being gifted with a large share of energy and enterprise, I immediately dispatched a note to the editor of the Journal, requesting him to inform me where "Virginia" resided. It seemed a long time, to my excited expectation, ere the wished-for answer arrived;—but at length it came, bringing the desired information. My poetess lived at some distance from my own place of residence, in a pretty village on the seashore; and I pictured her walking on the beach and listening to the music of the waves, while beautiful thoughts glided into her soul, harmonious as the notes of a soft-toned lute—or at night, when more common-place minds were buried in slumber, I imagined her seated on a jutting rock, with the waters rippling at her feet, and the soft moonbeams lighting up her face into a glow of ethereal beauty. I kept a scrap-book, of course, among my other girlish propensities, and there was one picture that I loved to look upon. The subject was "Moonlight," and the only figure was that of a young female, with a clear, wide brow, and dreamy, upturned eyes, full of inspiration.—Her long, unbound hair floated on the breeze, a harp rested beside her, beyond, was the quiet sea, above, the clear evening sky, and all was tinged with such a sweet, subdued light that it seemed almost nature. The young girl had the face of "Virginia"—"Virginia," as I had pictured her in her island home; it seemed a fit personification of those lofty sentiments.

Distance having thus materially interfered with any Quixotic expedition I meditated of seeking my authoress in person, I resolved to write, express my admiration and wish for an intimacy, and request her to open a correspondence. With what a beating heart I penned that epistle! I wasted several sheets of paper, underlined and underlined until the meaning was scarce legible, and finally, with a trembling hand, applied myself to make a readable copy. What I said I can scarcely remember; I have dim recollections of high-flown expressions of rapture, an account of my dreams and ardent wishes, and a timid hope that my rhapsody would be answered as soon as possible. The editor had stated that all communications could be addressed to "Virginia," as the lady declined having her real name made public; the name was accordingly inscribed on the back, and with a seal composed of two hands joined together in friendship, the missive was complete, and as soon as possible dispatched to the post-office. I must confess that once or twice Miss Edgeworth's "L'Amie Inconnue" floated across my mind; and as I remembered Angelina's first interview with her friend, where Orlando holds the tea-kettle, and his mistress drinks brandy and water, I felt rather apprehensive of the result.—But then I reflected that the case was different; I was not abandoning my friends for a cottage of sweet retirement, with a person whom I had never seen, and to compare "Virginia" with *Arethusa*! So I waited anxiously for the expected reply from my unknown poetess, and travelled the road to the post-office so often that I could almost count the stones on the way.

At length came a note, neat, refined, and lady-like; the paper, seal, and all was perfectly proper and appropriate; and behold me now in regular correspondence with a poetess! She thanked me in graceful terms for my enthusiastic praise, expressed the pleasure it gave her to have her verses read by one who appreciated them, and concluded with a wish to deserve my proffered friendship, and a request that I would soon write again.—Letters passed back and forth; I now and then received a choice morceau of poetry, written for me alone; and at length we exchanged locks of hair. I was rather disappointed not to find the wavy gold I had pictured; but I received a soft curl of a chestnut hue, which I treasured carefully and reverentially. This correspondence continued for about a year; the poetess always signed her letters with the name of "Virginia," while I took that of "Florence;" and to none did I divulge this secret interchange of ideas but my mother, and one dear friend whom I had known from childhood. To Mrs. Tracy I always showed my own letters and those of "Virginia;" she smiled at the curious correspondence, but praised the writings of my unknown friend with a degree of enthusiasm that satisfied even me.

About a twelvemonth after the commencement of our correspondence I went abroad for some time; I gazed on the beautiful Rhine—I stood within the dark aisles of Westminster Abbey, surrounded by the tombs of sovereigns and poets—I passed over ground hallowed by the footsteps of Goethe and Schiller, and things that had interested

me before gradually lost their influence. I saw the spot of Byron's dream—the tomb of Petrarch, and "Virginia" was forgotten. I returned home with a mind full of new and beautiful images; before long I married, and with that one sober act laid aside my girlish follies. I had now seen several authoresses—some I did like, and some I did not like; I found them very much like the rest of the world, and quite lost my penchant for a poetess-friend. I supposed that "Virginia" still graced her village home, and wrote sonnets to the moon; but I was not destined to get off so easily.

I was one evening at a party, given in honor of my own humble self while making my debut as a bride, when Mrs. Tracy whispered that she had just ascertained that an old friend of mine was present, whom she had no doubt I would be delighted to see. "Certainly; I was always pleased to see old friends, but who could it possibly be? I could not for the life of me imagine." Mrs. Tracy looked smiling and important, like one who has some very pleasant secret to divulge; and after making me guess all the possible and impossible friends I could think of, she asked me if I had forgotten "Virginia." "*Virginia*!" the name brought up old memories, and almost laughing at my youthful absurdity, I still found tucked away a little tiny bit of curiosity to behold the original of my fairy ideals. Mrs. Tracy spoke a few words to the lady of the house, she gave a graceful assent, held a short communication with some one at the other end of the room, and returned accompanied by a lady whom, after mentioning our respective names of "Virginia" and "Florence," she presented to me as Miss *Mary Ann Quigley*! Heavens and earth! what a name for a poetess!

I had no opportunity to make any proper acknowledgement; I was suddenly seized in a most rapturous embrace, as she murmured the name of "Florence"—and being quite petite in figure, and not much accustomed to doing battle, I found myself altogether unable to cope with the strength of my Herculean assailant. Demonstrations of love are quite ruinous to full dress, and I actually trembled for my poor, gauze-like robes, so frail to encounter such rough handling; but the worst of all was the surprise and amusement which this scene created. I felt the blood tingling in my cheeks at the ill-suppressed smiles of those around, and with a desperate effort, I freed myself, at length, from my tormentor. She held me off for inspection, saying, as she gazed upon me: "Your own account of yourself, dear Florence, was so very modest, that I find you infinitely more charming than I expected."

I wished that I could return the compliment; but alas! all that I could see of "Virginia" was the hair, which exactly resembled the lock she had sent me, and was really very beautiful and abundant; but her complexion was almost as dark in hue, having been ruined by constant exposure to the sea-air; her features were on a remarkably large scale—mouth especially, and her stature almost gigantic—at least so it appeared to little, insignificant me, who looked up, and up, and up, without seeming to reach the climax. My hitherto-unknown friend had evidently passed the portals of extreme youth, and fell as far short my youth-

ful ideas of a poetess as possible; she was *common-place*, and had that bustling kind of manner which seems to pry into every one's affairs at once. She was the daughter of a country clergyman, the Rev. Phineas Quigley, and had, of course, received a good education; in conversation she expressed herself well and fluently, and never seemed at a loss on any subject whatever. She was not at all troubled with bashfulness. All that evening she followed me about like a shadow; I could not move without her; and she informed me that she was now on a visit to the lady at whose house we then were, with whom she should probably pass the winter. I detected a pretty strong hint for an invitation, but I could not make up my mind to give it.

The next day, as I was lying very comfortably on a sofa in my boudoir, with a coal-fire glowing brightly before me, and an interesting book in my hand, I was suddenly startled by a dark apparition close at my side; and raising my eyes, they rested, to my great surprise, on the smiling face of Miss Quigley.

"If you ever were so absorbed in my poems," said the unexpected visitor, "I should be quite satisfied. The servant told me at first that you were engaged, and had denied yourself to visitors; but I let her know that I was no visitor at all, but an old friend whom you would be very glad to see. So I made my way directly up here, and had been waiting sometime for you to take your eyes off that book. I do not intend to stand upon ceremony."

I never hear people use this expression but it makes me fairly groan; I know what it is from experience. Of course I could do no less than close my book, raise my recumbent figure, and ask my visitor to take a seat. Miss Quigley's things were soon laid aside—observing that she had come to pass a quiet morning with me, and talk over our former correspondence. She took one or two of my letters from her work-bag, and I felt considerably annoyed as I saw my youthful folly thus arrayed in black and white against me. She spoke of *her* notes, and I murmured something of "fatigue," and "locked up," (I had burned them) and came off as well as could be expected. Miss Quigley was a very good-natured, very independent, very smart, and very companionable person of about thirty-five; she was one who could make her way through the world extremely well, assumed a good-naturedly patronizing tone while conversing with you, and had an extremely blunt perception of slights or coldness. I told her my romantic ideas of her as I had pictured her seated on a rock in the moonlight, at which she laughed heartily, and said that she did not remember ever to have done such a thing—in the first place she should be afraid, and in the next she would certainly take cold. A poetess *afraid*, and think of *taking cold*! Dear, dear! how the world had degenerated! Miss Quigley staid to luncheon, having provided herself with an interminable piece of knitting-work, and with very little urging staid to dinner; when, seeing that I could not help it, I gave her an invitation to a party that evening—the preparations for which had been considerably hindered by her social visit. She expressed herself delighted to have happened in just at the right

time, and with an affectionate kiss, promised to come early, in order, as she said, to help me entertain the guests. She acted up to her promise, for she did really entertain them very much indeed—chiefly with an account of our former correspondence.

Miss Quigley's cloak and hood were the first that graced the ladies' dressing-room; and very much at her ease, the poetess took her seat in a conspicuous place, starting forward every now and then to welcome some dear friend, of whom she appeared to have a countless number. She informed several of my guests that "she had no doubt I would be very glad to see them," and behaved in many respects as though she were the lady of the house—not I. Such a tongue I had hardly ever encountered before; it was not at rest for five minutes together, but kept up a perpetual chattering with any one she could fasten on as a listener. Her manners were very popular, and she appeared universally liked; while I, in some surprise, found the novel task of entertaining company, which I had quite dreaded, altogether taken off my hands. There was scarcely an individual present who was not enlightened, before the evening was over, on the subject of our poetical friendship; she always called me "Florence," and related the story with infinite amusement, as something quite rich and original. It is not very pleasant to have one's youthful performances, especially when they savor a little of the sentimental, brought up for the edification of the public; and I wished that Miss Quigley would let the story rest, while I hated the very name of "Florence." But that was by no means her intention; she wished to explain to people the very curious circumstances which had brought us together, in order to account for the many endearments she bestowed upon me—which, being quite unable to resist her strength, I passively endured. Being the daughter of a clergyman, and a poetess besides, her acquaintances were quite numerous; and people smiled, both at the story and the manner in which I was victimized—while I, alas! little thought that my romantic enthusiasm would be the means of getting me into such a scrape.

That woman became an actual torment. I never left the house but she seized upon me—I never entered a store but she was there—I never went out visiting but I met her—I never staid at home but she came to see me. People, seeing us so much together, took it for granted that the love was as much on my side as hers, and invited her everywhere, out of compliment to me. It was impossible to get rid of her; she had grasped me with a tenacious hold, and our fates seemed linked together; if I went anywhere to avoid her at that very place we were sure to meet, and the story of Florence and Virginia had now become pretty well known to the whole circle of our acquaintances. She spent New Year's day with me, in order to relieve my diffidence in receiving the visitors; she passed mornings, afternoons, and evenings at the house; she came to luncheon, dinner, and tea; and only waited the slightest invitation to have her trunks brought and herself regularly established as an inmate.

I was surprised that she had so little tact; all

this parade of friendship was anything but agreeable to me, and I am sure I made not the slightest advances; but she appeared so determined to take it for granted that I must be delighted with her society that coldness made no impression. I could only "bide my time"—or rather, *hers*. I never could understand how people who expressed such beautiful sentiments in poetry, could ever be common-place in the ordinary transactions of life; it appeared to me that the spirit of beauty, which thus expressed itself in words, must be displayed even in the very dress, which should be free from the slightest tinge of vulgarity; it *must* give a refinement of manner, which I vainly looked for in Miss Quigley. It does not follow, of course, that a poetess must be beautiful—that is not left to her own decision; and it may be the very want of this possession which calls forth such beautiful images in describing pure and lofty sentiments; but for a poetess to be bustling and intrusive seems altogether inconsistent.

Miss Quigley appeared to entertain the highest opinion of my judgment; she frequently brought poems for my inspection, which I could not read with the same interest as formerly, and even solicited my consent to dedicate a forthcoming volume to me. I still possessed some few sparks of ambition which only needed fanning into a flame, and at first there was something rather pleasant in the idea of being a patroness of the arts and sciences; but my good man decidedly vetoed the whole proceeding—expressing his opinion that, should the thing fail, I would be responsible for the failure. Of course I very properly yielded the point; though rather disappointed that I seemed fated to reap neither pleasure nor fame in my most unexpected discovery of "Virginia." The poetess was a great flatterer, which certainly was a very fortunate thing for me as it proved in the end, for I believe it was the means of my getting rid of her.

There was an old bachelor, named McElrath, who frequently came to the house, being quite an old friend and favorite of my husband's; and notwithstanding the difference in their ages, there was a most remarkable resemblance between the two, which resemblance was far more agreeable to the old bachelor than his friend; for Mr. McElrath was really ugly in appearance, while my husband was strikingly handsome. The bachelor was wealthy, unencumbered with relatives, and had now and then thrown out hints of marrying; he was almost afraid to take the plunge—women were so deceitful, and extravagant, and troublesome—but he didn't know what might happen, if he met with one to suit him in every respect; and we imagined that Miss Quigley seemed better pleased to encounter Mr. McElrath during her visits. Perhaps she had concluded that it would be better to share the old bachelor's lot than stay at home and write poetry. However that might be, she certainly exerted all her powers upon him, and apparently with some degree of success; for although Mr. McElrath had rather shrunk at first from her coarse features and masculine appearance, yet flattery is even a more powerful net than beauty, and she certainly plied him well with it—particularly dwelling on the strong resemblance between him and his handsome friend, which she

saw afforded him the greatest pleasure. She even discovered points of resemblance which no one else had ever imagined; and the grateful bachelor seemed about to reward her with a surrender of himself and his worldly possessions, when a most unfortunate mistake entirely deranged all her plans and expectations.

Miss Quigley was no less anxious to ingratiate herself into favor with the master of the house; and perceiving that the likeness annoyed my husband as much as it pleased Mr. McElrath, she wisely ridiculed the idea of any resemblance at all when beyond the hearing of the old bachelor; and really displayed a great deal of skill in regulating her batteries so as not to let one interfere with the other. I was infinitely amused at this by-play when I saw my better half (he was only a man, you know) quite puffed up with self-complacency at Miss Quigley's soothing observations; and then glanced at poor Mr. McElrath, whose countenance expressed undisguised pleasure, and he fancied himself quite an Adonis while listening to the delightful compliments of the poetess.

The resemblance between the two was really surprising, however; so much so that it even deceived Miss Quigley herself; who, passing through the hall one day towards dusk, and encountering, as she supposed, my husband on the stairs, immediately began to condole with him on the annoyance he must suffer in being plagued with looking like that odious Mr. McElrath!

"Such a fright!" she continued, "there is no more likeness between you than between a bear and an Adonis! It quite amuses me to hear people talk so ridiculously. For my part, I see no resemblance whatever."

"I am very much obliged to you, madam," said Mr. McElrath, (for he it was) "for at length opening my eyes. So, I am a fright, am I?—Well, I believe you are not far wrong, but I will no longer be a fool. 'The odious Mr. McElrath,' said he, with a low bow, "has the happiness of wishing you a very good evening."

My husband just then made his appearance, and on comprehending the matter, was quite unable to restrain his laughter. But Miss Quigley endeavored to carry off the affair with a good grace. "The old bore!" said she, "I believe that I have at last got rid of him. The poor man seemed to enjoy it so much, that one could scarcely in pity forbear flattering him a little now and then on this fancied resemblance; but my true sentiments, it seems, could no longer be restrained."

My husband, however, quite unheeding her flattery, plainly showed by his manner that he very much doubted whether those were her *true* sentiments; and Miss Quigley, now that the bird had flown, kindly freed us from her daily presence.—She returned home to her own village, and I never heard from her since except to receive a very pretty volume of poems—the same she wished to dedicate to me. The poetry was really beautiful—more touching, if possible, than any of her former productions. They quite recalled the old feeling with which I had perused her writings in girlhood; but alas! the charm was now broken; I tried to think of "Virginia," but in vain—I could only see *Mary Ann Quigley*.

## THE TREATMENT OF THE CHILDREN OF THE RICH.\*

BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

"Sufferance is the badge of all their tribe."—SHAKESPEARE.

Most of the fine writers of the day,—being chiefly personages who manufacture their articles like Sir Richard Blackmore his poetry, "to the rumbling of their chariot wheels,"—are sticklers for the doctrine of compensation. When their haunch of venison proves done to a turn,—their pine-apple ripe and well-flavored,—their claret clear,—and their friend and gossip disposed to adjudge the same merit to their own arguments,—the guinea-a-liners sit down to indite their dissertations, dipping their golden pen into a silver standish to describe the impartiality wherewith Providence dispenses its favors to the denizens of this little planet.

It may be so. The guinea-a-liners know best. Gout, they assure us, rarely visits the damp hovels of Ireland; while the broad, good-humored face of a Yorkshire farmer's wife retains the hue and outlines of youth and beauty long after the Almack's Dowager has grown lank and faded. It is, of course, needless to balance the account with allusions to typhus fever, or the wasted paupers of the Poor Law bastille. The chief object of fine writing is striking contrast,—moral antithesis,—light and shade. Redundance of example puzzles the reader. "Look on this picture and on that!"—"Eyes right—eyes left!" is sufficiently explicit.

In disserting, therefore, upon the juvenile generations of the kingdom, let the Alpha and Omega classes suffice. All the intervening rubbish we leave to preparatory schools and a genteel mediocrity. The Mobility—the Nobility—constitute the Night and Morning of the day.

We are conscious of a tender leaning towards children. Like Burchell, in the Vicar of Wakefield, we "love them as harmless little men," and are seldom without a penny whistle or a piece of gingerbread in our pocket. Children of a larger growth are too apt to conspire against the peace of mind and ease of body of these innocent Lilliputians. From the days of Herod to those of the promoters of Infant Labor, the monsters of this world have been prone to level their persecutions against those tender creatures, whom ogres used to eat, but whom Christians kill for other purposes than the table.

This is a fearful consideration! During the first dozen years of the present century, war indulged itself in the expenditure of a couple of hundred thousand human lives per annum; the three kingdoms offering up their weekly but hearty prayers for the Most High Court of Parliament,

which came down so handsomely with its dust as a premium for wholesale butchery. Now that we no longer murder on so grand a scale, the wickedness of human nature finds vent in minor issues. Greenacre and Courvoisier assassinate their mistress and master, and a vast proportion of arsenic is distributed in pennyworths in various counties of the United Kingdom, to the unjustifiable homicide of her Majesty's lieges. But the said master and the mistress, and most of the people put to death by medicated tea or hasty pudding, were old enough to exercise their own fists or judgments in self-defence: and it is consequently only the unhappy infants upon whom the Mrs. Brownriggs of modern times wreak their barbarities, that *really* move our commiseration.

The Rabbins, who first devised the idea of a babe in bliss, as a hovering form of beauty, all face and wings, having no extremities to be exposed to the whips and strings of fate, betrayed their profound foresight. So long as a child hath anything whippable about it, chastisement will not be wanting. Your cherub is the only babe as happy as an angel.

Still, it seems hard that the privileged persecutors of these tender innocents should not show *some* respect to persons, in the persons of their victims. If a certain number of children are to be tormented to death or made miserable, annually, to gratify the malignity of middle-aged persons, why concentrate their vengeance on a single class? Why not some impartiality in the selection of the sufferers? Why not draw lots for the objects of their cruelties, as in the case of a siege or a shipwreck, where chance is made to pick out the victims for the edge of the sword or the bars of the gridiron?

Above all, why must it be the offspring of the highest personages in the realm who are selected for torture? Is it because their ancestors bled for us at Agincourt, or wasted their breath for us in the House of Peers, that the custom of the country condemns them, from the moment they draw breath, to slow torture? Is it in gratitude for the activity of our nobles in foreign conquest or national legislation, that we have created a race of martyrs, such as we see presented in the books of "Buds and Blossoms," purporting to exhibit children as they are in the nurseries and school-rooms of the aristocracy of Great Britain?

Hapless innocents!—Could we but hope to prove the Wilberforce or Clarkson predestined to accomplish the abolition of this bitter slavery, we should rest our head upon the lap of earth at some very distant period, satisfied that we had followed in the footsteps of Martin Luther.

The first happiness of a child is freedom of action—to have ample space and verge enough for kicking and screaming. As regards its powers

\* The reader will discover that this article was not written for the edification of us United Statesers, but we print it, nevertheless, without any alterations, as its teachings are as well adapted to the social state of the Yankees as of our brethren across the water. It is full of good sense which is embodied in a lively and agreeable manner, and we cannot but think, or at least hope, that all the fathers and mothers who read it will profit by it.

of gratifying the eyes of others, a young child, we conceive, cannot be too simply apparelled. Its garments should be warm in winter, light in summer, capable of easy adjustment, and frequent renovation. As five minutes suffice to make the cleanest child as dirty as a chimney-sweep, five minutes ought to suffice to make it completely clean again. To insure this, silk ought never to figure in its attire. All should be amenable to the purification of soap and water. Its own fair bright face, its truthful eyes, and dimpled mouth, are a sufficient adornment.

But though advocates for freedom of action, we cannot forget the irrational cruelty which exposes the little naked arms of a new-born infant to the nipping of a bitter winter's day, its sleeves tied up with satin ribands, to gratify the vanity of the authors of its days at the risk of its life, for the display of two little flaccid unformed arms, most unmeet to wrestle with the wintry blast. An infant's cheek, too, tenderer than a rose-leaf, ought to be approached only by objects soft and susceptible as itself—its mother's bosom, or swans' down, or the simplest covering. Instead of this, the wantonness of our folly places upon its head a finely-embroidered cap, with half-a-dozen borders of stiff and well-crimped lace, on which, when it lies down to sleep, it must experience the torments of *Regulus*. To render the poor little creature as ridiculous as it is wretched, this foolscap is surmounted by a cockade of lace or riband, without grace or symmetry, resembling those with which we decorate our coach-horses; and lest when we permit the babe to take the air, it should indulge a hope to be rid of this strange incumbrance, we place over the cap a huge hat a *la Henri Quatre*, with another cockade, and a plume of feathers; crushing the little unformed features by the preponderance of the Otranto-like machine, and giving its poor little feeble neck, scarcely capable of self-support, a weight to carry well calculated to inure its patience to the future burthens of life!

Of the first steps of these innocent martyrs it cannot be said that

*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.*

To entitle them to walk, their little feet are encased in shapely shoes of morocco, such as would have insured corns to the *Venus de Medicis*, or *Apollo Belvidere*. The child's waist is at the same time encircled by a prodigious sash, with bows and ends large enough for the effigy of *Queen Ann* in *St. Paul's churchyard*; and its robe or tunic be-frilled, be-flounced, be-cuffed, be-garnished, be *Meehlined*, be *Valencienned*, till the exhortation "be not puffed up!" seems prematurely in request.

"Mind your frock, Master Arthur!"—"Lady Jane! take care of your beautiful face!"—"Lord Alfred, I wont have you play with that 'ere nasty dog, a-jumping on your velvet dress!"—are the constant outcries of the authorities. The *Lady Janes* and *Lord Alfreds* must not walk in the sun for fear of their complexions; must not roll on the grass or in the hay, or romp or ride, or run, or do anything that tends to the development of their little frames, or the fortification of their constitu-

tions. If they escape infanticide at the hands of the head-nurse, who leaves them naked upon her lap, with the thermometer below freezing-point in order to go through her routine of ablutions—if they survive to be squeezed into the tight shoes, and screwed into the stays and curl-papers—if they defy the united efforts of nurses, apothecaries, baby-linen warehouses, and governesses, to reduce them to feebleness, peevishness, and despair, the British constitution is richly deserving all the laudations bestowed upon it in this and all other countries.

We must again assert it to be an act of partiality on the part of the Fates, that, as some children are born with a silver spoon in their mouths, and some with a wooden ladle, the silver spoon should be made to convey only decoction of rhubarb, or senna-tea, and the ladle pure spring water.

The children of the mobility sprawl unmolested, squall unmolested. No impulse of *theirs* is checked by the close-fitting of their ragged garments. They enjoy free exercise of limb and lungs. No one excoiates *their* epidermis with much scrubbing, or brings on catarrhs by the prolongation of their toilet. Their lives, like their garments, sit easy. *They* may play with the cat—they may make dirt pies—they may make themselves happy. If they want to sail their walnut-shell boat, there is the nearest puddle: if they want to fly their kite, the common is at their door. The woods are theirs, with their early violets and late blackberries, their squirrels' and birds' nests. To *their* imagination, trees are made to be climbed, rivers to be bathed in. The free air is all their own.—They breathe it, uncompressed by stays, unharassed by the badgering of a nursery governess. They look the sun in the face, fearless that in return it should visit their cheek too roughly. They are accustomed to rough visitings.

Instead of being tormented about turning out their toes, their toes are allowed to enjoy a state of nature. Instead of being engirded with a back-board, their backs support a sheaf of bulrushes, or basketful of acorns or beechmast, or perhaps some little loving younger brother or sister, offering kisses in payment of its fare. Fruit not being interdicted by *Mr. Magnesia*, they snatch their sloes from the hedge, their strawberries from the wood, their nuts from the hazel-bush. They have no notion of a juvenile fancy-ball, with two months training beforehand from *Madame Michau*. But on May-day, they rise with the lark (and who is better up to a lark than a child of the woods and fields?) adorn themselves with garlands of wild hyacinths or eglantine, and caper with all their hearts and souls round the hawthorn-bush on the village green!

Who invented cowslip halls?—The children of the mobility. Who invented daisy chains?—The children of the mobility. Who made the first necklaces of sparrows' eggs?—The children of the mobility. Who originated leap-frog, blindman's buff, and all other hoisterous diversions?—The children of the mobility. Unobstructed by finery and frippery, they pursue the sports of childhood with childhood's reckless impulses of joy. Instead of the tedious airing, smothered up in a nurse's

lap,—instead of the monotonous saunter, handcuffed by a nurse's authority,—instead of the discipline of the school-room, the preventive physic-ing of the apothecary inflicted upon their miserable rivals,—the offsets of the mobility bask in the sunshine, or freshen in the shade. As if to counter-balance the cares of after-life, the little ragged urchins hunt their butterflies in inconsiderate delight. A gallop on the tinker's donkey is a happier thing than the formal ride under the stiff documentation of a family coachman; nay, a swing on a gate is a happier thing, or a see-saw across the carpenter's bench.

Liberty must be a god-like blessing; or Spartans and Spaniards, Greeks and Canadians, the East and the West, the North and the South,

would not fight for it as they do. We sincerely trust that the next crusade or war of liberation attempted in Christendom, will purport to enfranchise the juvenile aristocrats of these enlightened realms from the manacles, handcuffs, strait-waistcoats, foolscaps, backboards, stocks, fine clothes, and other instruments of torture, which have been brought to light by means of the philanthropic and well-intentioned designs of Chalon.

Meanwhile let Parliament take into consideration the services of Mrs. Fairlie, for the fearless manner in which she has exposed to public reprobation the domestic cruelty practised, in the secrecy of our lordly nurseries, against the health and happiness of that ill-used generation, "THE CHILDREN OF THE BRITISH NOBILITY."

## MOUNT DIABALO.\*

BY C. W. HOLDEN.

FIERCE blow the wild winds down Diabalo's side,  
From its summit eternal of snow;  
And the rough wailing waters triumphantly ride  
Over mountainous rocks which have ages defied,  
Till both in the valley they peacefully glide,  
Where the sun-beams all placidly glow;  
Terrific the foam-crests which recklessly roll,  
Like the terrible throes of an agonized soul.

Hoary winter has strewn o'er Diabalo's crest  
A harvest no mortal may reap:  
No genial pulsations entombed in his breast,  
Uplift the white shroud which has centuries pressed  
In frigidity; time's immemorial bequest  
Futurity ever will keep:  
The seasons pass on in their uniform round,  
But Diabalo's brows never yet were unbound.

Magnificent type of the earthly sublime!  
There, glowing in magical light,  
Thy conical turrets of delicate rime,  
Which nought but the breath of the chill North may climb,  
Gleam brighter as touched by the stern hand of Time,  
Upbuilding their vigor and might;  
Though 'neath thee earth crumbling in rottenness lies,  
Thy brows are immortal, their home in the skies.

What texture of hill, valley, prairie and stream,  
Interweaves at the foot of thy throne;  
Savannas, horizon-bound, measureless seem,  
Like the fairy-like home of a fanciful dream,  
While gently the rivulets glisten and gleam  
With a silvery voice in their tone;  
And the broad Sacramento's impetuous tide,  
Rushes on like the ravings of passionate pride.

\* Mount Diabalo, or the Devil's Mountain, as it is familiarly termed by native Californians, is a large irregularly shaped mountain, which, standing aloof from the main ranges, overlooks the vast prairies and meadows about the lower portion of the Sacramento. Its lineaments are easily discerned by the naked eye from the plains, or any part of the Sierra Nevada's—a distance of more than one hundred miles.

Afar to the North, wrapped in grandeur and gloom,  
Stand spectrel-like summits in air,†  
Misshapen monstrosities cast from earth's womb,  
Their hideous fastnesses deeply entomb  
Those glittering hoardes which, anomalous, doom,  
Mankind both to pleasure and care:  
Mortality, clothed in thy incarnate lust,  
Returns not thy body full soon to the dust!

Yet thou stern Diabalo, hoary and grand,  
Little reck of thy treasure below,  
As stoical now do thy fortresses stand,  
Proud sentinels over the populous land,  
As when, ages since, they were drearily fanned  
By the breath of the mountains of snow;  
Though 'neath thee man's pulse quicker throbs to the heart,  
Thou standest unmoved—as God made thee thou art.  
Though insatiate man, in the pride of his power,  
May delve at the treasures that gleam  
In the breast of thy neighbors, which lowlier tower  
Neath the clouds which so terribly over them lower,  
And grasp e'en the tremulous branches which power  
O'er the banks of thy mightiest stream:  
No hand sacrilegious will dare to uprise,  
And pluck thy bright treasure that glows in the skies.

† The mountains here referred to are the great Sierra Nevada, or mountains of snow. Their peaks of nearly similar height, not only capped but buried in snow for six or eight months in the year, stretch along the horizon nearly North and South as far as the eye can reach. Nothing East of the Rocky Mountains can surpass them in that sublime grandeur which inspires the soul with awe and admiration. As the setting sun gilds their topmost pinnacles of ice with his golden rays, revealing to the eye each crevice and nook of the enormous heights, the light of another day seems descending to earth from the East, as though to light the glories of departing day to their resting place below the horizon. Imagination can picture nothing surpassing this brilliant reality.

In these mountains, and bordering the streams which rise in their midst, are the well known "Gold Regions." Here, stowed in the rich soil, lay masses of golden dirt yet to see the light, and the chronicles of future ages alone can tell the almost incredible tales of their marvellous richness. El Dorado here glistens beneath its rocky covering, and the paradise of the miser's dream becomes a substantial reality.

## MY COUSIN MARY; OR, LOVE THY NEIGHBOR.

BY ENNA.

COURTEOUS reader, how shall I begin to tell you of my kind and excellent cousin Mary? "Of course," I hear you say; "begin at the beginning." But her gentleness and love for me began long before I had ever seen her or heard of her, and as for the end it will only be with the end of time, for what is good comes from God, and therefore must remain. Well, then, it was (as all story tellers say) the most charming day in the most charming month of all the twelve—that month which calls the flowers to deck the chambers of the earth for the entrance of warm and welcome summer—that month which calls the birds to woodland haunts by gentle memories—that month when happy childhood, with the wings of its morning, sports and dances to the lightest music, the music of a glad and guileless heart, I had left the home of infancy, and the love of kindred, and had bade farewell to the old haunts by the sea-shore, and the great rock and the shaded walks which led by the cleft chasm in it, and all the "loved scenes which my infancy knew," I had felt the grasp of the faithful servants, grown gray in my father's service, as I left in each hand a token of remembrance, and, with my two babes, I had looked and wept the last farewell, as the wheels tracked the gravelled lane of my father's grounds. As I have said, the day was the brightest that a clear sun and blue sky, and sweet flowers and happy faces could make it, as the loud voice of the captain bawled out, "Passengers for R——;" and there, on the dock, stood my husband, and close beside him an elderly gentleman—it could be none other than Cousin Paul, of whom I had frequently heard from Charles, who had preceded me a few days to escort the furniture for our new home.—Our road for two miles led us through the most picturesque country. A deep ravine cleft the village in two distinct sections, in the bed of which boiled and dashed a foaming stream over rocks, and broken trees, and chasms, until it found its outlet in the Hudson: numberless sparkling rivulets leaped down the sides of the high hills we were rising to swell the noisy current, and one natural fountain bubbled so unceasingly by the road-side with its clear waters, that seats had been placed for foot passengers, and a great trough for the heated cattle, as they passed, to refresh themselves, without price; native cresses spread their crispy leaves in the brook, and the sweet flowers, we call forget-me-not, grew all about the shady borders. We stopped a moment, as our horses plunged their heads in the cool spring; and as I gathered a few of the bright, delicate hued love tokens, I felt that they were growing there with their appropriate emblem, bidding us forget not in passing the Author by whom this blessing was provided, and even in the cup of cold water to remember his bounty.

A lovely ride through long avenues of the sugar maple brought us in view of a small white-washed

cottage, almost hidden by the briar, rose, and tall trees, and climbing vines from the passes, and I know, by the anxiety expressed in the features of my husband, that this was our little "Home. I could read his heart—words there were none, yet there was the reading—"Can she be happy in this humble cot? Will the love of her husband, the prattle of her babes, and the rural life she must lead cause no sorrow? When she lingers over the scenes of a brighter home, will not the vow for riches, for power be repented as her eye takes in the small compass of the low walls?" I could see, hear, feel, all that was passing before his mind, and I hastened to inquire of our friend who it was that lived in the quiet, sweet little cottage. Had a cloud been removed from the sun, no brighter light could have played upon casement, tree, or flower, than did the light of my husband's eye beam upon me; yet there was no reply; but pointing down in a soft green vale to a large comfortable farm-house, he said, "Cousin Mary lives there." It was enough—I knew that she was our nearest neighbor; but little did I know that she was one who loved her neighbor as herself. The front was towards the south: as some writer has said, flowers in the door-yard bid you welcome. It must be true here, for every tree was budded with little blossoms—the windows were gay with them, and a great cluster now had found its way quite to the eaves of the house: all around wore the look of content; the house dog was lapping in the brook with the young ducks; the coops, with broods of chickens, were placed like a small village, all white-washed so neatly, and so well supplied; and at the door stood the gentle and the good to welcome the stranger, and to take her in, with not a hand alone extended, but with arms. Enfolding me, I was close in the embrace of one whom, until that instant, I had never seen—one whom, only a few weeks before, had never heard of me, save as the wife of her young and unknown kinsman. Never before had I known that human nature could love, without the presence or knowledge of the sympathy which attracts; but here, in the valley, was the lesson taught me, one who, from childhood, had loved the world and found it loving, that the divine spark had already sent forth its rays to lighten the path of her, all unknowing of her worthiness. What marvel if I wept—was I among strangers? No. I was with a kindred spirit of kindness and truth. I can never forget my first introduction in that sunny dining-room. The warm creature even kissed my servant, a neat, tidy young girl, for she said, as she turned to me, "They have so few to love them." A plentiful table was already prepared, and the home sickness of a new comer was banished by the gentle attentions and friendly words of this hospitable family.

The meal was over, and no excuses could be made why we should not at once proceed to the

cottage. I saw the shade gather again over Charles' countenance, and the smile depart, as we left the door of our cousin's house. How different had been his fond anticipations, when, a few short years before, he had wooed and won his bride.—Then the world was bright before him, and hope, lured with silver pinions, and beckoned him to her bright bowers; but hope drooped, and the promises of merchandise forsook him, and with a broken fortune and shattered health, he had sought a home retired and apart from the toil of that world which had so cruelly deceived him. We had passed the gate, and were at the door-way. My heart almost misgave me; how cold and cheerless it would appear. Empty rooms—no fire—(for our furniture had only the day before arrived)—how different from the pleasant rooms we had just left. I felt a trembling hand on mine, and heard my husband say, "Do not be disappointed; I hate myself for bringing you to this mean place." We entered.

Oh, ye who languish in soft ease, and sigh for new delights, pass by my little tale; you can find no response in an humble leaf from Affection's Offering. I can furnish no fantastic threads to weave into the woof of your finer sensibilities.

Where were we? Was it the home of the fairies, and had the good little people been at work? Ah! no. It was only a charm wrought from the impulses of a loving heart. There, upon one side of a brightly polished stove, on the hearth of which was blazing a cheerful fire, was seated "Cousin Mary," who had quietly slipped up a nearer way, and, entering the back door, had arranged herself to receive her guests; a carpet was laid; the room, newly whitened, was hung with laurel branches, and glasses of the fresh blossoms decked the mantel; a tea-kettle was sending forth its song from the red coals; a cat was domesticated on the rug; the tray set, for tea; and this was home! Yes, it was home for gentle influences and kind words, and affectionate smiles were there, and what was wanting? I laid my hands, one in that of my husband, and one in that of the friend whom God had sent; so clothing the rougher spots with a beauty, even the beauty of his love. "Ah! but," said Charles to my expressions of pleased surprise, "this is but the beginning; you have not felt the toil of living upon a small income, and leading your wants within the narrow limits of our slender means." Ah! little knew he woman's courage. It is not when the soft wind of prosperity brings odors, and butterfly friends glitter in the sunshine; it is not when music breathes from every chord of the harp, which hangs upon the temple of Home, that man discovers the strength of true affection: then she is his pride, his admiration, his household ornament. But let the rude storm of misfortune sweep down the false bulwark of worldly, professing friendship, and the adulation of society becomes as "sounding brass," then it is that he discovers a mine of wealth under his own hearth-stone, and just at his foot-stool a mine of wealth so pure, that it needs no refining process; and it is his—all his—no man can part him from the "treasure trove."

Another bright day. It was a new thing for

me to take the management of domestic duties, but stepping softly down, I thought to surprise Charles by my housewifery. Early as it was, there was a tap at the door, and Cousin Mary had sent her only domestic with a basket, and a kind message to keep the girl through the day to help me arrange and "brighten up things," and in the basket, steaming yet, for they were closely covered, was a great heap of warm cakes, all buttered and so nice. And such was the opening of our first friendship—such, with many more added, the record of her good deeds, ever fulfilling the command to love her neighbor.

Years have passed, and long ago we bade adieu to the cottage, and fortune has again smiled upon our prospects, and we have sought and found our dwelling in a new place and among new faces; but never can the memory of the pleasant months spent by the side of the dear neighbor be forgotten. I can see her now in all her varied cares as friend, counsellor, and companion; sometimes in her pretty neat garden, gathering, perhaps, early fruit for "a poor sick girl," or filling from the "abundance and to spare," from the large vegetable-bed, some empty basket of a less favored person; sometimes I see her seated beside our hearth, with her soft sweet smile, knitting for the carpenter's child, for she would say, "Cousin Lucy, thee knows the poor wife is so delicate and works so hard." And thus did her many kindnesses flow by the door-way of the poor, like a little thread of silver, decking their hard ease with beauty. Thus did her gentle voice speak in the houses of the rich, giving comfort where a word is more precious than a gift,—thus did her unostentatious life give joy to her own large household, for even the great dog seemed to take pleasure in turning the heavy churn wheel while she was near, and the flowers sprung up, as it were, in gratitude. Here was a character which needed no adorning to show forth the perfections of her works; it was the majesty of righteousness with the simplicity of a Christian. I have said it is years since I listened to her voice. My present home is spacious; its situation one of the most picturesque in our country; but when I entered, for the first time, the great hall which my husband proudly called mine, and opened, successively, the parlors and dining-room, the library and neat sewing-room, on either side—as I looked upon the lofty ceilings and washed floors, and ascended the broad staircase, with its highly polished hand-rails, and was in the lonely looking sleeping apartments, shall I tell you how I felt? I turned without a word, as my husband waited for my gratified reply—I turned, and laid my head upon his shoulder, and wept—not those tears I had shed years ago, from a heart filled with gratitude in the welcome home of the farm-house—they were now tears of regret. Whither should I look for the warm embrace, the cheerful smile, the bright hearth, and the sweet flowers?—all looked desolate, and I cast a lingering sigh to the low roof, the little domestic fowls, the simple but delightful memories of the humble cot.

"Who shall I call my neighbor?" said I, one evening, as we were seated, enjoying the cool air as it came drawing from the bay and fanning the

light summer draperies, for we were all settled, or, as the country people said, we were "all to rights." "We have been here six weeks, and we have only decoyed a few bare-footed, but bright faced, urchins into the 'big house;' we will never find a Cousin Mary here—no nice warm cakes—no sweet rolls of yellow butter."

Charles smiled at my simplicity, but said, "Remember, we come here not requiring sympathy, and they fear to overstep the mark which bounds propriety, such as they deem we call good breeding." Alas! that formality should dare to usurp the throne whereon is inscribed, Love thy neighbor: alas! that it should, with its tangled weeds, choke up the spring which ever wells in the heart of the

unsophisticated toward its kindred and its fellow; but the days of probation had nearly passed; for, after visiting all the stores of the village, and appearing past the mill, late in the day, with "nothing but a calico dress," and sending home divers house cleaners, with a few "greens for soup," there began to be a rumor that the "city folks, after all, were like other folks, and that Farmer Macy's wife and daughters had serious thoughts, being, as we seemed, made of the same clay, of stepping in"—and they did step in, and, in time, many others; and now I have no cause of complaint, for, as my old grandmother used to say, I have those who are "real neighbors as well as nigh dwellers." But will I ever again find a Cousin Mary?

## NOT THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

BY THE MUSE.

In sunset's light o'er Boston thrown,

A young man proudly stood  
Beside a girl, the only one

He thought was fair or good;  
The one on which his heart was set,  
The one he tried so long to get.

He heard his wife's first loving sound,

A low mysterious tone,  
A music sought but never found

By beaux and gallants gone;  
He listened and his heart beat high  
That was the song of victory!

The rapture of a conqueror's mood

Rushed burning through his frame,  
And all the folks that round him stood

Its torrents could not tame,  
Though stillness lay with eve's last smile  
Round Boston Common all the while.

Years came with care; across his life

There swept a sudden change,  
E'en with the one he called his wife,

A shadow dark and strange,  
Breathed from the thought so swift to fall  
O'er triumph's hour—and is this all?

No, more than this! what seemed it now

Right by that one to stand,  
A thousand girls of fairer brow

Walked his own mountain land;

Whence far o'er matrimony's track,  
Their wild sweet voices called him back.

They called him back to many a glade

Where once he joyed to rove,  
Where often in the beechen shade

He sat and talked of love;  
They called him with their mocking sport  
Back to the times he used to court.

But darkly mingling with the thought

Of each remembered scene,  
Rose up a fearful vision, fraught

With all that lay between,—  
His wrinkled face, his altered lot,  
His children's wants, the wife he'd got!

Where was the value of that bride

He likened once to pearls?  
His weary heart within him died

With yearning for the girls;  
All vainly struggling to repress  
That gush of painful tenderness.

He wept, the wife that made his bread

Beheld the sad reverse,  
Even on the spot where he had said

"For better or for worse."  
O happiness! how far we flee  
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee!

## UNASKED ADVICE FOR WHOSOEVER WILL TAKE IT.

GIVEN BY CAROLINE C——, GRATIS.

WEAK art thou? Say it not! hast thou not stood  
 Amid the reapers neath the scorching sun?  
 Yes, by the lofty impress left upon  
 Thy brow, I know thou'st harvested for good!  
 When thou wert born, 'twas not to bow thy head,  
 Moaning with weaker minds that "flesh is weak"—  
 Great truths lie in thy soul;—I charge thee speak!  
 O'er earth they surely sunlit rays will spread!  
 Now, while thy spirit's right hand is yet strong,  
 While thy soul stands clad in her garments white,  
 While thou art young, ere age brings chill and blight,  
 Speak—act! or thou art surely weak and wrong,  
 In tears, High Priest's of this age of sacrifice!  
 What if thine own heart-blood upon the altar lies?

Poor art thou? Think it not! who are the rich?  
 Not they who ride in carriages, who pace  
 The earth with pompous step, in fashion's grace,  
 Whose chosen station is poor folly's niche!  
 Not they indeed! Thy thought springs from a mine  
 Such as rich California hast not. Thou  
 Wearest a gem upon thine open brow,  
 Whose like in no king's diadem doth shine!

Poor? Hast thou not affections buried deep,  
 Which if well worked may help to thaw away  
 The frost which binds hearts as though they were clay?  
 Were these affections given thee to keep?  
 I know thy brain teems now with words of fire,  
 What fiend disputes thy right to work, and to aspire?

Oh rouse thee! let the love within thee tell  
 On the cold world, for surely thou art one  
 Of the few mighty ones beneath the sun,  
 Who may work gloriously; break—break the spell  
 Society around thy will has cast!  
 Thou livest too much in vision of the gone—  
 For that, men deem thee cold and dead as stone—  
 Thou talkest too much with thy "hoary Past,"  
 To learn the hallowed temple's mysteries  
 Thou lingerest long! Come forth oh white-robed Priest!  
 Come to the outer porch to us, released  
 From the dread angel's presence, let our eyes  
 See if thou art accepted, for we know  
 God's sign! Come! for our hearts with hope for thee  
 o'erflow!  
 Canandaigua, N. Y., 1849.

## TO MARY.

BY THE MUSE.

WELL! thou art happy, and I say  
 That I should thus be happy too;  
 For still I hate to go away  
 As boldly as I used to do.

Thy husband's bless'd—and 'twill impart  
 Some pangs to view his happier lot;  
 But let them pass—oh! how my heart  
 Would hate him if he clothed thee not!

When late I saw thy favorite child,  
 I thought, like Dutchmen, "I'd go dead,"  
 But when I saw its breakfast piled,  
 I thought how much 'twould take for bread.

I saw it, and repressed my groans  
 Its father in its face to see,  
 Because I knew my scanty funds  
 Were scarce enough for you and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away;  
 While thou art blest, to grieve were sin,

But near thee I can never stay  
 Because I'd get in love again.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride,  
 My boyish feeling had subdued,  
 Nor knew, till seated by thy side,  
 I'd try to get you, if I could.

Yet was I calm: I recollect,  
 My hand had once sought yours again,  
 But now your husband might object,  
 And so, I kept it on my cane.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,  
 Yet meet with neither woe nor scoff,  
 One only feeling could'st thou trace,  
 A disposition to be off.

Away! away, my early dream,  
 Remembrance never must awake;  
 Oh! where is Mississippi's stream?  
 My foolish heart, be still, or break!

## HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

*Irving's Life of Goldsmith. Putnam: New York.*

WE made a brief allusion last month to the Life of Goldsmith by Geoffrey Crayon, and gave an extract from the work, it being then in sheets. The book has since been published and has, no doubt, been extensively read ere this: for, although nothing new could be anticipated in relation to Goldsmith's history, yet every lover of the poet's works, and every admirer of his new biographer, would be naturally anxious to hear how so genial a subject had been treated by our great prose writer. Those who have read the ponderous and particularizing history of Goldsmith by Prior, and the more recent and more ambitious biography by Forster, have nothing to learn of the trials, temptations, successes, follies, failures, and virtues of the author of the Vicar of Wakefield. But, every one must have felt that a true portrait was yet wanting, that the features of the subject, if truthfully delineated, did not give a just impression of the original, from a lack of an artistic arrangement of the back ground, and a proper disposition of lights and shadows. The whole truth was there, but so displayed as to convey an untruthful impression. No great artist has before attempted the portraiture of Goldsmith's character. But the work has at last been performed in a manner which leaves nothing more to be done, or desired. Improvement on the picture which our own great literary limner has painted of the English humorist is beyond the reach of any hand that will be likely to make such an attempt.

As to the style of this new work by Irving it is interesting to compare it with his earlier productions, and mark the changes in his manner which have gradually been effected by the tone of the world in which he lives, and yet to mark how nearly it is like his best productions. It is worthy of remark, too, that while it abounds in those genial beams of a tolerant nature that invest with a charm the deformities which it exposes, which have distinguished all the writings of this popular author, the biography contains more rechant strokes of satire, and more indignant enthusiasm against vice and snobishness, than any of the productions of his more youthful, if not more vigorous period. It is truly delightful to see how he deals a blow to that poor driveller Boswell whenever the literary caitiff comes in his way, and with what a relish he takes by the lug such cormorant publishers as the Newberys and Griffiths of the last century, while the whole race of literary pretenders and parasites must shake in their shoes at the cuffs given to their representatives of the last age.

Of all the works that Geoffrey Crayon has yet produced this is the one for which literary men have the most reason to be grateful. It is a vindication of the literary character from the attacks of sophists and worldings, and we cannot but think that the author, while writing it, must have had some other aim than merely depicting a faithful and dignified portraiture of an author whose productions have delighted and instructed the world, while he himself has been laughed at as a simpleton, or at best compassionated for his innocence. All that is essential to be known in relation to the life of Goldsmith has been candidly given, while the absurd tales which have found currency respecting him, have been very properly suppressed for lack of authentic evidence of their truth. Although the author confesses that the biography is but an amplification of a sketch published many years since, and now completed, or enlarged, to make a volume

suitable to accompany the elegant republication of his entire works now in hand by Mr. Putnam, yet there is sufficient evidence in its pages that it was a labor of pure love and too congenial to the

"Warm heart and fine brain"

of the writer, to owe its existence solely to the suggestion of a publisher. While expressing our admiration of the biography, we cannot but confess our surprise that Mr. Irving should fall into the popular error of making Horace Walpole the scape goat for all sins of his cotemporaries towards the "whelp" Chatterton. We can see neither reason nor excuse for being indignant towards Walpole for his neglect of the "wondrous boy," while not a word of reproach is let fall upon the heads of Gray, Mason, Johnson, and the other poets who knew all his circumstances yet never lifted a finger in his aid; certainly no one ever manifested greater interest in the unfortunate youth, or expressed more sincere regret at his sad death, than Walpole.

*The Canton Chinese, or the American's Sojourn in the Celestial Empire. By Osmond Tiffany, Jr. Boston and Cambridge. James Munroe & Co. 1849.*

MANY years must elapse, many books must be written, and much delving among the the now occult mysteries of Chinese history must be submitted to, before we can have a tolerable understanding of the Chinese character; every addition, therefore, to the stock of information on China, be it ever so humble, should be received respectfully and gratefully. Mr. Tiffany's book adds but little to the stock of knowledge which we already possess of John Chinaman, and the Middle Kingdom; he knew nothing of the language, but little of the history, and dwelt but a short time among the people of that strange country. But he gives us precisely what we most want in such books, the honest results of his own personal observations, and nothing more. Mr. Tiffany does not write elegantly, but his style of narrative is easy, and he communicates his facts and impressions in a lively manner, which would be much more agreeable but for an intolerable effort at humor which mars his pages.—The following description of the Environs of Canton affords a fair specimen of the work:

"Though the liberty of the foreigner in Canton is almost entirely restricted to the reeking suburbs of the seething city, yet there are several spots adjacent towards which he may direct his steps, and enjoy a pure atmosphere.

"The nearest and most attractive of all these points is the island of Honam, which is formed in the river directly opposite to the city.

"It is several miles in extent, is covered with numerous crowded villages, beautifully cultivated fields, has numbers of heavy forts, and is distinguished above all for its enormous Buddhist temple, in which a herd of vile priests lead a solitary and monastic life.

"We formed a party one afternoon, to visit the island; we were accompanied by Dr. Parker, a gentleman of distinguished attainments, and widely known as a zealous missionary, and who upon this occasion acted as interpreter.

"We descended the stone steps at the foot of the garden, and found as usual a number of clamorous sampan owners, and selecting an old lady about sixty, squeezed ourselves, some eight in number, into her boat.

"I never knew before the elastic qualities of a sampan; though in appearance only just large enough for two persons, four times as many, and the old woman added, making nine in all, were safely ferried over.

"The swiftly running current forms a number of whirlpools, called chow-chow water, and it was a study to see how thoroughly the boat-woman understood the whole of these disturbers of the public peace, how she edged along

some of the big dangerous fellows, and disregarding others, sent the rapid sampan directly through them.

"As we approached the Honam shore, we descried several canals running from the river into the island, and the houses built along them had steps leading to the water as to a sidewalk, and balconies overhung the muddy current.—The whole aspect of these canals, their narrow winding spaces, the glimpses of sky seen between the high buildings, the overarching bridges, and the sampans flitting to and fro, not unlike in shape to gondolas, bore a startling resemblance to Venice.

"We landed at the foot of old worn stone steps, built in the bank of the island, and overshadowed by several gigantic trees, which among other uses formed a cheap tent for beggars to congregate under, and gave shelter to several dealers in confectionary.

"The streets in this suburb were of the most wretched description. Narrow and filthy beyond any that I have ever seen before, they were swarming with the very scum of China's populace; the shops were dingy, small, and if we may believe that rascals exist in the Celestial Empire, they seemed to be all congregated in them, so keen and ravenous did their keepers look.

"They had evidently false balances to cheat in every way, and selling goods fairly was an indiscretion that they never committed in the course of their lives.

"We encountered a coffin maker who was aptly placed on a corner, as if to remind men of the turning point in their lives, but he looked fat and cheerful, despite his grim occupation.

"He had a number of workmen engaged in sawing the enormous boards into the proper shape, and going through every process connected with the business, and a number of the finished receptacles reposed on shelves. Close by was a dealer in the paper clothes, spoken of in the previous chapter; these were about large enough for a baby's doll, and colored according to the taste of the buyer, so that if a person, while on earth, was at all particular in the hue of his clothes, his wishes in that respect might be exactly complied with.

"We left the houses and the dingy suburbs behind us, and stretched out into the country. We found that the flag-stone pavement of the street extended to the open meadows, and formed the foot-path, the sole species of road to be found in the south of China.

"Our way led us along the bank of one of the canals; we saw the same life among the boats as on the kindred river; even this little Honam island, that in our own country would be left in the midst of its embracing stream utterly wild, had been deemed worthy of being pierced with canals, and planted and peopled.

"We saw numbers of people in the fields, and wherever we turned, at some little distance a cluster of dwellings glistened in the view.

"We came in a little while to a man seated at a table before his house, and he was engaged in making pearl buttons from the shell; he was very expert, and with the aid of a few apparently rude, but in his hands, serviceable instruments, he was able to make several hundred buttons in a day. These are afterwards sent to Canton, and exported in considerable quantities to England and America.

"We continued our way, and our attention was soon engrossed by another object. At the end of one of the common villages of the dead, covered with time-worn tombstones, we saw a fellow, a sort of priest, the keeper of a private altar, and whose noble profession it was to humbug his countrymen.

"He had a little sort of shrine with a deaf idol in it, some smoking joss sticks and some magic slips of bamboo.

"His victim, in this instance, was a woman, a creature of the lower class, who was poor, but not poorer than the hour she was born, and yet she came to this solitary spot to pray for riches. What the amount of her desires was I had no opportunity of judging, but she was evidently a fervent worshipper, though under the spell of the creature that battered on her necessities, and made her poorer still by stealing from her mite.

"The owner of the shrine kindly invited us to go away, lest we should frighten the woman from her devotions, and deprive him of his fee; but she, with a better feeling, declared she was not afraid of us, and begged that we would remain.

"Presently she was joined by a female companion, and they both lit pieces of paper and threw them in the air, and then tossed up the magic bamboos, and interpreted their fate according as they fell.

"They finally kneeled down and bowed their heads to the ground repeatedly, and uttered a kind of prayer.

"When they arose, the one who had interceded for us, put into the hands of the speculator in prophecies his fee,

from which the unconscionable scoundrel did not offer to deduct the smallest discount for ready money. Whether the old lady ever came into possession of her fortune is very doubtful, and the keeper of the shrine, like the proprietor of a lottery office, no doubt wished her better luck next time.

"When the votaries had departed, the auger chuckled over his gains, snuffed out his joss sticks, and stood on the *qui vive* for another flat.

"We proceeded unmolested along the flag-stone path, and every now and then came to a village, each exactly built, so as to filch from the cultivable land no more space than might just suffice for the crowded tenements. In every village seemed to be some spot a few feet square, with a flag-staff in its centre, and a dirty looking squeezing shop or government hole, with a greasy official in it, whose greatest amusement it was to come to the door of his den, and stare at Fanquis, as if he had never seen them before.

"The people, too, and the women especially, with the inherent curiosity of the sex, would assemble in little select knots of eight or ten, and try to look us out of countenance; the children in arms were held up to see and imbibe a hatred of the pale devilish race that intruded, and the men were mostly too busy in the fields to notice us.

"The day was warm, and the laborers were almost entirely divested of clothing, the meadows were swarming with them engaged in hoeing the earth around the vegetables, which bore evidence of the skill and care upon them.—Never have I seen better specimens of the agriculturist's hand; the earth seemed to be as fine as if had been sifted through wire work, and the plants were green and luxuriant.

"In various places along the line of pathway, were pits for compost and manure of various kinds, among which, no doubt, some of the tonsors savings from the shaven craniums of Canton found their place, and these pits were kept dry by drains which went all through the fields, and allowed superfluous moisture to run down towards the low grounds of the island, and were further protected by coverings of straw.

"They have also separate pits for liquid manure, of which vast quantities are used, and with which they moisten the plants themselves in preference to putting it into the ground before the vegetables have grown.

"Along the same path that we were walking in single file, every few moments a laborer would come at his dog-trot, and by his grunt gives us warning to get out of the way. Each one carried, by means of the eternal bar and ropes, two baskets of manure.

"To carry a single one would be more inconvenient, so economy is united with labor, and the cooley, like John Gilpin, carries weight on either side.

"The instruments of agriculture in use among the Chinese are more like those of other nations than might be expected; a heavy hoe seems to be the principal implement, and by means of it the laborer performs a great part of his work.

"But the nearest resemblance of any article in China to one of European manufacture devoted to the same purpose, is the winnowing machine.

"This is precisely similar to that in use in our own land, and in fact is the origin of ours. I was one day in a shop in Canton, and was surprised to see one, and still more when I learned that it was of *bona fide* Chinese work. The machine was in the first instance carried to Holland, thence was sent to England, and finally imported into the United States.

"We saw in the fields men and women performing every part of the tillage, and only two or three specimens of the roughest buffaloes that can be imagined, constituted the live stock of the farms of Honam.

"Human beings, though low enough in the scale of existence in China, are not yoked into ploughs, and these little buffaloes are kept for the purpose.

"They are very small and strong, and pasture as they best can on barren waste lands, which the people do not care to cultivate, and they may often be seen along the banks of the river endeavoring to gain a honest livelihood.

"A great portion of the fields are covered with rice, of which there are two kinds, the white and the coarse pink, and the grain of each is somewhat larger than with us. All along the Canton river, for miles upon miles, the eye may sweep over vast areas of this plant.

"The soil and climate of China is favorable for almost any productions; potatoes, for instance, are successfully cultivated near Macao, but the Chinese have not learned to eat them, and raise them exclusively for foreign shipping, and for the consumption of the Portuguese and other Europeans in that city.

"Two methods of culture arrest the attention, and both of which are practised near Canton. The first is the terrace cultivation, erroneously supposed to prevail to a much greater extent than is actually the case.

"From the anchoring ground at Whampoa the stranger

sees a number of the hills terraced to the very top, and in the highest state of verdure, and is delighted to find that the accounts he has heard are verified by his own experience; but this mode of planting, he soon discovers, is limited in extent, and many hills, even between Whampoa and Canton, are left to their natural sterility.

"The low, flat, alluvial grounds are those chiefly cultivated, and the hilly country, where the climate will allow, is generally occupied by the tea plant.

"The other practice in agriculture consists in embanking the streams with earth, which forms a sort of dyke, affording protection to the fields, and which slopes at an acute angle into the water.

"Just within this dyke are planted groves of plantains and oranges and ornamental trees, which make the Peking river for miles one beautiful and blooming scene. The roots of the trees planted along the banks grow down into the soft, rich watered loam, and send continuous vigor into the trees. Nothing is more gladdening to the eye than that noble river foaming between its groves and gardens.

"The fresh fruit, the bright oranges on its banks, may almost be had for asking, and by the barrier a boat girl is often waiting ready to pour into your sampan a cargo of freshly gathered delicious fruit for a trifle of compensation.

"Agriculture is naturally held in the highest esteem in China, and where so much is performed by human labor it is thought expedient to encourage it by example.

"For this purpose the great emperor himself, who nine tenths of the time is concealed from view within the compass of his palaces, once a year, in spring time, assembling the high officers of his court, guides with his own hallowed hands, a privileged plough over a sacred field, to show to his subjects the honor due to agriculture.

"Deducing from this circumstance, it is not strange, in a country where life in millions of instances is one continuous struggle, that human beings should be willing to perform work that in other lands is shouldered upon beasts of burden.

"Men who are so stinted as to be supported on a few cents a day, and do without roads and even fences, will not be apt to quibble on degrees of labor.

"And though life seems the merest existence among these people, few of them have any desire of changing, and probably would not care to, with a substantial Yankee countryman, even if he was able to smack his whip over a pair of fast trotters. The villages through which we passed seemed to be divided one from another by lines and boundaries, and so little are the Chinese accustomed to wander far from home, or especially to travel on expeditions unconnected with business, that it is an almost absolute certainty that the women we saw were confined to the villages for the greater part of their lives.

"And, furthermore, the females of one village were so domesticated, that they never dreamed of sauntering to a neighboring one, and talking scandal over a cup of tea, but made themselves perfectly at home and stayed there.

"There was much difference in the looks of the women; those accustomed to work in the fields had their pretty faces scorched brown, and baked very dark in some portions, so as to resemble the irregular coloring of a slice of toast. Those on the other hand, who stayed in the houses, were pale, and some were pretty, though they had gone on the other extreme, and lost something of their natural bloom, like plants kept for a length of time in the shade.

"They were all evidently fond of dress, and their ears were decorated with showy and not very costly pendants, while around their ankles appeared conspicuous bangles, which are rings of various substances, and which slipped over the foot at a very early age, in a few years are incapable of being removed, from the foot increasing in size.

"The women regarded us with peering wonder, but there was nothing insolent in their looks or tone of voice, as we found the case in some of the male laborers.

"Our path led us through a beautiful scene of animated and varied scenery, and as I have before observed, along one of the canals that we had seen opening from the river.

"Several of these artificial streams were very broad, much more so than in our own country: the banks smooth and hard, and the whole line of the canal planted on either side with immense and noble trees.

"The boats on them were pushed along by means of the bamboo poles, which are always kept in readiness, but whenever the sails would draw they were hoisted, and the crew enjoyed a respite of a few moments.

"These canals, even in this little island, went winding about so, that merchandise from any point could readily be shipped on board a chop boat, and this is an illustration of the fact, that although railroads and steamboats do not exist in China, and will not for many a day, yet the Chinese are

a civilized people, and understand the facilities of transportation as well as many other nations.

"Wherever it was necessary to cross a canal, the stone paths led on to a substantial bridge, so high above the water that the boats could pass under freely, and all parts of the bridge were cut and put together in the nicest manner.—Many of the bridges were not arched, but had immense stones placed from pier to pier, which served quite as well, not being employed for enormous weights, but the Chinese thoroughly understand the principle of the arch.

"Several luxurious mandarins, in their sedan chairs, passed us, and as an evidence of their superiority to the common mass of people around, these officers contented themselves with glancing at us slightly, and never staring rudely, or, above all, uttering a word of derision.

"The sedan chair is so comfortable that one may travel in it all day without fatigue, and foreigners highly estimate the pleasure of using it. Females of rank or wealthy men, who have occasion to cross the river, enter a boat with palanquin and attendants, are rowed safely over, and continue their journey without once descending from their pleasure carriage.

"Several of the gates that we passed through opened to our view a different and as beautiful a prospect as the one we had just enjoyed, and the walls in which the gates were built, were used as they are often with us, for daubing over with all sorts of advertisements. Among these were placards of amusements, business cards, and quack doctor's puffs of panaceas, not the least noted of which were addressed to married ladies without children. All these were in large letters; they seemed to be considered public property, guarded by the principle of universal suffrage, and the hand of a capricious landlord had not dared to stick up his veto of 'Paste no bills here.' "

*The Practical Elocutionist, and Academical Reader and Speaker: designed for the use of Colleges, Academies and High Schools. By John W. S. Hows. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1849.*

THERE is no class of books of instruction for youth which require more careful compilation than reading books, for they inevitably form not only the style of expression, but even the habit of thinking of those who use them; we are glad, therefore, to receive a book like this from so accomplished a reader and critic as Professor Hows. It is gratifying to find that the greater number of pieces have been selected from the productions of American authors. It is an admirable selection of readable articles, either for the purpose of desultory literary recreation, like "Knights Half Hours with the best Authors," or for the graver purpose of an educational class book. We perceive that Mr. Putnam has another work in press by Professor Hows, called "The Ladies Elocutionary Class Book."

*Scenes where the Tempter has Triumphed. By the Author of "The Jail Chaplain." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.*

THIS is a religious book, but not, as we supposed from the title, descriptive of scriptural scenes and events. It is composed of brief and well written tales of detected crimes in English social life, and is both an instructive and exciting record of evil doings. The aim of the author is an excellent one—to exhibit the way in which criminals are sure to be detected by the very means which they take to hide their crimes. Let those who feel themselves disposed to yield to the tempter read the narratives contained in this volume carefully, and determine whether there would be a reasonable chance of prospering in their criminal career if they should once swerve from their known duty. The author properly says in his preface, that the "sole end and legitimate object of all punishment is the prevention of crime." If this were the faith of our legislators, as it should be, and they would but remember that,

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord,"

our criminal code would be greatly modified, and our judges would not assume the character of an avenger as they now

often do. The author has a just sense of the danger of circulating exciting stories of criminals, and properly remarks in his introduction: "Records loosely written of successful villainy poison the morals of an entire community. Vice should never be represented in the ascendant. He is a traitor to the best interests of his fellows who paints the position of the wrong-doer as secure. His triumph under any circumstances must be brief. An invisible and omnipotent influence is against him. A Being to whom crime is abhorrent is pledged to his overthrow."

*Letters from the Alleghany Mountains.* By Charles Lanman. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1849.

WE alluded to this book sometime since as being in course of publication, and gave an extract of a characteristic sketch from it, which the author had kindly furnished us in advance. The letters have been previously before the public, and were very generally commended by the press when they first appeared in the *National Intelligencer*. Mr. Lanman has now added to them a considerable amount of historical and statistical information, in reference to the wild region which he has so spiritedly and graphically described with his pen. The volume is published in the neat, elegant, yet cheap style which characterise the publications of Mr. Putnam, and, for a summer-reading book, or for a fire side volume, it will be found a valuable addition to the many hand-books of travel which are sought after, partly for amusement and partly for information.

*Hearts and Homes; or Social Distinction. A Story.* By Mrs. Ellis. D. Appleton & Co., Broadway. 1849.

MRS. ELLIS' merits, as a writer of semi religious domestic stories, is too well known to the majority of readers to require enlarging upon now. She has won her position in the literary world and will occupy it securely let what may be thought or written about her by adverse critics. *Homes and Hearts* is longer than the majority of her stories, and the intent of the narrative better sustained. It will, doubtless, be regarded as her ablest and most interesting production.

*Retribution, or the Vale of Shadows. A Tale of Passion.* By Emma D. E. Nevitt Southworth. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.

THE confessed aim of Mrs. Southworth in writing this novel is to show that every sin has its punishment, and "to illustrate a retribution that should grow out of the sin, as naturally as the fruit is produced from the gum; a retribution that should be the sin itself in its final stage of development." It was hardly necessary to write a tale to prove an acknowledged principle, which no one has ever thought of disputing. It would be quite as sensible to write a tale to prove that two parallel lines can never come together. But the tale is a very good one apart from the motive of its author, and possesses sufficient interest to depend upon its merits for a recommendation, without the tag of an obvious moral. It was originally published serially in a popular Magazine before being issued in book form.

*The History of Pendennis. His Fortunes and Misfortunes, his Friends and his Greatest Enemy.* By W. M. Thackeray. No. 1. Harpers. 1849.

THE readers of our review must ere this have learned our opinion of Thackeray and his humorous writings, therefore we need only say, in reference to *Pendennis*, that, if it be not superior, it is in no respect inferior to any of his other works which we have taken pleasure in extolling. *Pendennis* is a serial publication, but this No. 1 of the American

publishers contains six of the original numbers, at just one sixth the cost of the original, with all the illustrations very excellently reproduced on wood from the author's etchings. The story, like the author's other productions, is a genial satire on English social life, showing up its hollowness, artifice, and cruelties. All classes of people are passed in review, like puppets, by the dexterous hand of the author, who, in one of the late numbers, introduces his readers on classic literary ground, at least to us Americans. His Hero is reduced to writing verses to replenish his exhausted purse, and a friend takes him to Paternoster Row to introduce him to the publisher of "The Spring Annual," whose shop is thus sketched off:

"Bacon's shop was an ancient low-browed building, with a few of the books published by the firm displayed in the windows, under a bust of my Lord of Verulam, and the name of Mr. Bacon in brass on the private door. Exactly opposite to Bacon's house was that of Mr. Bungay, which was newly painted and elaborately decorated in the style of the seventeenth century, so that you might have fancied stately Mr. Evelyn passing over the threshold, or curious Mr. Pepys examining the books in the window. Warrington went into the shop of Mr. Bacon, but Pen stayed without. It was agreed that his ambassador should act for him entirely; and the young fellow paced up and down the street in a very nervous condition, until he should learn the result of the negotiation. Many a poor devil before him has trodden those flags, with similar cares and anxieties at his heels, his bread and his fame dependent upon the sentence of his magnanimous patrons of the Row. Pen looked at all the wonders of all the shops; and the strange variety of literature which they exhibit. In this were displayed black-letter volumes and books in the clear pale types of Aldus and Elzevir: in the next, you might see the Penny Horrific Register; the Halfpenny Annals of Crime and History of the most celebrated murderers of all countries, the *Raff's Magazine*, the *Lark Swell*, and other publications of the penny press; whilst at the next window, portraits of ill-favored individuals, with fac-similes of the venerated signatures of the Reverend Grimes Wapshot, the Reverend Elias Howle, and the works written, and the sermons preached by them, showed the British Dissenter where he could find mental pabulum. Hard by would be a little casement hung with emblems, with medals and rosaries, with little paltry prints of saints gilt and painted, and books of controversial theology, by which the faithful of the Roman opinion might learn a short way to deal with Protestants, at a penny a piece, or nine pence the dozen for distribution; whilst in the very next window you might see 'Come out of Rome,' a sermon preached at the opening of the Shepherd's Bush College, by John Thomas Lord Bishop of Ealing. Scarce an opinion but has its expositor and its place of exhibition in this peaceful old Paternoster Row, under the toll of the bells of Saint Paul.

"Pen looked in at all the windows and shops, as a gentleman who is going to have an interview with the dentist, examines the books on the waiting-room table. He remembered them afterwards. It seemed to him that Warrington would never come out; and indeed the latter was engaged for some time in pleading his friend's cause.

"Pen's natural conceit would have swollen immensely if he could but have heard the report which Warrington gave of him. It happened that Mr. Bacon himself had occasion to descend to Mr. Hack's room whilst Warrington was talking there, and Warrington knowing Bacon's weaknesses, acted upon them with great adroitness in his friend's behalf."

## TOPICS OF THE MONTH.



a matter of course, and people look for their morning paper with as much certainty as they expect the sun, and generally know as little about the internal structure of one as the other. Among all the newspapers of the country there is none which has been so well organized, and which performs so much for so small a compensation, as the Tribune. The price of that journal daily is two cents, and we are sure that there is no other commodity in the world that can be purchased so cheaply in comparison with the cost of its production. Without intending in any respect to underrate the excellence of other journals, or to "endorse" in any manner the political philosophy of that paper, we may safely pronounce it a wonderful production of the combined labors of a great diversity of eminent talents. We believe that it employs a higher order of talent than any other paper in the country, and let us differ as we may from its general principles, we cannot deny the ability with which they are maintained. Although it is the proverbial type of extreme liberalism in everything, it is not a little remarkable that it is, politically, the organ of the whig party which delights in conservatism. Of its responsible editor we need say nothing, but his able assistants are not so universally known. The chief of them, Mr. Charles A. Dana, who writes the greater part of the articles on European politics, is probably one of the most able and accomplished writers connected with the newspaper press of the New World, and the literary editor, Mr. George Ripley, had acquired an enviable reputation by his *belles lettres* criticisms and essays, long before he became an *attache* of the daily press. There are few men of Mr. Ripley's learning and ability connected with journalism in this country. In these two particular points of literary criticism and European politics there is no other paper that can be mentioned with the Tribune. But both Mr. Dana and Mr. Ripley are infected with the unpopular ideas of Fourier, which, unfortunately, throws a suspicion upon their writings, and they do not enjoy half the reputation that men of half their ability would if placed in their position. The newspaper is a product of such unforced growth, and so natural to our condition, that its real character is not per-

CONVERSATION has at last, happily, been enlivened by some other topic than the dismal one of the Cholera. Men encounter each other in the street without enquiring "how many cases to-day?" And physicians and apothecaries have no longer their time wholly absorbed in prescribing and patting up camphor and opium. The terrible scourge has flown over us, cutting down its thousands of victims, but the plague has been stayed, and the dread and dismay which were visible in the countenances of nearly the whole community, have given place to more cheerful looks, and, with God's blessing, better times may be hoped for hereafter. The staple topic of the month is no longer one of such disagreeable associations.

The President has been out on his travels, but he was curtailed of his visits and the people deprived of the pleasure of seeing him face to face by fears of the disease. No doubt the Cholera was greatly mitigated in its ravages by the facilities which exist of sending information from one extreme end of the country to the other of its appearance, and its manner of developing itself. The daily reports too, in the papers, which gave full and exact accounts of every case that occurred, and of the different methods of treatment, had a most beneficial effect in repressing fears, and circulating among all classes the best information to be obtained of checking it or curing it. The newspaper which performs such wonders for society, at so trifling a cost, is regarded now as ceptible to those who make it and use it. It is imperceptibly, but surely, superseding and destroying every other form of periodical publication, from the ponderous quarterly down to the light and trifling weekly magazine. Some of the best and now permanent literature of America and England first appeared in the daily press. As an example of the high order of literary productions which may daily be found in our newspapers, we copy the following fine poem from the Evening Mirror.

## THE TRIUMPH OF OUR LANGUAGE.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, L.L.D.

Now gather all our Saxon bards,  
Let harps and hearts be strung,  
To celebrate the triumphs  
Of our own good Saxon tongue;  
For stronger far than hosts that march  
With battle-flags unfur'd,  
It goes, with Freedom, Thought and Truth,  
To rouse and rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays,  
On every surf-worn shore,  
And Scotland hears it echoing far,  
As Orkney's breakers roar:—  
From Jura's crags, and Mona's hills,  
It floats on every gale,  
And warms, with eloquence and song,  
The homes of Innisfail.

On many a wide and swarming deck,  
It scales the rough wave's crest,  
Seeking its peerless heritage,  
The fresh and faithful West:  
It climbs New England's rocky steeps,  
As victor mounts a throne;  
Niagara knows and greets the voice,  
Still mightier than its own.

It spreads where winter piles deep snows  
On bleak Canadian plains,

And where, on Essexnibo's banks,  
Eternal summer reigns :—  
It glads Acadia's misty coasts,  
Jamaica's glowing isle,  
And bides where, gay with early flowers,  
Green Texan prairies smile.

It lives by clear Itasca's lake,  
Missouri's turbid stream,  
Where cedars rise on wild Ozark,  
And Kansas' waters gleam :  
It tracks the loud swift Oregon,  
Through sunset valleys roll'd,  
And soars where Californian brooks  
Wash down rich sands of gold.

It sounds in Borneo's camphor groves,  
On seas of fierce Malay,  
In fields that curb old Ganges' flood,  
And towers of proud Bombay :  
It wakes up Aden's flashing eyes,  
Dusk brows, and swarthy limbs :—  
The dark Liberian soothes her child  
With English cradle hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won  
In gentle Saxon speech ;  
Australian boys read Crusoe's life  
By Sydney's sheltered beach ;  
It dwells where Afric's southmost capes  
Meet oceans bright and blue,  
And Nieuveld's rugged mountains gird  
The wide and waste Karroo.

It kindles realms so far apart,  
That, while its praise you sing,  
These may be clad with autumn's fruits,  
And those with flowers of spring :  
It quickens lands whose meteor lights  
Flame in an Arctic sky,  
And lands for which the Southern Cross  
Hangs its orb'd fires on high.

It goes with all that prophets told,  
And righteous kings desired,  
With all that great apostles taught,  
And glorious Greeks admired,  
With Shakspeare's deep and wondrous verse,  
And Milton's loftier mind,  
With Alfred's laws and Newton's lore,  
To cheer and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom,  
And error flies away,  
As vanishes the mist of night  
Before the star of day ;  
But, grand as are the victories  
Whose monuments we see,  
These are but the dawn which speaks  
Of noontide yet to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame,  
Take heed, nor once disgrace,  
With deadly pen, or spoiling sword,  
Our noble tongue and race.  
Go forth prepared, in every clime,  
To love and help each other,  
And judge that they who counsel strife  
Would bid you smile—a brother.

Go forth, and jointly speed the time  
By good men prayed for long,  
When Christian States, grown just and wise,  
Will scorn revenge and wrong—  
When earth's oppressed and savage tribes  
Shall cease to pine or roam,  
All taught to prize these English words  
FAITH, FREEDOM, HEAVEN and HOME.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.—A letter-writer in the *Literary World* makes the following pleasant allusion to two very old places in Boston, which are not likely to be visited by every one who visits the "literary emporium," as Edmund Kean called the capitol of the old Bay State :

"After returning from our ride we sallied out in the evening in search of the Old Province House. It stands in a small court, entered by a narrow London-like alley from Washington street. It is a much plainer building than our Walton house, but has undergone the same metamorphosis into a tavern. Old mansions and their retainers seems to share the same fate, 'a withered serving man, a fresh tapster,' says Shakspeare, and in the altered circumstances of the old building, the old servant might find a shelter as in its better days. It is fortunate that there are publicans of Antiquarian tastes or there would be no hope of preserving any old historic houses in our cities. Is it a matter of taste or a matter of interest with them? Do customers appreciate the comforts of the old time-tried edifice?—do their potations acquire additional zest from the historical atmosphere in which they are imbibed?—do centenarians meet here to talk over 'old times'?—or is the sole revenue to which the landlord is indebted to the associations of the old mansions, derived from the I fancy somewhat rare visits of the lovers of old houses and their moderate demands upon his liquid resources? (They must have an excuse for troubling him you know.) The house is 170 years old, which is very old 'for a new country.' I thought the young man in attendance gave the figures with some family pride, as a man tells us the age of a hale and hearty grandfather.

"The walls of the room we saw were handsomely wainscoted to the ceiling, and the fire-place displayed a rich collection of Scriptural Dutch titles, for which I have a Knickerbockers affection.

"Messrs. Burnham's Old Book establishment in Cornhill reminded me of Holywell street and Paternoster Row, and even in those famed bibliomaniac localities it would be hard to find more books stowed away under one roof than in this establishment. Two three story houses are filled from cellar to garret with volumes, good, bad, and indifferent. A morning would soon pass away in rummaging its shelves, but instead of a morning I had but a few minutes to walk through the rooms. I would recommend no collector to give up the search for an 'out of print' volume without consulting this collection."

POETRY IN AN UNSUSPECTED QUARTER.—There is not, probably, a gentleman better or more widely known to travellers in this part of our continent, than Capt. Alexander Schultz, for many years commander of one of the steamboats on the Philadelphia line of travel. Captain Schultz has been a member of our city council many years, and is an excellent specimen of a go-ahead progressive Yankee.—There are few who know that under the rough exterior of the energetic man of business lies a vein of tender poetical feeling, which, ever and anon, develops itself in what may be literally called gushing verse. We remember that the Editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* surprised the alder

man's personal acquaintances a short time since, by publishing a tender and most beautiful little poem, which he had thrown off in a happy moment in an interval of business. The following from the pen of the alderman were not intended for print, but we are tempted to publish them for the gratification of his friends:

LINES SUGGESTED ON READING IN A LETTER FROM J. L. S., TO HIS MOTHER, THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE:

"PRAY FOR ME MOTHER."

Pray for me, Mother, in the glorious SPRING,  
When the warm showers fall, and the pretty birds sing;  
When the sweet and the beauteous flowers appear,  
To gladden the heart, and to open the year.

Pray for me, Mother, when the hot SUMMER Sun,  
Is parching the earth, and the rivulets run  
In lessening streams to the river and sea,  
And the dews of the evening fall gently and free.

Pray for me, Mother, when AUTUMN's full sheaf,  
Is gathered and stored, and the pale yellow leaf,  
From the forest and fruit trees is passing away,  
To wither and die, to rot and decay.

Pray for me, Mother, when WINTER's cold breath,  
Has swept the green fields, and the finger of death  
Has been laid on the sweet and the beautiful flowers,  
And the snow flakes are falling, where fell the warm showers.

Pray for me, Mother, my SPRING time is past,  
The SUMMER has come, and I fear the rude blast  
Of the chill AUTUMN winds, and the WINTER so drear,  
When life's sunny smiles must all disappear.

Pray for me Mother, Morning, Noon, and at Night,  
That my hopes of the future may always be bright;  
Oh! Mother, forget not, WHENEVER you pray,  
To plead for thy loved ONE who has wandered away.

ELLERSLIE, July 23, 1849.

A. H. S.

THE following "bill of mortality," which we find in one of the papers of the last month, is too remarkable not to be noticed:

DIED.—At Detroit, Michigan, July 20. Carmichael Paton, aged 30 years; 7th inst., Christine, wife of Wm. Paton, in the 66th year of her age; same day. Samuel Paton, aged 23 years; on the 8th inst., George Paton, aged 39 years; 9th, Jane Paton, aged 26 years; on the 17th, Wm. Paton, aged 70 years, all of Lenarkshire, Scotland. Thus, says the Detroit Journal, in the short space of four weeks, have seven members of this once happy family passed into eternity.—The aged and feeble father, the fond and doating mother, the strong and robust son and brother, the gentle and affectionate daughter and sister, have all alike been smitten by death.

AMONG the prominent topics of the month have been the varying fortunes and final downfall of the brave Hungarians, whose extinction as a nation has excited the most indignant feelings of all the friends of rational liberty throughout the world. The cause of republicanism in Europe, since the defection of France and the restoration of the Pope, seems to have been doomed. But the spirit of the people has not been destroyed, and the remembrance of the great deeds of the last two years will nerve them to renewed efforts ere long. The following noble lines, addressed to the prophet-leader of Hungary, Kossuth, were written by James Russell Lowell, and published in the Anti-Slavery Standard but a few days before the news came of the triumph of despotism and the downfall of Hungary:

KOSSUTH.

A race of nobles may die out,  
A royal line may leave no heir;  
Wise Nature sets no guards about  
Her pewter plate and wooden ware.

But they fail not, the kinglier breed,  
Who starry diadems attain;  
To dungeon, axe, and stake succeed  
Heirs of the old heroic strain.

The zeal of Nature never cools,  
Nor is she thwarted of her ends;  
When gapped and dulled her cheaper tools,  
Then she a saint and prophet sends.

Land of the Magyars! though it be  
The tyrant may relink his chain,  
Already thine the victory,  
As the just Future measures gain.

Thou hast succeeded, thou hast won  
The deathly travail's amplest worth;  
A nation's duty thou hast done,  
Giving a hero to our earth.

And he, let come what will of woe,  
Has saved the land he strove to save;  
No Cossack hordes, no traitor's blow,  
Can quench the voice shall haunt his grave.

"I Kossuth am: O! Future, thou  
That clear'st the just and blot'st the vile,  
O'er this small dust in reverence bow,  
Remembering what I was erewhile.

"I was the chosen trump wherethrough  
Our God sent forth awakening breath:  
Came chains? Came death? the strain He blew  
Sounds on, outliving chains and death."

Kossuth may fall before the united armies of Russia and Austria, and Hungary may lose its national existence, but his name will endure for ever while there is left in the breasts of mankind a love of liberty and a veneration for what is good and true. "I Kossuth am," will speak out through all time to come above the din and turmoil of the world of suffering and struggle. In one of his last dispatches to Bern he says: "I did what man could do; but I am no God and cannot create out of nothing. For a whole year nothing has come in, empty purses and war." We know not now what has been the fate of Kossuth, whether he has escaped the fury of his enemies or whether he has been sacrificed.—But, dead or alive, captured or at liberty, the world will not forget the patriot Kossuth—the Washington of his country.

LITERARY ARRIVALS.—We are receiving by every arrival from Europe the works of foreign authors, and now the authors begin to come over themselves. It cannot be said "their works do follow them," but they follow their works. In the steamer Washington last month came over from England, in company with our distinguished countrywoman, Charlotte Cushman, Miss Eliza Cook and Miss Matilda Hays. Eliza Cook is too well known to the reading public of the new world to require any introduction. Her "Old Arm Chair" is as familiar to us Yankees as Hail Columbia. Miss Cook has recently become an editor herself, and has published a very neat little periodical called "Eliza Cook's Journal." Miss Hays is not so well known to American readers as Miss Cook. She is a lady of fine literary powers, and has distinguished herself by her translations of the

writings of George Sand. It is reported that Frederica Bremer is now on her passage to the United States, and that she will spend the winter here. If she should come she will receive more attentions and kindlier caresses than any monarch in Europe.

**A CHILDISH LYRIC.**—In our newspaper voyaging the other day we came across what Willis would call a Spice Island, from which we gathered these pretty flowers which hung upon a rich and luxuriant vine, called a "Childish Lyric." It is not so very childish.

He sits in a tub of cold water, every morning, very stout;  
And he's soused, with a sponge, like a cataract, but he does  
not snivel or shout;

But he chatters with gay, short breath, and he paddles and  
spatters about;

For he knows this "cold water treatment" keeps off lum-  
bago or goat—

This fine little sturdy Yankee boy, just one year of age.

And when he's dried till his skin is pink, this hydropathic  
old chap


Gets on red socks and a pinafore—also a morning cap,

And he comes down stairs like an ogre, to breakfast in  
nurse's lap,


And you'd stare if you saw how he punishes a sauce pan of  
solid pap—


Like a fine little sturdy Yankee boy, just one year of age

**NOTICE TO READERS, SUBSCRIBERS, CORRESPONDENTS  
AND AGENTS.**—One of our friends in the Far West asks us  
by letter: "Do you make Agents pay postage to you?"  
We don't make them, but we make it an unvarying rule to  
require them to do so.

 We can no longer send the "Island City" to Sub-  
scribers to our Magazine, as the arrangement has been found  
too troublesome.

**TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IN THE SOUTHWEST.**—Mr.  
Samuel Riddle, of Pittsburg, has been appointed a Travel-  
ling Agent for Holden's Magazine in the Southwestern  
States, and we commend him to the respectful attention of  
our friends in that quarter.

 **NOTICE TO EXCHANGE PAPERS.**—The newspapers  
with which we exchange will oblige us by not sending us  
their papers excepting in the case of containing a notice of  
our Magazine. Our exchange list is so heavy that the post  
age has become a very serious item of expenditure to us.

 **TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE.**—  
It will be seen, by reference to the cover of the Magazine,  
that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements  
with Harper & Brothers, Dewitt & Davenport, Stringer &  
Townsend, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their  
works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to  
advise all our country subscribers, who wish to obtain new  
works from this city, to forward the amount to C. W.  
Holden, with the positive assurance that in every case the  
works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in  
strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is  
frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works  
as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a let-  
ter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of pecu-  
niary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, as the  
Publisher of Holden's Magazine, will, in all cases receive  
money at his own risk, through the mail, in payment for  
any book published, provided the cash is enclosed and mail-

ed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it  
is sent. By this method any one can easily receive any  
publication wished.

As the Magazine is furnished at a mere nominal price to  
country subscribers, we hope our friends in all parts of the  
country will favor us with their orders, to enable us to make  
good in that way our very small profit on the Magazine;  
and we know that many, if not all of them, prefer sending  
their book orders to some well known and responsible Pub-  
lisher, who is punctual in his attention to them. Any book  
in print, whether advertised on the cover or not, will be fur-  
nished at the regular price, when ordered. For the accom-  
modation of our subscribers we will at any time receive  
money as subscription to any of the three dollar magazines,  
or any other publications, daily, weekly, or monthly. Any  
orders for such will be promptly attended to. Letters must  
invariably be postpaid.

#### Notice to Subscribers.

WE hereby notify our subscribers that we cannot be re-  
sponsible for the failure of the Magazine to reach them  
through the mails, we have heretofore sent missing numbers  
to our subscribers, but it has got to be a serious matter and  
we can do so no longer. For the future any missing num-  
bers sent for will be deducted from the time for which pay-  
ment has been received. The Magazines are always care-  
fully directed and mailed to subscribers, and, from the many  
complaints we have of there not reaching their destination,  
we must conclude there is great inefficiency or carelessness  
in the management of the P.O. department, in regard to papers  
and periodicals. The price of the Magazine is so low that  
we cannot afford to make up losses occurring through the  
mails, over which we have no control.

#### Caution to the Public.

Notwithstanding that we have repeatedly given notice  
that no one should be trusted as the Agent of this Magazine  
who cannot show his credentials from the proprietor, we are  
continually receiving letters by mail, informing us of money  
being paid to one person and another for subscriptions, whom  
we never before heard of. There is some reprobate at the  
Southwest who signs his name first Charles Loomis, and  
then D. F. C. Ellis, who has been imposing upon the peo-  
ple in that part of the country to a very serious extent, by  
representing himself as our Agent. He has, in several in-  
stances, received money in advance as subscription to our  
Magazine, and his receipts have been forwarded to us. But  
we have no other knowledge of him, and, of course, cannot  
be bound by any of his contracts. The only safe way  
for those who wish to become subscribers to our Magazine  
is for them to send their money direct to us, or to go to some  
responsible Periodical Agent and subscribe through him.  
The better way is to send direct to us.

We hope that some of those persons who have been  
duped by that unmitigated scamp Ellis, or Loomis, will  
catch the rascal and have him properly punished.

We have a large number of highly respectable gentlemen  
who are engaged as Travelling Agents, to whom we have  
given authority to receive monies on account of the Maga-  
zine. Their commissions are all duly signed, and are to  
hold good for six months from their date.





## NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

**THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.**—*The Tribune* is deservedly one of the most popular newspapers published in the country—enjoying a patronage more extended, perhaps, than that of any of its cotemporaries. Almost every man who is a politician has read *The Tribune*. Its reputation and influence are confined to no particular locality. The *Tribune* has attained an influence throughout the country more extensive and commanding than has ever been exercised by any other paper in the Union—we make no exception. It furnishes its patrons an amount of matter fully equal to that of any other journal; and its means enable it to compete, successfully, with its cotemporaries in the variety and freshness of its contents.—*Greenville (O.) Patriot*.

**NEW YORK TRIBUNE.**—We question whether, all things considered, there is a more valuable or interesting journal published in the United States. It contains a vast fund of reading matter, including the best foreign correspondence of any newspaper in the Union.—*Weekly (Pa.) News*.

**THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.**—All of our readers are doubtless familiar with the long and well-established character of this able Whig journal, and need not to be told that for energy, and enterprise, and ability in its conduct, it is equaled by but few, if any, papers in the country. Although devoted to the advocacy of Whig principles, and decidedly Political in its character, yet Literature, Poetry, Art, and General Intelligence, all receive their due share of attention. If any one desires to take a first-rate city newspaper, we recommend them to try *The Tribune*, with the assurance that they will more than realize their expectations.—*Gettysburg (Pa.) Star and Banner*.

**THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.**—This paper, Horace Greeley principal Editor, we consider to be the leading paper of the country. The ability of the editor, his knowledge of almost everything, the expense that is put upon it in the way of obtaining correspondents, contributors, early news, &c., have given it a position that is an honor to the country. The ready will always find *The Tribune* full of interest and instruction.—*Lebanon (Pa.) Courier*.

The New York Tribune, Greeley & McElrath editors, is among the best and ablest conducted papers in the country, and wields quite as much influence as any other paper; especially those influences of an improving, progressive, upward tendency, of a social nature.—*New Lisbon (Ohio) Aurora*.

**NEW YORK TRIBUNE.**—There is perhaps no paper in the United States that is so emphatically a news-paper, as the New York Tribune. It is not only noted for its stern, undeviating adherence to and discussion of Whig principles, together with a liberal and independent discussion of all the important topics of the day—but is also noted for the accuracy of its statistical intelligence—its foreign correspondence giving the reader a clear insight into the causes of the different great political changes in the countries of the Old World—its well arranged and comprehensive Congressional reports, and legislative summaries, and its great fund of general intelligence, which renders it a useful companion to all lovers of knowledge.—*Express (Madison, Wisconsin)*.

**NEW YORK TRIBUNE.**—The Tribune has the most comprehensive news department of any paper in the Union, and is the most candid political paper known.—*The Free Mountaineer (Vt.)*.

**The New York Tribune**, if we may be allowed to express our honest opinion, is the best newspaper in the country, and, in many respects, without a superior in the civilized world. In its means of obtaining the most accurate and extensive information from all quarters of the Globe, it is perhaps unsurpassed; and it is, therefore, a perfect Daguerreotype of the living age.

Every number of the Tribune is a book, the perusal of which will enable a person to keep up with the age upon almost every subject of great general interest.

Among the evidences of the enterprise of this journal, we would mention that one of the editors, BAYARD TAYLOR, already favorably known to the public as an European traveler and writer, has gone to California to travel the country, and supply the paper with the most recent and authentic intelligence.—*Wisconsin Advocate*.

This is one of the best papers published in the United States. Mr. Greeley, its editor, is not only an independent and fearless man, but a man of extensive and varied knowledge, and never-tiring industry. He is a bold and able defender of the rights of humanity, and a zealous advocate of every cause which has for its object the melioration of individuals or the advancement of society in morals and useful knowledge.—*Peekskill Republican*.

**The Tribune** is one of the most interesting and valuable papers in the country, and no pains and expense are spared to sustain its present wide-spread popularity.—*Fredonian (N. J.)*.

If the Whigs of this county want an unadulterated, never-tiring, interesting, ultra-Whig, scientific, able, fearless, rough-and-ready newspaper from any of our cities, we think they can not do better than to subscribe for the *New York Tribune*. It is all we have described it to be above, and double as much more, and is certainly one of the ablest Whig papers in the Union.—*Clinton (Pa.) Democrat*.

**THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE** we look upon as the most valuable paper issued from the City of New York. The reader of the *DAILY* can depend upon not only the latest intelligence, but all the news of importance, foreign or domestic, that industry or observation, express or telegraph, can communicate—beside a rich store of valuable literature—verbatim reports of lectures, speeches, and sermons, and an array of editorial talent acknowledged to be of the first class.—*New England Religious Herald*.

To say that *The Tribune* ranks among the foremost papers in the Union in every particular, is no exaggeration. All who are familiar with it and the productions of its able editors, will concur with us in this opinion.—*Versailles (Ind.) Intelligencer*.

At once the best and cheapest weekly paper in the Union. In politics it is thoroughly Whig, and the acknowledged ability of Horace Greeley, Esq., its accomplished Editor, has secured for it a circulation unequaled by any of our political weeklies.—*Mifflintown (Pa.) Sentinel*.

*The Tribune* ever has been a sheet of sterling worth.—*Vermont Family Gazette*.

Unquestionably one of the ablest and best papers in the United States, or elsewhere.—*Portsmouth (O.) Tribune*.

*The Tribune* is our favorite exchange. Beside a large amount of political intelligence, it contains more news than any other paper with which we are acquainted. Its editor, Horace Greeley, is one of the remarkable men of the nineteenth century.—*Carrollton (O.) Press*.

**The New York Tribune**, conducted by Greeley & McElrath, though Whig in politics, is second to no paper in the Union in the variety and correctness of its news department. Its social and miscellaneous departments, and its literary selections are in good taste—its moral tone pure and elevated.—*North Star (Vt.)*.

**The Tribune** is a very able and valuable paper.—*Valley (Pa.) Spirit*.

**The New York Tribune**, in our opinion, is the best political paper published in the Union.—*Indiana Courier*.

**THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.**—We know not how we can do our friends a better service than by recommending to those of them who wish for a paper from abroad *The Tribune*.—*Farmers' (N. H.) Cabinet*.

We take this opportunity to introduce this valuable journal to the favorable notice of those of our friends in this county who may be unacquainted with its merits. *The Tribune* is a well conducted, interesting, and profitable Whig paper, published in New York city, by Greeley & McElrath. There is, we believe, no secular paper now published in the United States of greater circulation or more deserved popularity than *The Tribune*; nor do we know of any paper that more fully sympathizes with the toiling millions, nor one that seeks more industriously to instruct and engage them in the great Moral, Social, and Political questions now agitating the country. For the general reader this paper is as good, if not the best, of any within our knowledge. Beside the news of the day, and a most ample Domestic and Foreign Correspondence, costing several thousand dollars annually, it gives the reader a variety of Scientific Lectures, Sermons, and Speeches, and the pith of various debates both in and out of Congress. To those of our friends who want a bold and fearless Whig city paper, we can not do better than to recommend to them the New York Tribune.—*People's (Me.) Press*.

This paper has a wide circle of friends, and enjoys an extensive and well-deserved patronage. *The Tribune* is known as a champion of popular rights; its Editor, although not aspiring to the title of Philanthropist or Philosopher, is, nevertheless, considerable of both. The influence of *The Tribune* is eminently moral; in this respect it aims to be unexceptionable. For News it is unsurpassed. We commend *The Tribune* to our readers.—*Political Investigator*.

This is one of the most ably conducted of the New York press, and is, no doubt, deservedly the most popular journal of the Whig party.—*Tenth (Woodstock, Va.) Legion*.

As a political, literary, and a newspaper of general intelligence, the *New York Tribune* excels all others. Its foreign and domestic correspondence—the attention bestowed upon its columns by its able editors—have given it a high interest, and established an exalted reputation for accuracy in all things. It is the paper of the east, and should receive an extensive patronage.—*Kentucky Whig*.

For enterprise, liberality of expenditure in procuring the latest news, and amount of talent, it combines more, probably, than any paper in the country, and is second to none in influence, being quoted and read by all shades of politics and religion, though in its principles decidedly Whig, but we would not recommend it on that account. Its foreign news is always full and complete, and its Congressional better than any other paper out of Washington. To those who want a business and general newspaper, we recommend this before any other.—*Portland (Me.) Transcript*.

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